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Women's Weekly

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**SMASHING
SWIMSUITS
TO KNIT
FOR
ADULTS
AND
CHILDREN**
Pages 18-21

16-page lift-out

DIET HANDBOOK

DELIGHTFUL NEW SHORT
STORY by MARGERY SHARP

DOG PICTURE CONTEST
with \$2000 IN PRIZES

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OCTOBER 23, 1968

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OUR COVER

Our cover girl's pretty playsuit, knitted in flecked cotton, is caught with a pom-pom-trimmed drawstring at the waist. Knitting instructions for the playsuit are on page 20 in a four-page section of knitted swimsuits.

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HOW'S YOUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE?

How well are you measuring up in our general knowledge quiz? Perhaps your score will be higher as the quiz progresses.

If you have an average interest in current affairs and a questioning mind which asks how, where, why, and when, you should be pleased with your marks.

Although you don't win a prize if you answer every question, your sense of achievement will be its own reward.

QUESTIONS

1. The Olympic Games are being held in Mexico City this year. But when and where did they originate?
2. A hiatus is (a) a hiccup? (b) a gap? (c) a vowel sound? (d) a groove?
3. Green and observant will have noticed a red-and-observed shield supporting a staff and serpent on the front and rear bumper bars of some cars. What is this called and what is its significance?
4. Maverick was the hero of a popular television series. Who or what is a maverick?
5. Four American presidents have been assassinated. Can you name them?
6. "Sun Music" was one of three new works commissioned by the Australian Ballet for its 1968 season. Who was the choreographer of this ballet?
7. Australian actor Rod Taylor recently visited Sydney to attend the premiere of "The High Commissioner," his new film. Who is the High Commissioner for Australia in the United Kingdom?
8. The King of Tonga has high hopes of discovering oil in his territory in the Friendly Islands. Do you know his name?
9. If you had more than a nodding acquaintance with sinology, would you (a) be an authority on problems affecting the sinuses? (b) an expert on sin? (c) have a knowledge of things Chinese?

ANSWERS

1. They are said to date from 776 B.C. The first Olympic Games were held in the sacred grove of Zeus on the plain of Olympia, in Greece. There was an interval of four years (an olympiad) between each celebration.
2. A gap.
3. It is a caduceus and indicates that the registered owner is a medical practitioner. It is an ancient herald's wand, usually recognised as the symbol of the Roman divinity Mercury.
4. The name originated with Samuel Maverick, a Texas cattle owner who did not brand his cattle. It has come to mean an unbranded animal, or a "loner," a person who prefers to act independently.
5. Abraham Lincoln, who was killed on April 14, 1865; James Abraham Garfield, July 2, 1881; William McKinley, September 6, 1901; and John F. Kennedy, November 22, 1963. They were all shot.
6. Sir Robert Helpmann. The designer Kenneth Rowell and composer Peter Sculthorpe, who were associated with Sir Robert in this ballet, are also Australians.
7. Sir Alexander Downer, appointed in October, 1964. He was born in Adelaide and is a former Minister for Immigration.
8. King Taufa'ahau Tupou IV. He succeeded Queen Salote on her death in December, 1965.
9. Have a knowledge of things Chinese.



KATHLEEN BRUCE holds one of her young stud lambs.

MADAME PRESIDENT IS SHEEP EXPERT

An interest that began as a "gentle persuasion" 12 years ago has brought Kathleen Bruce to the fore as president of a State sheep-breeding society.

THE sheep industry will always be a man's world — women will never dominate."

Strange words from an Australian woman State president of a sheep-breeding society—and one of the youngest breeders, man or woman, to attain this status. But 32-year-old Kathleen Bruce, recently elected State president of the N.S.W. Southdown Sheep-breeders' Society, believes women "can do a lot for the sheep industry," and that it's inevitable "one will come to the fore every now and then."

But does Kathleen believe her new appointment is purely the result of this inevitability—nothing more? With typical candor she answered, "I hope not. But women, in general, yes. Most are tied up with families. They haven't time, or the opportunity, to become involved with the sheep industry."

"Mostly they leave administrative jobs to their husbands, and help by staying at home to keep an eye on stud animals while their husbands are away at conferences."

Kathleen admits she was "a little bewildered" when she was elected president to succeed Mr. Don Peden, of Goulburn.

Her experience in administrative positions had been confined to three years as vice-president of the Southdown Society, and six years as the only woman on the 40-man strong N.S.W. branch of the Australian Society of Breeders of British Sheep.

She admits that in the previous year she had re-

jected presidency because she didn't feel it was a woman's job.

What had changed? "I realised, as a woman, a younger woman, I could do a lot for the Southdown Society—mainly in the field of public relations. This would offset my inexperience. It's a fat-lamb breed — I understand all facets from breeding to cooking."

I met Kathleen at her home—200 miles inland from the conference table

By
JOAN MARRIOTT

over which she capably presides—at "Bruce Vale," Cummoock, the property of her father, Mr. R. S. ("Bob") Bruce.

It was on the eve of her departure on a six-week round-the-world flight, with a stopover in England, where she would meet other Southdown breeders.

Twelve years ago Kathleen made a decision to embark on a career unusual for any girl—even for the only child of a pioneer grazing family, and a descendant of the late Sage Bruce, who owned the famous Loombah stud of the early 1900s.

In her own words, "I suppose you could say Dad made a bargain with me—and I don't think at the time I really understood what it would involve—to accept a gift of eight Southdown ewes and a ram to start a stud, instead of embarking on a world tour with school-friends."

Because she took her stud-work seriously, she found she had to "turn away from

many of those interests that are so important to young girls—expensive clothes, holiday trips abroad"—in her bid to breed the perfect sheep.

The next 12 years brought her Sydney Sheep Show blue ribbons, her election by ballot from 16 nominations to become a member of the N.S.W. Society of Breeders of British Sheep, and to the executive of the Southdown Breeders' Society.

Studwork paved the way for her present administrative work.

Today she retains 50 breeding ewes, and sells about 35 stud rams each year.

She plans to continue breeding Southdowns. "I feel I have a moral obligation now, as president of the Southdown Society, to try to breed that perfect sheep. And if any stud owner hasn't that ambition — well, it's rather pointless breeding."

Apart from genetic advantages of the Southdown breed to the fat-lamb industry, Kathleen claims the Southdown-cross lamb offers the perfect answer to Mrs. Housewife, 1968.

"The meat industry demands cuts the housewife can eat straight away with no leftovers. Young sheep, too, are important, because they have more flavor and require less cooking time."

"It's a grill-conscious age, and the trend is toward eating less fat. We've graduated past the days of cold meat, pickles, and boiled potatoes. The Australian housewife is very critical of her meat. The Southdown Society is doing its best to ensure she gets what she wants."

"The Southdown - cross lamb is gaining popularity among fat-lamb breeders everywhere — it's small, tender, and not too fatty."

And if Kathleen Bruce never gets to realise her ambition to "breed the perfect sheep," she is using her womanly intuition to see that the housewife, at least, gets the perfect chop.

ENGAGED TO HER "SHADOW"

• Australian singer
will marry
pop guitarist

ONE enchanted evening earlier this year Australian pop singer Olivia Newton-John caught up with her Shadow. He proposed to her.

Champagne bottle in hand, Bruce Welch, rhythm guitarist of the internationally famous pop group the Shadows, popped the question over dinner at the Southern Cross Hotel in Melbourne.

And Olivia accepted, as she did again many times before the couple finally became officially engaged on her 20th birthday.

"I gave her a final chance to say 'no' last night," said Bruce, as we talked in his modern London flat, which overlooks Lord's Cricket Ground, on the morning of their engagement.

"She had 20 minutes to make up her mind before her birthday started at midnight."

Olivia has the "Cinderella look"—she's pretty, blonde, and petite.

Brewing tea, changing records, and arranging greetings telegrams—among them one from her former singing partner, Pat Carroll, now in Melbourne—Olivia fingered her engagement ring proudly.

"We didn't buy it especially as an engagement ring," she said, extending her hand. "Bruce gave it to me several months ago."

The ring is a cluster of small diamonds set in white gold and surmounted by a pearl.

"But I couldn't have chosen a prettier ring myself," said Olivia, "so I wanted to have it for my engagement ring."

"But today's the first time I've worn it on my engagement finger."

Brown-eyed

Olivia first met her 26-year-old, brown-eyed and Beatle-cropped Shadow two years ago at Bournemouth, England.

Cliff Richard and the Shadows were topping the bill, with Olivia and Pat Carroll supporting.

"I had another boyfriend at the time," said Olivia. "But by chance Bruce and I met again a year ago at another show in Coventry."

Their romance stretched right around the world to Australia, where it gathered momentum.

"Someone remembered that I was already married with a seven-year-old son," said Bruce, "and tried to turn it into scandal."

"I had said 'I love her'—referring to Olivia—and that was fair enough to print."

"But no one thought to mention that I was in the process of getting a divorce even before I started taking Olivia out."

Custody of the son, Dwayne, was given to his former wife, Ann, when the divorce went through several months ago, and Bruce is now free to remarry.

Unlike the many pop stars who will turn themselves inside out to make headlines, Bruce avoids personal publicity when he can.

"Unlike a lot of others in my business, I don't like people to know how much I paid for a house or a car," he said.

"If the Press hear about our engagement today, it's not because I rang them up and told them."

"Tasteful" is a word Bruce uses frequently, and he knows how to apply it to his life.

He has bought a Georgian-style house at

By
CAMILLA BEACH

Hadley Wood, outside London, which he will move into in December.

In the meantime, he was "borrowing" it from friends for the celebration party.

"Quite a lot of Australians are coming tonight," said Olivia, who is the granddaughter of Max Born, winner of the Nobel Prize for Physics (jointly) in 1954, and well known for his work on the atom.

Her parents are Mr. B. Newton-John, of Newcastle, N.S.W., and Mrs. Irene Newton-John, London.

"John Rowles has been invited. And the Easybeats. And, of course, my sister, Rona."

Rona, who is an actress, bears a remarkable resemblance to film star Vanessa Redgrave.

Telephone calls interrupted our conversation. Friends rang almost continually, offering congratulations and asking the way to the party.

"We will probably get married in the garden at Hadley Wood," said Olivia, producing photographs of their newly acquired house and garden.

"Neither of us is particularly religious, so we probably won't get married in church."

But they will not marry for another year. "At least not until after Olivia's 21st," said Bruce.

For Bruce, the day was one of triple celebration: His engagement, Olivia's birthday, and his anniversary of ten years in show business.



AUSTRALIAN pop singer Olivia Newton-John, with her fiance, Bruce Welch, of the Shadows, in his London flat overlooking Lord's. "The big trouble is I hate cricket," said Bruce.

The two original Shadows, Bruce and top-rating guitarist Hank B. Marvin, joined Cliff Richard as his backing group in the autumn of 1958.

They have been consistently successful ever since. "We were the very first group," said Bruce.

"I think people want to listen to good straight music, which is why we've been so successful. Cliff's had about 40 hit records and we've had about 30."

"We've had a well-groomed, polished act for years—and I think that's what people pay to see."

But it's the end of the touring road for Bruce in December, when he hangs up his guitar for the last time.

"I'm through with touring. I don't want to be a Shadow when I'm 40—or even when I'm 30," he said, and Olivia nodded her head in approval.

"So I'm going into partnership with Hank, and our

manager Peter Gormley—he's an Australian, too."

"Hank and I will go on writing music, and I'll handle the music-publishing side of the business."

"And then we will link up in management-agency with Peter Gormley to promote new groups."

A recently added attraction to the management line-up, which includes Cliff Richard, the Shadows (who will continue without Bruce), and John Rowles, is Olivia.

"I want to continue singing," said Olivia. "But at the moment I'm having to take singing lessons because I had my tonsils out recently."

"When I go back on stage I'm going to use my own name (Pat and I called ourselves Jane and Lisa for a while)—and Bruce is going to promote me."

But by this time Bruce was opening the door of his Rolls-Royce to drive Olivia to the hairdresser's.

"She's got a lot of talent," he said, and the Rolls swept out into the London traffic.



OLIVIA AND BRUCE with his silver-grey Rolls-Royce. Olivia wears her birthday present from Bruce: A maxi-coat lined with mongolian lamb.

Whisper was: "Watch for Francine!"

By KAY MELAUN

THE story of the Sweater Girl of Wall Street must have sounded idiotic, even faintly unpleasant, across the Pacific. In New York it was charming.

To understand that statement, you must know the area where Francine Gottfried, 21, and 43-25-37, walked daily in her skirt and sweater at 1.25 p.m. from the subway entrance to work at a nearby bank.

It's the southernmost part of the island of Manhattan. There's a broad park bordering the water's edge. The rest is all solemn commercial buildings, many of them pompous 19th-century style, and a maze of narrow streets; few shops. It's like parts of London.

At lunchtime on sunny days, the stockbrokers and the bankers, the clerks, secretaries, and messenger boys have a bite at a restaurant and go for a stroll, or take their lunch to the park.

A band plays on a dais in a small enclosed square. Workers stop to sit or stand and enjoy.

In this environment Francine flourished. One day a few people noticed her. The next day a few more. Word spread.

Within a fortnight, a mob of cheerful, whistling, appreciative thousands awaited her appearance.

Francine's present bewilderment will soon pass. She may make a career out of her figure. Either way, it will be a lovely story to tell her grandchildren.

For lunchtime diversion, the workers round stuffy old Wall Street will go back to the occasional band music — and then the winter winds will drive everyone indoors.

* * *

New York goes British

REMEMBER "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," the enchanting Ian Fleming story about a roaring racing car which we featured some years ago as a serial?

While stories about Dick Van Dyke's starring role in it are coming from Hollywood, here in New York the contraptions Roland Emmett built for the film have been on show at Macy's.

"See his amusing sweets machine, TV set, carpet-sweeper, music-box, and rocking-chair in action," said Macy's ad.

The contraptions are part of a department store's Festival of Britain, which has been offering everything British from a crumple to a Coldstream Guard's "costume," plus such out-of-the-way treats as saying hello to the doorman from Harrod's "who's now at our front door."

Macy's said it had a British accent that week. I doubt that this heart of New York could manage the speech, but it had just about everything else, even "a real British Bobby in full uniform in the Exhibit Centre, 5th Floor."

* * *

That five percent "catch"

NO one ever becomes resigned to taxes, but the locals are hardened to a sales tax of five percent added to every purchase.

This is how it works. The shop price for a non-iron pillowslip is \$1.29. When you go to pay for it, the salesgirl looks up her list, adds the tax. What you have to pay is \$1.35.

So next time you see a fur coat advertised in an American paper for \$4000, spare a tear for the girl who buys it. It'll cost her \$4200.

* * *

Some things stay the same!

ONE of the differences between Australia and the U.S.A. is that here, when you turn your door key to the left, you open the lock, and when you turn it to the right, you close it.

However, at a five o'clock business party the scene was familiar — a sprinkling of women among a swamp of men, the men all talking to each other except for a circle round the one pretty girl.

It could have been a place Americans call, all one word, SydneyAustralia!

Mary, Mary, quite

● The apple of Paul McCartney's eye.

The brightest new star of 1968. That's

MARY HOPKIN, the soft-spoken, blue-eyed Welsh singer Twiggy discovered and Beatle Paul McCartney has turned into a household name.

She is the girl who has taken the pop world by storm with the wistful ballad called "Those Were the Days," which has ousted the Beatles' "Hey, Jude" from No. 1 in the British record charts and sent a surge of excitement through the music industry.

POP music seems to run in five-year cycles. And five years have passed since the Beatles gave the business a big boost in 1963 — after Elvis Presley had been pop's standard-bearer for five years.

Now a deflated music industry is already looking to Mary Hopkin, with her new and refreshing approach to show business, to fill that Situation Vacant.

Yet Mary Hopkin isn't like a star, aloof, sophisticated, and demanding adoration. Instead, as Paul McCartney so rightly described her when she came for an audition:

"She really is like that girl next door — the real thing, kind and quiet, and she blushes and smiles shyly. It's like when she says, 'Yes, I go out with boys, but it's just kissing.' It's due to her background. Normal."

Facially, the comparisons between this girl from a small South Wales town and the bachelor Beatle's former girlfriend Jane Asher are unavoidable.

Mary has long, flowing, flaxen hair: Jane's is long, flowing, and rusty red. Both have Dresden-china faces, unspoiled and innocent, the same calm, gentle way of talking. And their sincerity and sweetness was never passed on by a publicist.

Father figure?

Occasional London discotheque gossip talks of a romance blossoming between Beatle Paul and his new protegee, saying that Mary has taken the place left in his heart by Jane Asher.

If this is true, Paul is doing his best to protect her from the gruelling publicity that surrounds Beatle romances. For the rumors only continue to "bubble under."

Paul is probably more of a father figure to 18-year-old Mary. For he promised her mother, when Mary threw her school uniform in the dustbin and came to London last June, that he would make sure "no harm comes to her."

Mary's success story has its roots in the Glamorganshire town of Pontardawe, where her father, Hywel Hopkin, is the chief housing officer for the 10,000 population.

Until recently she lived there with her father, mother, and elder sister, Carole, in a mock - nineteenth - century home on a hill. There, roses grow around the front door. "Like most Welsh people, I started my singing in the

chapel—I was only four," Mary recalls.

Encouraged by listening to albums recorded by American folk-singer Joan Baez, she taught herself to play the guitar. And she gained experience by singing her quiet folk - songs to miners at local working-men's clubs. She was paid about \$12 a show.

Her biggest break came earlier this year when she swallowed her doubts ("I thought I would come last") and auditioned in Cardiff to appear on the British TV show "Opportunity Knocks."

This is a knock-out variety contest where the week's winner returns the following week to face new challengers. Mary was picked to appear from 200 hopefuls.

And on the day after her 18th birthday — May 4 this year—she made her national

This year in India he again played it to folk - singer Donovan, who loved it but did not record it.

"I showed Mary how I thought the song should be done and she picked it up very easily — as if she had known it for years," said Paul warmly. "At first, though, she was singing it as if she didn't mean it, which was strange for Mary, very strange."

"But it was her first time in the studio and that can be frightening. After a few takes, I kept showing her the way she should sing and generally worked on it, and suddenly she got it, and we just put a tambourine on it and went home."

But the release of Mary's song was not such a "cool scene" as Beatle Paul had expected. Pop singer Sandie Shaw rush-released a cover

She is a great home-lover and the change from the restricting atmosphere of a South Wales town to the London whirl was exhausting. She has still not quite adapted to the parties, the interviews, the television appearances, the jet flights to the Continent, and the personal appearances.

"At home I used to stay in a lot, unless I had a date or something," said Mary, whose answers are always simple and direct. "And if I did have a date it was usually the pictures. I don't like going out for the sake of going out."

Terry Doran, a friend of the late Brian Epstein, was appointed her personal manager, and this twosome was frequently seen at the right places, meeting the right people in a kind of "gettin' to know ya" Paul Jones.

So when the day dawned that Mary was acclaimed top of the pops in this country, everyone—friends and fans alike—was pleased as Punch. And particularly the Beatles, who had backed her bid to stardom.

Just before they were toppled from their No. 1 position with "Hey, Jude," Paul McCartney himself had generously said, "It's nice to be at No. 1, but it'll be nicer if Mary Hopkin gets there next week, which is the way it's beginning to look at the moment."

He meant every word. Round this time her dad decided to sack the fuzzy-haired, flower-shirted Terry Doran, and replace him with Mary's art - student sister, Carole, her closest companion.

"I'm happy to have Carole with me, and I'm not ungrateful for what Terry has done," said Mary simply, with goodwill. "I'm sure we shall still be good friends."

In many ways Mary welcomed this link with home, because she still feels like a

By CAMILLA BEACH, of our London staff

television debut. She won the contest, as she did the following seven.

"Twiggy saw the show and told Paul McCartney about me," says Mary, still amazed that people show any interest in her.

"I then got a telegram asking me to phone Apple Records." (This is the company set up by the Beatles to promote new talent.)

"I telephoned and somebody with a Liverpool accent asked me to come for an audition."

"Later I found this was Paul McCartney. He sent a car from London."

Paul signed Mary to a recording contract, and began a search for a suitable record.

A couple of years ago he had first heard "Those Were the Days," when American singers Gene and Francesca sang it in London's Blue Angel nightclub, and he had tried to get someone to record it there and then.

version, and the two girls went into battle.

Paul organised a typically Apple ("love, love, love") advertisement to appear in the British musical papers. It read:

"Listen to Mary Hopkin sing 'Those Were the Days.' Listen to Sandie Shaw's version."

"Then buy the one you like."

Strange whirl

Mary Hopkin won the day. The famous Sandie's record did not even reach the British top twenty.

However, before Mary herself made the top British chart position—by now she has sold over half a million copies of the record—she faced a difficult decision.

Instead of continuing her schooling (she was studying for advanced examinations in English, art, and music), she decided to head for London's bigtime.

UNcontrary . . .

country bumpkin in the London musical circles, and is wary of people she meets.

"People in the show-business world are just as I imagined them," she said. "They're real hard, or they appear to be. They don't know their real feelings at all."

"I think I could find it easy to become hard and 'showbiz' myself if I didn't take care. I think if you have so much faith in people it's only natural for it to rub away."

Mary puts most faith in the Beatles, who are trying hard to keep her safe under their protective wing.

"I've met all the Beatles," she said. "They're great, and I like them all. They're not a bit affected by their success, and they're so kind."

"George gave me a fabulous new Spanish guitar. It's so beautiful I'm almost frightened to play it. I have an old one, but it's battered and cracked now."

Her guitar means far more to Mary than the weekly spending allowance she gets from Apple or the money she will receive from worldwide sales of her record and personal appearances.

Do own chores

Some of the allowance will be spent on a modest flat she and Carole are now hunting for. "We just want something where we can be ourselves," she said.

"We want to do the cleaning and things ourselves. It's not that we aren't lazy, but it'll be more like home, then."

That is, perhaps, Mary Hopkin in a nutshell: home-loving, uncomplicated, friendly, shy — and modest.

"Why do I do so well? I think it's because I'm ordinary, just an ordinary person, nothing special. Perhaps people liked that."

With only one hit record to her credit, Mary Hopkin has thousands and thousands of fans up and down the country. She still cannot quite comprehend it, so she shares in their friendship. Her fan club is called the Mary Hopkin Friendly Association.

A close friend said, "An old-age pensioner sent her several letters with a pressed flower in each, while she was on 'Opportunity Knocks,' and then he sent her a watch. She cried her eyes out over it. She gets very touched by things like that."

Mary, Mary, quite contrary . . .



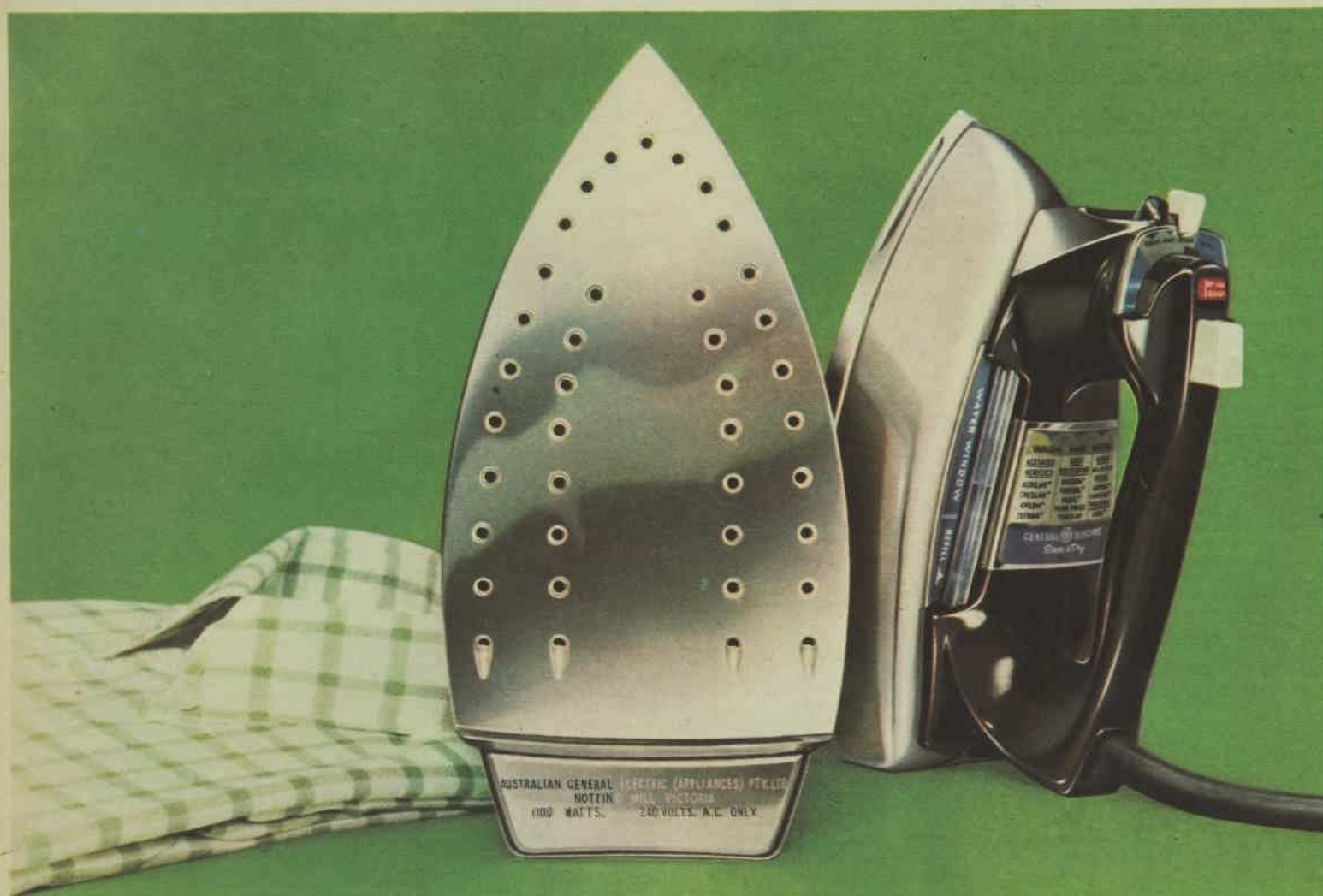
MORE THAN FRIENDS? Singer Mary Hopkin, above, with Paul McCartney, the Beatle who successfully backed her for pop-singing stardom. Now there are romance rumors. **RIGHT:** Paul with yesterday's sweetheart, Jane Asher. The girls do have quite a resemblance.





NEW! POWER-SPRAY STEAM N' DRY IRON WITH MORE STEAM HOLES THAN ANY OTHER!

YOUR IRONING BECOMES EASIER THAN EVER with 39 holes to give you a smoother, wider sweep of penetrating steam. It sprays automatically, steams and dry irons — and the high-gleam, mirror-finish sole plate lets you glide through ironing effortlessly. Try it — you'll agree it's the "complete" iron.



NEW 39 HOLE SOLEPLATE

patterned to give best overall steam distribution right from toe to heel for easier ironing, and exclusive G.E. constant steam flow guarantees deeper penetration for perfect pressing.



AUTOMATIC SPRAY POWER

exclusive to G.E., means no pumping. Just a gentle press and a continuous fine, warm mist automatically sprinkles away even the most stubborn wrinkles.



TILT'N TELL WATER WINDOW

tells you at a glance how much water you have, when to refill. And the fabric dial gives you proper temperatures, even for the new synthetic fabrics.

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DOWN WITH THE MINI!

*It's on its
last legs,*

literally says New Yorker John Norman, director
of design at Vogue-Butterick patterns, who regards the
mini-skirt as "the least flattering fashion of the century."

● "The mini's shock
value has worn off.
Men have stopped
looking, and it's safe
to drop your hemlines,
especially if your legs
are short, your hips
wide—and you're not
really the mini type."

JOHN NORMAN, who
says this, is en route
to Australia to judge the
Wool Board fashion
awards and the Fashions
in the Field at the Mel-
bourne Cup. While there,
he will make propaganda
against the mini-skirt.

"I eagerly seek and wel-
come the demise of this least
flattering fashion of the cen-
tury," Mr. Norman declared
in New York before he left.
"And I think most women
will agree. Women of the
world, unite! You have
nothing to lose but your
shame. Goodbye, flabby
thighs! Hello, glamor and
good taste!"

Such a gospel is echoed
by many U.S. and Paris
designers, who are down-
grading minis in their new
collections. Trousers are in,
for example, and waistslines
with belts are back. So, the
hemline has to drop.

"In New York and Paris,"
Mr. Norman said, "the skirt
is finding a new level, from
just above the knee to two
or three inches above the
knee."

"The mini-skirt is finished
in Paris, it's winding up in
New York, it never took

hold in Rome or Spain. Only
London is holding out. But
the British will crumble
soon."

John Norman is an affable,
slightly rotund, middle-aged
bachelor whose sharp blue
eyes have been surveying
couture in the U.S. since
just after World War II.

After "messing around" in
the workrooms of several
leading New York designers,
he opened his own couturier
house in 1948, with the en-
couragement of Bergdorf
Goodman and Neiman Mar-
cus.

One of his early designs, a

take over as design director
at Vogue-Butterick, he
plunged into the new chal-
lenge of fashion publishing
with vigor.

During the three years he
has held his present position
Mr. Norman has been work-
ing with all the great
couturiers of the world, buy-
ing their best creations for
Vogue patterns.

These include such
names as Cardin, Givenchy,
St. Laurent, Dior, Patou,
Nina Ricci, Molyneux, and
Balmain in Paris; Valentino,
Fabiani, Princess Galitzine,
and Pucci in Rome; Pertegaz

the 80 designs themselves for
the two lines—about ten
are bought from the
couturiers. With the Vogue
catalogue, that makes nearly
1000 designs a year for which
John Norman is responsible.

"I certainly welcome the
fortnight's break in Austra-
lia," he said. "What a pleas-
ure it will be to get away,
and to the country I've read
about since I was a boy!"

Mr. Norman has been get-
ting briefings on Australia
from designers Norma Tullo,
Kenneth Pirrie, and Trent
Nathan.

"Australians have always
appealed to me," he said,
"particularly because of one
trait they all seem to have
—naivete. By that I don't
mean that they're stupid,
far from it. Vital, enthusi-
astic, but honest, too, and
without the guile that one
gets too much of in New
York."

"I think the Australian
character is like Americans
used to be before we got too
smart for ourselves."

John Norman also knows
he's going to a country where
there is more home sewing
per head than anywhere
else in the world.

"I realise I'll be sur-
rounded by experts—and
my best customers," he said.
"I had better be on the ball."

In judging the two fashion
contests, he says he'll look
for "contemporary quality"
and originality. And he lays
down the following dictum:

"Anything that looks hard,
such as severe tailoring with
architectural lines, is old-
hat. Avoid it. The style today
is clinging, with soft lines."

And don't, for heaven's
sake, trot out any minis!



DESIGNER John Norman, with sewing-room background.

**From ROBERT FELDMAN,
in New York**

line of at-home wear in red,
was featured on the cover
of "Life" magazine in
November, 1948.

Launched thus promi-
nently, the young designer
became the high priest of at-
home wear, spearheading the
industry during seven fever-
ish years in what is known
locally as "the Seventh
Avenue rat race."

"But I had no head for
business," he says. "I de-
cided it just wasn't worth
the strain." He began work-
ing for others, notably as
head designer at Catalina
sportswear in California.

But New York, the capital
of U.S. fashion, beckoned
("I got tired of all that
California sunshine"), and
John Norman returned to
"where the action is."

When the offer came to

in Spain; Sybil Connolly in
Dublin; Michael, Matli,
Belinda Belville, Mary
Quant, Jean Muir, and
Gerald McCann in Britain;
plus the leading U.S.
couturiers.

Vogue-Butterick, as the
biggest buyers of couture in
the U.S., exert a distinct,
if subtle, influence on all
these designers.

Each gets a royalty on
patterns sold, and therefore
is ever mindful of the
needs and tastes of
"ordinary" women from
Dubuque to Dubbo who
choose their wardrobe, and
their daughters', from the
pattern books.

Publishing 40 designs in
each book (Vogue and
Butterick) each month,
Mr. Norman and his staff
of four designers do 70 of

NEXT WEEK

● The latest
fashion trends
from Australia
and overseas—
headdresses,
bouquets, and
glamor gowns to
buy (complete
with prices and other details)
—all in our romantic 16-page
lift-out book of . . .



Bridal Fashions

and . . .

● Australian Hazel HERN-
sdorf writes of her stay in
Hollywood recently with TV
star Lucille Ball and her hus-
band, Gary Morton (Hazel is
shown below pictured outside
their house in Hollywood).



**OUR GARDEN
EXPERT
DISCUSSES
THE POPULAR
DAHLIA**



**MRS. PYE
BUILDS HER
BUSHLAND
HOLIDAY
HOME
—HERSELF!**

**FADELESS
FLOWERS
TO MAKE
FROM
CREPE PAPER**



● Delicious
recipes—including
a butterscotch pavlova (left).

NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK



HALLE GOLD, above, the young New York model who will attend the 1968 Melbourne Cup Carnival.

New York model is coming for the Cup

● Halle Gold is a young New Yorker with a golden future. Not yet 20 and a top model and brilliant horse-woman, she will make a 12-day visit to Australia for the 1968 Melbourne Cup Carnival.



HALLE, above, with Hindsight, a piebald horse she rides at a New York riding club. It is an apaloosa, bred from Indian horses.

HALLE, right, wearing a blue knit dress with a wide white belt, photographed in New York. It will be her first overseas trip.



IF the Melbourne Cup were a -steeplechase, Halle Gold could win it.

The American model — brought to Australia for the 1968 Cup Carnival by The Australian Women's Weekly, Dupont, and Qantas — is as much at home in dressage rings as in dressing-rooms. And she can take a thoroughbred over a fence as easily as taking a taxi across town.

She has never seen a flat race, though; the Melbourne Cup will be her first.

Halle, a young New York model, recently had to sell her own steeplechaser. "I couldn't look after him any more," she said, "since I was busy with modelling assignments."

She is one of the fast-rising new models in New York, not quite 20 years old, although she has worked as a mannequin for the past three summers.

She has made a couple of television commercials, and now that she has left college, she is working the year round as a model.

Fresh young look

She is 5ft. 9in. tall — "But that's not particularly tall now," she says — and a slender 8st. She has very long blond hair, misty grey-green eyes, and a fresh young look — she photographs like a teenager who has never heard a harsh word spoken.

Coming from a comfortable suburban background, maybe she hasn't. She grew up amid horse shows and point-to-points and is a very good horsewoman, indeed.

"She's good enough to ride in the Garden," her mother told me.

Mrs. Gold, who comes from Ireland, is also a fine horsewoman and runs a riding clinic. By the Garden, she meant the International Horse Show in Madison Square Garden.

The push and shove of the New York rag trade doesn't seem to touch Halle — her poise extends beyond the saddle.

She manages to ride at weekends, usually on friends' horses, near her home in Rye, not far from the city.

Although she looks, if anything, younger than her age, her manner is assured beyond her years.

"As a teenager, I was very much a tomboy," she told me when we met for lunch between her bookings. "I started dating very late — I didn't even buy my first handbag until my second year in high school — when I was 16, that is."

"I worked for the polo team at Purchase, which is right next to Rye, from the time I was 15. I exercised the polo ponies, and I was able to buy my own horse out of my exercise pay."

On a wall in the Golds' living-room are hung many

hardest thing," she says, "is when you have meat and vegetables and potatoes and you have to get everything ready at the same time."

Halle's distinctive first name came about accidentally. "I was named after my great-grandmother, whose name was Halley, and my father misspelled it on my birth certificate. He was a bit excited about the whole thing."

Halle started modelling when she was still in high school and continued when she attended Centner College for two years. Centner, one of the oldest junior colleges for girls in America, is in Hackettstown, New Jersey.

During her last term at Centner, Halle worked hard ringing doorbells in Hackettstown, canvassing for the political campaign of Senator Eugene McCarthy.

"There were 15 of us from Centner, and the local Presbyterian minister," said Halle. "That was the entire McCarthy campaign in Hackettstown. But it's a pretty conservative area and people were calling us 'commies' and slamming the door in our faces."

Relative in Sydney

Her invitation to the Melbourne Cup Carnival has put politics out of her mind for the moment. "It's so exciting, I can hardly believe it yet," she said.

"I've never been outside the United States — except for Bermuda and Nassau — and here I'm going all the way to Australia."

"And I even have a relative there — my uncle's sister lives near Sydney, in Collaroy. Her name is Mrs. Michael Bowlee."

Halle will arrive in Sydney on October 30 and go on to Melbourne the next day. She will leave on November 10.

Just two days before she leaves for Australia, on October 28, her sister, who is two years older than Halle, will be married. "She's the most beautiful in the family," Halle claims.

Why isn't her sister a model then? "She's camera-shy."

By
BILL WILSON,
in New York

ribbons and trophies won by Halle and her mother.

In spite of this, Halle insists she is not the "horsy type" — "They only know their horses when they get on them," she said, laughing. She always did her own grooming, cleaning of tackle, and feeding.

Halle was in the midst of making furniture for her new flat in New York when she was invited to Australia. That's right, making it. "I got a few nail kegs," she said, "painted them, and put foam-rubber cushions on them, covered with vinyl. They will be our seats."

Halle and the girl who will share her flat are now making table lamps out of detergent and bleach bottles, with papiermache decoration on top of the plastic-bottle bases.

"We got an old dress-form from my father" — Mr. Gold is a dress manufacturer on New York's Seventh Avenue — "and we're looking for a period dress to put on it and make the whole thing into a standard lamp."

While Halle's an expert with a hammer and saw, she's not so good with a needle. "I can't even sew on a button — I'm a complete failure domestically," she admits.

She has been learning to cook, however, and "the



THIS striking dress by Bazazz of Melbourne, worn by Halle, above, is of red-and-white-striped bonded orlon. She began modelling part-time when still at college and now models all the year round.



WHITE STRAPS with buckles at the waist and cuffs outline this blue-and-white dress and jacket of dacron and wool by Kenneth Pirrie, above. Halle will briefly visit Sydney, where she has a relative.



HALLE, above, wears a red coatdress of bonded orlon by Geoff Bade of Melbourne. Her visit to Australia for the 1968 Melbourne Cup Carnival will last from October 30 to November 10.

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ened in seconds. Final
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quickly and stored flat.

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SNZ7143 88WV 23.10.68

AJC SPRING



ABOVE: Smart trio at Ladies' Day at the Spring Racing Carnival were Miss Irene Bartley, Mrs. Ronald Raines, and Mrs. Richard Harford (left to right). Miss Bartley's chocolate and white dress was worn with a large, white hat. Mrs. Raines' picture hat was trimmed with navy flowers to match her silk suit and Mrs. Harford's red, white, and navy hat matched her silk pleated dress.



AT RIGHT: Yellow, black, and white scarf which matched Mrs. John Laszlo's coatdress trimmed the large white straw hat she wore on Ladies' Day. Her companion, Mrs. Ignace Listwan (at right) wore a white-spotted straw beret to match her short-sleeved dress and matching jacket.



AT LEFT: Mother and daughter Mrs. Kerry Spry (at left) and Mrs. John Henderson (centre) chose combinations of black and white for their race outfits, while Mrs. Ian Platt Hepworth wore black with her slim canary-yellow dress.

RACING CARNIVAL



ABOVE: Colorful group at Randwick on Ladies' Day were Mrs. Rod MacKenzie, Mrs. Bill Webster, and Mrs. Kevin McGuinness (left to right), who were photographed on the lawns of the Members' Stand before the first race began.



LOVELY HAT worn by Mrs. Averil Trennery with her silk suit was one of the most striking among those at the third day of the Racing Carnival.



FLOWERS and flattering chiffon trimmed Miss Jill Chapman's straw breton hat on Ladies' Day. Large hats were most popular, and racegoers had a busy time keeping them on during the windy afternoon.



CHARMING TOUCH on the bowler hat worn by Mrs. Brett Hall was an outsize daisy, which matched her smart two-tone silk dress and matching belted coat.



AT LEFT: One of the prettiest outfits on the second day of the meeting was worn by Miss Gae Codner, whose big straw planter hat was trimmed with large flowers.



LOVELY GOWNS which won prizes in the matrons' section at the Black and White Ball were worn by (left to right) Mrs. Michael Grace, second, Mrs. Bob McInerney, third, and Mrs. Patti Edwards, first.

Black and White Ball Prizewinners



WINNERS of the single girls' section for the loveliest gowns at the ball were (left to right) Miss Maryann Scott, who came first, Miss Diane Selby-Davidson, who was second, and Miss Bronwyn Turk, third.



FACTS ABOUT PREGNANCY AND YOUR FIGURE

Q I wore step-ins all the time before...but what is the point during pregnancy?

A Good foundation garments, like Berlei's Maternity girdle, are more important during pregnancy than they ever were before! Not to hide excess fat, but to support your back, and help control your tummy muscles that are beginning to stretch so much now.

Q I believe you can buy maternity pantie girdles, too...are they safe to wear, or should I stick to girdles?

A Berlei make a maternity pantie girdle...that is completely safe to wear. Like the girdles, it has been designed under the guidance of leading hospitals and obstetricians. It is simply a matter of personal preference whether you wear a girdle or pantie...but many women enjoy the extra support the pantie's leg gives them.

Q Why are some maternity bras and girdles so ugly? This is a time you want to feel prettier than ever!

A Now Berlei have a range of pretty bras for you to choose from. Some made from the daintiest lace, others in crisp embroidered cotton. Maternity girdles and panties are in elastic lace with open mesh stretch front panels.

Berlei Maternity garments are designed with one real purpose...to give you comfort during pregnancy, to help restore your figure afterwards. So, best you get fitted with a Berlei Maternity Wardrobe soon.

For a Free colour leaflet showing Berlei Maternity garments and a helpful list of suggestions for baby's name, write Berlei Limited, 39 Regent Street, Sydney 2000.

Berlei

A Berlei maternity outfit can cost so little.

Bras from \$3.95. Girdles or pantie girdles from \$6.95.
Pretty pantie, shown, Style 694, S.M.L.XL.XXL., \$8.95.

● "Will you be able to say hello to me, Daddy?" asked the little boy.

"No, Matthew," said his father. "But you'll know I've seen you, because I'll take off my glasses and put them on again, then take them off and put them on again. And that will be my special hello."

The next day Matthew and his fair, pretty mother went to see Daddy start his new job.

Daddy looked very strange and remote and awesome, in scarlet and ermine, among 16 judges of the N.S.W. Supreme Court, headed by the Chief Justice himself.

I HEARD the story from June Lee, Matthew's mother, and it seemed to illustrate a truth one tends to forget — that human beings inhabit the majestic panoply of justice; that the figure high on the judgment seat is also a man.

Do judges themselves tend to forget it? Can they still identify themselves, literally and metaphorically, with bread-and-butter issues? Can they retain the common touch, after years of deference and remoteness and sitting in judgment on other human beings?

I asked Mr. Justice Lee, one of the youngest Supreme Court judges in Australian history, father of five delightful young people ranging in age from 21 to five.

"I've only been on the Bench two years," he told me, "but before that I had

20 years at the Bar, appearing before many judges. And I'd say most emphatically that the more experienced the judge, the greater his fund of human understanding.

"I've never known one whose position shut him off from a completely sympathetic understanding of human problems, especially the economic problems of the man on a low income.

"A great number, if not most, of Supreme Court judges have themselves come from unpretentious - income families, so that they received their schooling in the economics of life right at the source."

That was certainly true of Judge Lee himself.

He was born in Welling-ton, N.S.W., one of seven children of a PMG inspector.

"When I was growing up at the tag-end of the Depression," he said. "Dad

still had five dependent children. It was a struggle. I had wonderful parents, and two wonderful elder sisters who were working. I owe everything to those four people."

He was a brilliant student, captain of Newcastle Boys' High School,

and a champion debater. He passed the Leaving with three first-class honors and three A's, topping the State in Australian history. He won an exhibition, but to go to university he would still have to be kept, boarded in Sydney, fed and clothed, and supplied with books.

His parents and sisters were determined that he should have that chance.

"It was really Dad who thought of Law," remembered the Judge. "He took me to Sydney to see the Dean of the Faculty, Sir John Peden. But I hadn't long turned 16. I was too young for the Law School. Sir John told me, 'Come back in a couple of years.'"

He spent the next two years in the Faculty of Arts at the University of Sydney.

"They were marvellous years," he told me, "learning for the sheer joy of learning, without any utilitarian motives. But it was at the Law School that my career drive, if you can call it that, started, and with it my fascination with the law.

Friends, rivals

"I made two great friends and great rivals, Ross Parsons and Bill Morrison. Both are now Professors of Law. We went through the next four years neck and neck. Each year one or the other of us would be first, second, and third.

"I became more and more absorbed in the law itself. The attempt to lay down principles and rules that are acceptable to lawyers and people alike is supremely fascinating — especially common law, which can be adapted to changing conditions."

For three of those years the Judge was also articulated to various Sydney solicitors.

He was abysmally but light-heartedly poor.

"When I was a B.A., I was earning ten shillings a week," he said, and grinned. "Mind you, in those days you could go to the pictures for two shillings. You could even court a girl, if she were co-operative and ready to bring along two bob herself."

He met brunette Sylvia Paris, from Cowra, when he was in first-year Law. She was a Teachers' College student, as penurious as himself. Marriage was out of the question for years and years.

By this time, war had come. Jack Lee was turned down by the Air Force and the Navy on physical grounds. He plunged back into his studies, graduating in Law with first-class honors.

Close contest

In the end it was Ross Parsons who took off the University Medal. His friends Morrison and Lee tied for second place.

Jack Lee became a solicitor, and remained so for the next twelve months. It was a friend, barrister Evan Lewis, who talked him into going to the Bar, just as his father had talked him into law.

"My life," he said, "seems to have been a series of accidental decisions! Well, I was lucky. I did a lot of work in the police and divorce courts. Things got better, and in 1946 Sylvia and I were married."

Four children were born, two daughters and two sons. The family was happy and healthy. The father prospered. In 1958 the Lees moved into a beautiful rambling house on Burraneer Point, Cronulla.

Soon afterward Sylvia Lee went into hospital for a minor, almost routine operation.

Within 24 hours, shattering, she was dead.

"Roger was only four," said the Judge quietly. "Lindy was six, Cathy was seven, Robert was 12. I had a choice. I could thrust them all into boarding-school or carry on the family myself. I decided to carry on."

JUSTICE

Matthew felt a little like crying.

Then his father took off his glasses and put them on again, and took them off and put them on again. And Matthew's little hand shot up and he waved gaily to his Daddy.

The newest judge, Mr. Justice Lee, reddened slightly and glanced about. But no one had noticed. The Judge hid a smile.

Matthew perfectly understood that his father couldn't wave back. Matthew was happy. The personage in the historic robes and the full-bottomed wig was still Daddy.

Campaign to save Highland regiment

● The Duchess of Argyll, who is active in the campaign to save the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders from disbandment, has written the following letter to the Editor:

Letters I am receiving from all over the world show that there is confusion over the closing date of the campaign to save the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

I have been asked to make it clear, therefore, that the public petition to Parliament against the disbandment of this regiment is remaining open into the New Year.

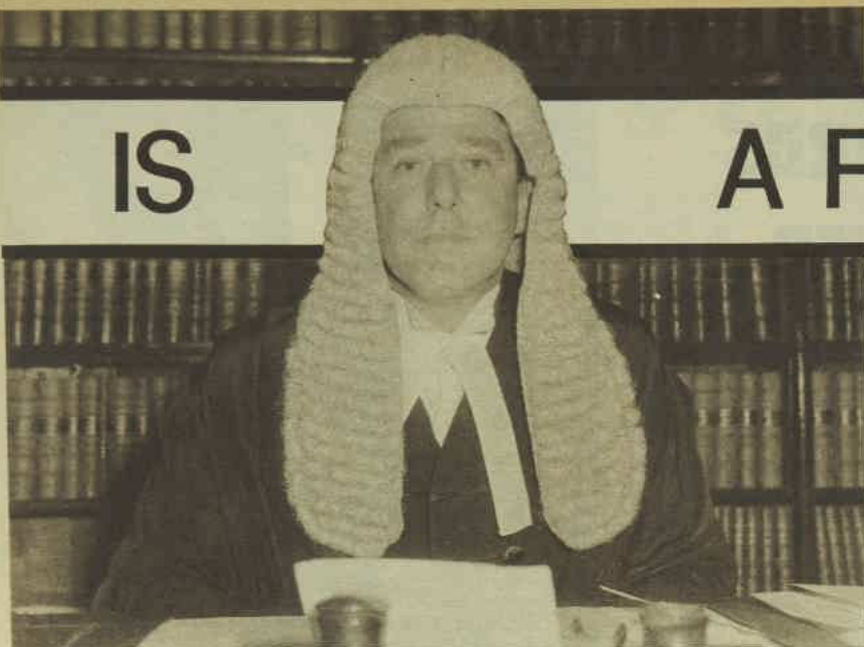
This petition "showeth that the Scottish regiments in general, and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in particular, have an outstanding record in recruiting and military skill, and have rendered notable service to this nation over many generations . . . and that none of these regiments should be disbanded . . . when the Army is in urgent need of new recruits."

Anyone who wishes to add their name in support of this cause may write to me for an official petition form.

(Sgd.) Margaret Argyll,
Margaret, Duchess of Argyll,
48 Upper Grosvenor Street,
London, W.1.

IS

A FAMILY MAN



● Judge Lee in his Supreme Court chambers, at left, and with his family, below. At the back are Robert, 21, Lindy, 17, and Roger, 15; in front, Mrs. June Lee, Matthew, 5, the Judge, and Catherine, 18.

He did, for the next three years, with whatever household help he could get. They were crowded, painful years, but the five Lees grew closer and closer together. The father had almost no recreation, and no feminine companionship.

Wed teacher

And then he met June, a pretty, fair-haired school-teacher. At once, to his surprise, he found himself asking her to a ball.

They were married in October, 1961. June was at once Mum or Mummy to the children. It was an instant mutual love-affair. When Matthew was born two years later, the elder children took him over.

"Matthew," said his father, smiling "is king of all he surveys."

The family was whole again. The Judge became a judge of the Supreme Court in 1966, having taken silk in 1962. He remains young with his young family. June is a fine musician, a pianist, and singer. The Lees love to entertain, best preferring guests who can "do something," contribute.

They love skiing and swimming. June takes children from the Slow Learners' Advancement Society and teaches them to swim in the family pool.

They love concerts and the live theatre, attending "whenever the children permit."

Called square

"All my children think I'm square," said the Judge, "but not because I'm a judge. They love it when I buy a pop record or trousers sufficiently tapered. They keep me in touch with reality. I never have any money myself. I never did have. They get it all!"

"How," I asked, "does one make the mental switch from being a barrister to being a judge?"

He thought carefully. "The two are totally different," he said. "The barrister is vitally concerned for his client's case. For the judge, it's a matter of sitting and listening."

"There's always a temptation to participate. But most judges resist this and remain completely aloof from the arena. The judge must not become personally involved. And here again experience helps. The further one gets away from practice at the Bar, the more remote one becomes from any tendency to participate in a partisan way."

"That's not to say one becomes less human. The idea that a judge lives in an ivory tower is quite wrong. He keeps up exactly the same interest and awareness as if he were still at the Bar."

"Of course, to a degree he has to appear remote. He's restricted in many things he'd like to do. Unlike so many professionals, he can't accept directorships of companies, or any commercial or financial interests."

"A judge can never step outside his role except in his own intimate circle — at least, the community expects him not to. This influences his public behaviour at all times. He must be like Caesar's wife, which is as it should be!"

Not a worrier

Is this a little inhibiting socially?

"Yes, it is. People sometimes seem to have an embarrassment with judges. Young people especially find it inhibiting. Still, I don't worry about it. I'm not a worrier — that destroys all happiness."

Judges of the Supreme Court sit on a wide variety of cases, both in the city and when travelling on assize. Most claims for damages, divorce, and major criminal cases are heard in their courts, and also many appeals from the lower courts.

They are often called on to hand down long sentences. How does it feel?

Said Mr. Justice Lee, "It's distasteful. On the one hand, one realises that society must be protected. On the other, one knows that in many ways a human life is being ruined. Always my sympathy is with the victim of the crime. But

the purpose of punishment should be rehabilitation, not vengeance."

Why are there often such discrepancies between one judge's sentence and another's, for the same crime?

"The judge must balance off against each other a number of considerations: protection of the public, the deterrent effect on others, the reform of the individual."

"The differences which often appear in sentencing reflect fundamental differences of opinion on these matters among the public generally and among the country's legislators."

"For instance, some think that the prevalence of a certain crime (such as pack rape) demands stiffer sentences, while others think that a particular crime becomes prevalent because of particular conditions and causes in society — that these should be understood and eradicated, rather than that sentences should be increased."

On rehabilitation of the prisoner:

"This is a factor that must always be borne in mind when sentencing, and

it is fraught with problems. Speaking for myself, while we have jails as the only places of confinement (and I include prison farms) I believe the prime area for the operation of this factor is after the sentence, and this means prison reform, not sentence reform."

"Much is being done within prisons today to promote rehabilitation and reform, but the problems are enormous, particularly in the case of prisoners sentenced to long terms. How does one keep the best in a man's personality alive over the years in jail surroundings?"

New facilities

"Perhaps in years to come we will have a variety of quite unjail-like places of confinement, with even a system of graduation from one to the other."

"The parole system enables prisoners who are unlikely to offend again to be released much earlier than would otherwise be the case."

"When a judge fixes a non-parole period, he fixes the period of time which the prisoner must serve before he can be considered for parole. If he behaves, he is usually considered favorably

by the Parole Board. If he offends within the period of his sentence, he is put back in jail to serve out the balance."

"The parole system points to the feasibility of offenders being given sentences to be worked out at night and at weekends. It all depends very much on the individual. But, of course, you must have the facilities — and there's the rub."

On majority verdicts:

"I approve of them in civil actions, but in criminal cases where the liberty of the individual is at stake I think unanimous verdicts form the best-known safeguard against an innocent man being convicted."

On juvenile delinquency:

"Young people haven't changed much, but conditions have. Grown-ups level criticism at them because they, the grown-ups, simply haven't adjusted to the conditions of modern living."

"The young people have much greater freedom of communication and expression than we had, but that doesn't mean their standards are lower. Anyway, standards must always be taught, and

the place for that is the home. Parents must set an example, not only in what they say but what they do."

Having first met the man behind the trappings of justice, I went into his court to see the judge at work. The case was one for civil damages following an accident. The plaintiff (like most of the witnesses) was a New Australian whose English was very poor.

When the Judge entered, everybody bowed. Those passing in and out of court, however briefly, bowed to the judgment seat.

Through the long afternoon the Judge sat and listened and took notes, remaining aloof, except to put a witness at his ease.

He looked remote, bewigged, high on the Bench, his grey eyes hidden by dark-rimmed glasses.

Then, at a lull in the proceedings, I rose to go. I tipped to the door and turned. The Judge's impersonal gaze met mine. I bowed. He took off his glasses and put them on again, took them off and put them on again.

I left with a warm feeling that judgment is indeed in the hands of men.



BAKE-OFF AWARDS DINNER

FINALE of our 1968 International Butter-White Wings Bake-Off was a banquet at the Southern Cross Hotel, Melbourne, on Monday, October 7.

Guest-of-honor was Lady Angliss, who presented the awards to the Grand Champion, Mrs. Berwyn McQuitty, of Burnie, Tasmania; the Best Junior, Miss Robyn King (17), of Kingsvale, N.S.W.; and the Bake-Off Princess, Mrs. Helen-Maria Junker, of East Malvern, Melbourne.

The banquet was organised as a benefit dinner for the "Carry-On" committee, an organisation formed to assist all ex-service people.



● Left to right, Mrs. W. Garrick Wilson, wife of the Chairman of Directors of White Wings Ltd., Sig. Edoardo Moglia, of Modena, Italy, international judge of the Bake-Off, and Mrs. Ellen Sinclair, Food Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly. Mrs. Sinclair was one of the local Bake-Off judges.



● Above. At right, Mrs. Monica Sheridan, of Dublin, Ireland, Bake-Off international judge, with Mr. Theo Easton, representing the Australian Dairy Produce Board, and Mrs. Easton.

● Left. From left to right, Miss Mary Dunne, Bake-Off judge (Home Service Supervisor of the State Electricity Commission), Mr. Geoffrey Marks (Metters Ltd.), Mrs. Marks, and Mr. W. Garrick Wilson (Chairman of Directors of White Wings Ltd.)



● Right. 1968 Bake-Off Princess, Mrs. Helen-Maria Junker, of East Malvern, Melbourne (at left), with her husband, Wolfgang, and Mrs. Romana Preston, from Brisbane, last year's Bake-Off Grand Champion, who came to Melbourne especially for the banquet.

● Left. Bake-Off Grand Champion, Mrs. Berwyn McQuitty, of Burnie, Tasmania (at left), with Lady Angliss, who presented the awards, and Mr. Graham Kerr, Chairman of the Bake-Off contest.

Details of prizewinners on pages 88, 89, and 91.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1968

CILLA—she's a real nice girl

● Famous entertainer and pop singer Cilla Black is a 100 percent genuine real nice girl, without a trace of the affectations of the showbiz types who are all make-up, mink eye-lashes, and mannered airs. She misses Mum.

THE only unreal thing about Cilla Black is her name. Her real name is Cilla White.

"Round Liverpool in the cloobs I was just 'Cilla,' loov," she said. "Everyone just called me 'Cilla' and there was this newspaper that wrote about me.

"It was a students' newspaper and when the editor—he was a student, too—got the article about me, he realised they didn't know my whole name. All they could remember was that it was a color and they decided it was Cilla Black and it should have been Cilla White.

"It was nice of them to write about me, so I didn't say anything, like, and I just stoob to Cilla Black."

Cilla, at the top of the showbiz ladder at 25, still thinks it is nice when people want to write about her, but these days so many people want to that there is a queue.

Once you get in, Cilla makes you feel that you are the very person she most wanted to talk to, most wanted to see.

It is an endearing quality. Cilla reminds me of another famous Lancashire entertainer, Gracie Fields—both have warm, unaffected personalities allied to talent that is never spared.

"People are always saying that at 'ome," she said when I told her. "But you

are the first who has ever said it to me in Australia.

"At first when people started to say this sort of thing about me being like Gracie, I was a bit put out.

"But this year, the BBC are doing a tribute to Gracie and they wanted me to go to Capri and talk to her and have my photograph done with her.

"I went—not long before I came here.

"I had a fantastic time. I found she was a loovely person. I could understand and appreciate her, and now I am really quite proud when people say I am like Gracie."

Cilla, in Australia for a season at Chequers, Sydney,

By
NAN MUSGROVE

warm them up first. I have to warm to them, and then get them to warm back to me."

"At the beginning of my career, I used to make all kinds of excuses if the audience didn't like me.

"Now I know that if the audience doesn't like me, it's my fault. I am not using the right technique, not treating them right.

"On the stage I work at being lovable. I am too lovable for words on the stage—because I am not lovable 24 hours a day, although people might sometimes think so, seeing me at work."

Cilla is tall but small. She stands 5ft. 6in. and her vital statistics are 34, 23, 35. She has a narrow back, long legs that look good in the mini-skirts she favors.

Her skin is white, her hair a rusty color that comes out of a bottle—"I'm really a mousy-blond, loov."

She is not pretty: she is plain—but the "plain" is the kind that is the 1968 look, and is highlighted with very blue, blue eyes.

Cilla's real beauty is in her hands—they are long, slender, with tapering, beautifully shaped fingers, and well-manicured nails.

She is very thin—just a handful. She told me that she only weighs 7st. 8lb. at present, has lost half a stone since she left "ome." (Cilla hasn't got an aitch to her name when she talks to you, but they're all present and correct when she sings.)

She is thin now, she says, because she doesn't get what she likes to eat, to keep her at her 8st. average.

"I miss me Mum's cooking," she said. "At 'ome we 'ave roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, a roast of pork, with good roast potatoes, and we have lots of scouse.

"Scouse is Liverpool for Irish stew, it's a kind of stew that you put everything in, like—the meat and potatoes and vegetables. It is really a good Liverpool stew, like, you could call it a 'casserole,' if you want to be posh."

She bought her folks a posh house in Liverpool, which they just love, but both her Mum and her Dad go back to their old neighborhood where they lived before Cilla became rich.

"They just love the house and love everything about it, and me Mum says they are very lucky in their fantastic neighbors. But she misses the



CILLA BLACK . . . "I know if the audience doesn't like me it's my fault. I'm not treating them right . . . It's up to me to make the audience go one way or the other, no matter how I feel."

social life, and keeps on her stall in the market for that.

"Dad misses his local at the top of the old street, so they still go back, although it means two different buses.

"I can't make them take taxis. They won't, you see, because it would cost 14/6. I have just opened an account with a kind of hire-car place, though, and they just have to sign and that's all right with them. They use it because there's no money to pay.

"Down the market, Mum sells nylons and curtain material and things like that, and my cousin has the next-door stall.

"My cousin is in the OS business. The OS is very good in Liverpool—all the mums are OS where I live.

A good gossip

"My Mum goes down there every day. It is not for the business, it is for the natter and the good gossip, and to see all her mates.

"In the early stages of my career I used to get embarrassed about me Mum working at the market, and then I thought 'Why should I?' and now I think 'What the hell!'—and it doesn't matter what she does, as long as she is happy."

Cilla is travelling with her personal manager, Bobby Willis, a very blond, solid young Englishman, to whom she has been engaged for about two years.

"I am going to marry Bobby," she said very definitely—and then, suddenly overcome, "I hope."

"When I do get married, I don't know what I'll wear.

I used to dream of wearing something gorgeous, but I have worn all the gorgeous things on the stage, or on TV.

"Now I think I would like something very simple. If I had something very bridle and gorgeous I would feel I was just going to give another performance.

"I would like to get married in a church. I am a churchy person, a Catholic."

One thing is certain about the wedding—Cilla will arrive in her Rolls-Royce.

"It's loovely. It is very simple to drive, everything is automatic. It is a regal-red convertible. You press a button and the windows go down, and you press another button and the seat goes back or round or sideways. It's really loovely.

"I don't drive it myself though—they wouldn't sell me one unless I had a chauffeur. They said so at the Rolls-Royce place.

"I wanted a black one, and I ordered it.

"They said, 'Madam will send her man down to collect it?' and I said I didn't have a man. The man said I would have to have a man, and if I had a black one I would have to have a boy, too, to keep it clean—so I had a regal-red instead.

"We had a chauffeur down at NEMS (the firm previously managed by Brian Epstein, her first manager) so I got him to collect it for me, and now he is 'My Man for the Rolls'—so I suppose you'd say he was my chauffeur.

"He wears a kind of uniform—it is a dark suit—and he has a cap, but I don't like

him to wear the cap much. I call him Brian and he calls me Cilla.

"It is a loovely thing, regal-red is a kind of light maroon and it has beige leather upholstery. I've had it now for just over two months and it cost me \$24,000 and I loove it."

After her season at Chequers and her TV work at TCN9, Cilla flies to America to make some TV appearances and then back home to make a second season of BBC TV shows.

Cilla comperes and sings and entertains in her variety show. She won't call them variety shows, she hates the term "variety" as used in TV, and, anyhow, likes to think every one of her nine shows is a spectacular.

I have a feeling that she is right and that the Cilla Black "Bandstand" will be a Cilla Black spectacular.

● WHERE TO SEE ROBERT CARRIER

FAMOUS cook-restaurateur-author Robert Carrier arrives in Australia by Qantas next month to talk about cooking.

His main public appearance in each capital will be for a mass audience in the early evening to enable working girls to hear him. He will also appear in department stores and on television and radio.

He is being brought to Australia by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with Ronson Pty. Ltd.

IN SYDNEY:

November 4: 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m., Farmer's city store.

November 4: 6 p.m., Trocadero. Admission free. Limited number of reserved seat tickets available from October 21 at electrical departments of Farmer's city and suburban stores, and Grace Bros. Broadway and suburban stores.

November 6: 10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m., Grace Bros., Roselands.

Mr. Carrier will be guest-of-honor at a Black and White Committee luncheon at Caprice Restaurant on November 4, in aid of the Royal Blind Society.

● Robert Carrier cookery books as prizes for Readers' Recipes, see page 92.

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "I've finally figured out why everyone is trying to stay young-looking these days. We all have the fear that when you become old, you are discarded, that no one cares, that today the world seems to worship youth. Whatever happened to the days when young people respected their elders?"

MOMMA'S MORAL: "Life can be grim when you reach 80, especially if there's a police car behind you."

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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IN MATCHING COLOURS
AND BRILLIANT WHITE

The placing on her finger of
this simple gold circlet
which was a symbol of marriage
caused unforeseen confusion

With this ring

By MARGERY SHARP

CASTING off the last few stitches of cobweb-fine wool, Miss Maynard thought whimsically, "And now I suppose I should see whether it really does go through a wedding ring!"

She was a proofreader of a rather unusual sort: she proofread knitting patterns—that is, she would knit pullover or cardigan, mitten or sock exactly according to the printed instructions to check that each item came off the needles the right size and shape and no muddle, for instance, in the cable stitch. Most of Miss Maynard's work was done for the regular publishers of woolly manuals and leaflets, but a certain famous woman's magazine, conscientious about a knitting pattern as about a cooking recipe, also sometimes called on her services, and these commissions Miss Maynard enjoyed far better, since there was always a specialty about them.

In the present instance the designated caption—"Fine enough to go through a wedding ring!" said Grandmama—so pleased her, she'd spent the first morning of her annual fortnight's vacation finishing and casting off the 50-inch-square scalloped-edged shawl . . .

In any case, she had no train to catch. She wasn't going away anywhere. Miss Maynard had no close friends or relatives to visit, and disliked staying in vacation resorts alone; at 35, she was in many ways still selfconscious as a schoolgirl, and the feeling that strangers noticed her as lonely made her embarrassed to the point of feeling slightly, if irrationally, ashamed.

So she had no train to catch. The very duration of her vacation, moreover, was as much at her choice as its timing; working as she did at home (which also promoted loneliness) there was no office roster to consider; but because to take a break in August was the proper thing Miss Maynard always arbitrarily gave herself the first to the fourteenth off. If it hadn't been the proper thing, she'd probably have gone straight on proof-knitting. This year, to occupy the first week, she meant to help in a neighborhood gift shop operating in aid of the Red Cross—starting that same afternoon by helping to get it ready before its doors opened next day.

Casting off a scallop-shell edge always takes longer than even a hardened proofreader anticipates. Now, glancing at her watch, Miss Maynard hastened to cook and consume her usual lunch of scrambled eggs before packaging the shawl, together with its meticulously checked, initialled instructions, for mailing on the way.

She still hadn't checked whether it would really go through a wedding ring! She felt genuinely curious; and after a moment's reflection went to her bottom bureau drawer and took out the small shagreen box containing the few pieces of jewellery inherited from her mother.

They were none of them valuable, or even very pretty; the stones mostly garnets. But Miss Maynard never had occasion to wear jewellery, and was almost glad the trinkets were worth so little, since otherwise she might have been tempted to sell them, which her mother wouldn't have liked.

The wedding ring was still bright; it was broad and heavy, of the type newly coming back into fashion; before inserting a cobweb-fine, scallop-edged wisp, Miss Maynard, without thinking, slid it on to her own appropriate finger. She had to ease it a bit over the knuckle, but at the base, at the palm, it settled comfortably enough.

Mother had smaller hands than I, thought Miss Maynard tenderly.

To page 54



Knit these for the beach...

● Superb swimsuits and sunsuits for adults and children are knitted in cotton in sun-drenched colors for the seaside.



ALL-IN-ONE sunsuit (above, left) has sweater top and hip belt. Pattern stitch is an easy rib; directions are below. ONE-PIECE swimsuit (above, right) has flattering camisole top, striped contrast on leg and hip. Directions are at right.

ALL-IN-ONE SUNSUIT

Materials: 11 (11) balls main color (m.c.), 1 ball 1st contrast (c.c.1), 1 ball 2nd contrast (c.c.2) Patons Gem Knitting Cotton; 1 pr. No. 12 Milwards Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 13 Phantom crochet hook; 6 buttons; 1 buckle.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34) in. bust.

Tension: 7½ sts. to lin.

Abbreviations: T.b.l., through back of loop; d.c., double crochet; ch., chain.

FRONT

Using m.c., cast on 27 sts. for both sizes. 1st Row: P 3, * k 1 t.b.l., p 3, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 3, * p 1 t.b.l., k 3, rep. from * to end. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 5 times.

Keeping rib correct, inc. 1 st. each end of next 8 rows, then cast on 8 sts. at beg. of foll. 10 rows. (123 sts.)

Larger Size Only: Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. (131 sts.)

**** Both Sizes:** Cont. in rib until side edge measures 17 in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 93 (99) sts. rem. **** Work 29 (31) rows straight.**

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Rib 39 (41), cast off 15 (17) sts., rib to end. Cont. on last 39 (41) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next 4 rows, then in alt. rows until 30 (32) sts. rem. Work 9 rows straight.

To Shape Shoulder — 1st Row: Work to last 10 (11) sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to end.

3rd Row: Work to last 20 (22) sts., turn.

4th Row: Work to end. Cast off.

Join yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Using m.c., cast on 27 sts. and work 6 rows in rib as for front. Keeping rib correct, inc. 1 st. each end of next 8 rows, then cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 16 rows, then 4 sts. at beg. of foll. 12 (14) rows. 123 (131) sts.

Work from ** to ** as front. 93 (99) sts. Work 49 (51) rows.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Rib 33 (35), cast off 27 (29) sts., rib to end. Cont. on last 33 (35) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next 3 rows.

Shape shoulder as for front.

ONE-PIECE SWIMSUIT

Materials: 6 (6) balls main color (m.c.), 2 (3) balls 1st contrast (c.c.1), 2 balls 2nd contrast (c.c.2) Patons Gem Knitting Cotton; 1 pr. each Nos. 12 and 14 Milwards Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 13 Phantom crochet hook; 4 stitch-holders; 4 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34) in. bust.

Tension: 7½ sts. to lin.

Abbreviation: D.c., double crochet.

FRONT

Commencing at lower edge of bodice, using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 113 (121) sts. and work in st-st. for 12 in., ending with p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 (8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of foll. 12 rows. 77 (81) sts.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 2 tog., k 25, cast off 23 (27) sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. on last 26 sts., dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows, then at neck edge only in foll. 4th rows 4 times. (10 sts.)

Cont. until armhole measures 6½ (6½) in. Cast off.

Join yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

With right side facing, No. 12 needles, and c.c.2, k up 112 (120) sts. evenly along cast-on edge.

1st Row: K 1, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1.

2nd Row: K 3, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once, then 1st row once.

Using m.c., k 1 row, then work 3 rows in rib. Break off m.c.

Using c.c.2, k 1 row, then work 5 rows in rib. Break off c.c.2.

Using c.c.1, k 1 row, then work 3 in. in rib, ending with 1st row.

To Shape Legs: When turning, bring yarn to front of work, slip next st. on to right-hand needle, take yarn to back of work, slip stitch back on to left-hand needle, then turn. (This avoids holes.)

1st and 2nd Rows: Rib to last 4 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Rib to last 8 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Rib to last 12 sts., turn.

Cont. in this manner, working 4 sts. less in every row until the 2 rows "rib to last 36 (40) sts., turn" have been worked.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to last 38 (42) sts., turn.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to last 40 (44) sts., turn.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to last 42 (46) sts., turn.

Join yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using m.c., cast on 75 (79) sts. and work 4 rows in rib as for front.

Keeping rib correct, inc. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until there are 91 (95) sts. Work 1 row.

To Shape Top: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 51 sts. rem., then every row until 21 sts. rem. Cast off.

BELT

Using c.c.1, crochet a chain 38 (40) in. long.

1st Row: Miss 1 ch., 2 d.c. in next ch., 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, turn.

2nd Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each d.c. to last d.c., 2 d.c. in last d.c., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Using c.c.2, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each d.c. to end, turn. Break off c.c.2.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to last 44 (48) sts., leave last 44 (48) sts. on stitch-holder. Work 12 rows on rem. 24 sts. Cast off in rib.

BACK

Work bodice as front until work measures 11 in., ending with p row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 50 (52), cast off 13 (17) sts., k to end. Cont. on last 50 (52) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next 10 rows.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 6 (8) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in foll. 19 rows, at same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge in 4th row from previous dec. 5 times. (10 sts.)

Cont. until armhole measures same as front armholes. Cast off.

Join yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

Work lower part same as front to beg. of leg shapings.

To Shape Legs — 1st and 2nd Rows: Rib to last 2 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Rib to last 4 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Rib to last 6 sts., turn.

Cont. in this manner, working 2 sts. less every row until the 2 rows "rib to last 42 (46) sts., turn" have been worked.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to last 44 (48) sts., leave last 44 (48) sts. on stitch-holder.

Work 4 rows on rem. 24 sts. Cast off in rib.

LEFT LEGBAND

Using flat seam for rib and bk-st. for remainder of seams, join side seams. With right side facing, No. 14 needles, and c.c.2, k up 12 sts. along side of rows without shaping on front, k across sts. from 2 stitch-holders, then k up 4 sts. along side of row without shaping on back. 104 (112) sts.

1st Row: K 1, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1.

2nd Row: K 3, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once, then 1st row once. Using m.c., k 1 row, then work 3 rows in rib. Break off m.c.

Using c.c.2, k 1 row, then work 4 rows in rib. Cast off in rib.

Work right legband to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using flat seam, join lower seam. Work crochet edging around armholes, neck, and shoulders thus: Work 1 row d.c. in m.c., 2 rows c.c.1, then 2 rows c.c.2, dec. where necessary round curves, and working 2 button loops on each front shoulder. Sew on buttons. Press seams.

5th Row: Using c.c.1, 1 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in each d.c. to end, turn.

6th Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each d.c. to last 2 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in last d.c. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using bk-st., join side and sleeve seams, and shoulder seams for ¼ in. Sew in sleeves. Using flat seam, join lower edges. Work crochet edging round sleeve and leg edges and front and back neck as follows: Work 1 row d.c. in m.c., 1 row c.c.1, 1 row c.c.2, 1 row c.c.1, dec. where necessary round curves.

Using m.c., work 3 rows d.c. along back of shoulder openings for underlaps, then 1 row d.c. along front of shoulder openings, working 3 button loops on each shoulder. Sew underlaps in position. Sew on buttons. Sew buckle on belt. Press seams.

FLOWER - POWER
swimmer (near right) has
the sleek line of a racing
suit. Directions are below.

ZIPPING ALONG (far
right), a style for the girl
who likes a classic line.
Directions below right.



FLOWER POWER

Materials: 8 (8) balls main color (m.c.), 1 ball 1st contrast (c.c.1), 1 ball 2nd contrast (c.c.2) Patons Gem Knitting Cotton; 1 pr. No. 12 Milwards Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 13 Phantom crochet hook; 1yd. Coats Fine Nainsook bias binding; 1yd. narrow elastic; 4 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34) in. bust.
Tension: $7\frac{1}{2}$ sts. to lin.

Abbreviation: D.c., double crochet.

FRONT

Using m.c., cast on 27 sts.

1st Row: P 3, * k 1, p 3, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 3, * p 1, k 3, rep. from * to end. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 5 times.

Keeping rib correct, inc. 1 st. each end of next 8 rows, then cast on 4 sts. at beg. of foll. 18 (20) rows. 115 (123) sts. Cont. in rib until side edge measures 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 7 (9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next 12 rows. 77 (81) sts.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Work 2 tog., patt. 25, cast off 23 (27) sts., patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

Cont. on last 26 sts., dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows, then at neck edge only in foll. 4th rows 4 times. (10 sts.)

Cont. until armhole measures 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ (6 $\frac{1}{2}$) in. Cast off.

Join yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Using m.c., cast on 27 sts. and work 6 rows in rib as for front. Keeping rib correct, inc. 1 st. each end of next 8 rows, then cast on 2 sts. at beg. of foll. 36 (40) rows. 115 (123) sts.

Cont. in rib until side edge measures 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Patt. 51 (53), cast off 13 (17) sts., patt. to end. Cont. on last 51 (53) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next 10 rows.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 7 (9) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in foll. 19 rows, at same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge in every 4th row 5 times. (10 sts.)

Cont. until armhole measures same as front armholes. Cast off.

Join yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Using bk-st., join side seams. Using flat seam, join cast-on edges. Using m.c., work 1 row d.c. round neck and armhole edges, then 1 row c.c.1 and 1 row c.c.2, working 2 button loops on each front shoulder in last row. Work same edging round leg edges. Embroider lazy-daisy flowers round neck and leg edges as shown, using c.c.1 for flowers and c.c.2 for centres. Sew bias binding on wrong side round leg edges to form casing for elastic. Thread elastic through. Sew on buttons. Press seams.

ZIPPING ALONG

Materials: 9 (10) balls Patons Breeze Knitting and Crochet Cotton, small quantities of 3 contrasting colors in Patons Gem Knitting Cotton; 1 pr. No. 10 Milwards Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 11 Phantom crochet hook; 8in. Lightning Ring Pull zip-fastener.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34) in. bust.
Tension: 13 sts. to 2in. using Breeze.

Abbreviations: M.c., Breeze; c.c.1, 1st contrast Gem; c.c.2, 2nd contrast Gem; c.c.3, 3rd contrast Gem; d.c. double crochet; dec. (in crochet), draw a loop through each of next 2 d.c., yarn over hook and draw through all loops on hook.

FRONT

Using m.c., cast on 22 sts. and work 10 rows st-st.

Inc. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows, then cast on 4 sts. at beg. of foll. 16 (18) rows. 98 (106) sts. Cont. in st-st. until side edge measures 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., ending with p row.

To Divide for Front Opening — Next Row: K 47 (51), cast off 4 sts., k to end. Cont. on last 47 (51) sts., dec. 1 st. at front edge in next 3 rows. Cont. until side edge measures 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., ending with p row.

To Shape Neck: Dec. 1 st. at front edge in next and foll. 4th rows until 39 (43) sts. rem.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 4 (7) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in foll. 15 rows, at same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge in 4th rows from previous dec. 4 times. 16 (17) sts.

Cont. dec. 1 st. at neck edge only in

foll. 4th rows until 10 sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ (6 $\frac{1}{2}$) in. Cast off.

Join yarn at centre front and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Using m.c., cast on 22 sts. and work 4 rows st-st.

Inc. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows, then cast on 2 sts. at beg. of foll. 32 (36) rows. 98 (106) sts. Cont. in st-st. until side edge measures as front to underarm.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of foll. 15 rows. 60 (62) sts.

Cont. until armholes measure 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ (5 $\frac{1}{2}$) in., ending with p row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 17, cast off 26 (28) sts., k to end.

Cont. on last 17 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next 7 rows. Cast off.

Join yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using back-stitch, join side seams. Flat-seam shoulders, lower edges.

NECK EDGING

Using c.c.1, work 1 round d.c. round front and neck edges, working 1 d.c. in end of each row and 1 d.c. in each st. Work 1 round d.c. in c.c.2, 1 round c.c.3, 1 round c.c.2, 1 round c.c.1, working a dec. in each corner at front in every round, and dec. round curve of back neck where necessary. Work same edging round armholes and legs. Sew in zip-fastener. Press seams.

More designs overleaf



KNIT THESE FOR THE BEACH... continued

● Brother-and-sister outfits and a little girl's playsuit will be invaluable on summer holidays when youngsters spend most of their days on the beach.

BROTHER-AND-SISTER HOLIDAY SET

Materials: Patons Gem Knitting Cotton: Bikini top — 1 (1, 2) balls, bikini briefs or swimtrunks — 2 (2, 2) balls, shirt — 4 (5, 6) balls main color (m.c.); 2 balls 1st contrast (c.c.1), 1 ball 2nd contrast (c.c.2) for complete set. One pair each Nos. 12 and 14, and one set of four No. 14 Milwards Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles; 6 stitch-holders; 2yds. Coats Fine Nainsook Bias Binding for bikini or 1½yds. for swimtrunks, same amount of narrow elastic; 4 buttons for bikini; bought belt for bikini or swimtrunks if desired.

Measurements: To fit 22 (24, 26) in. underarm; shirt length, 14 (15½, 17) in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to lin. over st-st.

BIKINI TOP FRONT

Using No. 14 needles and c.c.1, cast on 72 (80, 88) sts.

1st Row: K 3, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once. Break off c.c.1.

Using c.c.2, k 1 row, then work 3 rows in rib. Break off c.c.2.

Change to No. 12 needles and m.c., k 1 row, then work in rib until work measures 2½ (2½, 3) in., ending with 2nd row of rib.

To Shape Armholes: When turning, bring yarn to front of work, slip next st. on to right-hand needle, take yarn to back of work, slip st. back on to left-hand needle, then turn. (This avoids holes.)

1st and 2nd Rows: Rib to last 8 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Rib to last 10 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Rib to last 12 sts., turn.

7th and 8th Rows: Rib to last 14 sts., turn.

PRETTY PLAYSUIT (above) buttoned from the waist is knitted in flecked cotton with a pompon-trimmed drawstring at the waist. See directions below to fit 22 and 25in. chest measurements.

PRETTY PLAYSUIT

Materials: 5 (6) balls Patons Breeze Knitting and Crochet Cotton main color (m.c.), 2 balls 1st contrast (c.c.1), 1 ball 2nd contrast (c.c.2) Patons Gem Knitting Cotton; 1 pr. No. 10 Milwards Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 10 Phantom crochet hook; 5 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 22 (25) in. underarm.

Tension: 13 sts. to 2in. over st-st.

Abbreviations: Y.fwd., yarn forward; d.c., double crochet.

FRONT

Using m.c., cast on 16 sts.

1st Row: K 3, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times.

Keeping rib correct, inc. 1 st. each end of next 4 rows, then cast on 4 sts. at beg. of foll. 12 (14) rows. 72 (80) sts.

**** Cont.** in rib until side edge measures 4½ (5½) in., ending with 2nd row of rib. Work 4 rows st-st.

5th Row: K 1, * y.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

6th Row: Purl. Work 4 rows st-st. **

Divide for front opening:

11th Row: K 3, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * 7 (8) times, turn, cast on 4 sts. for underlap. 39 (43) sts.

12th Row: K 4, rib to end.

13th Row: Rib to last 4 sts., k 4. Rep.

12th and 13th rows 18 (22) times, then 12th row once.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in foll. 8 rows. 23 (27) sts.

Work 4 (6) rows straight.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next 7 (11) rows, then in alt. rows 4 times. (4 sts.)

Cont. until armhole measures 4½ (5½) in. Cast off.

Join yarn at centre front and work other side thus:

1st Row: K 1, p 1, * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3. 37 (41) sts.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to end. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 (5) times.

11th (13th) Row: K 1, y.fwd., k 2 tog. (buttonhole), rib to end. Rep. last 10 (12) rows 3 times.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in foll. 8 rows. 21 (25) sts.

Work 2 (4) rows, working a buttonhole in 1st (3rd) row.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next 8 (12) rows, then in alt. rows 4 times. (4 sts.)

Cont. until armhole measures 4½ (5½) in. Cast off.

BACK

Using m.c., cast on 16 sts. and work 4 rows in rib as for front.

Keeping rib correct, inc. 1 st. each end

of next 4 rows, then cast on 2 sts. at beg. of foll. 24 (28) rows. 72 (80) sts.

Work as front from ** to **.

Work in rib as front until side edge measures same as front to underarm, ending with 2nd row of rib.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of foll. 8 rows. 40 (48) sts. Work 20 (24) rows straight.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Rib 10, cast off 20 (28) sts. in rib, rib to end.

Cont. on last 10 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next 6 rows. Cont. until armhole measures same as front armhole. Cast off.

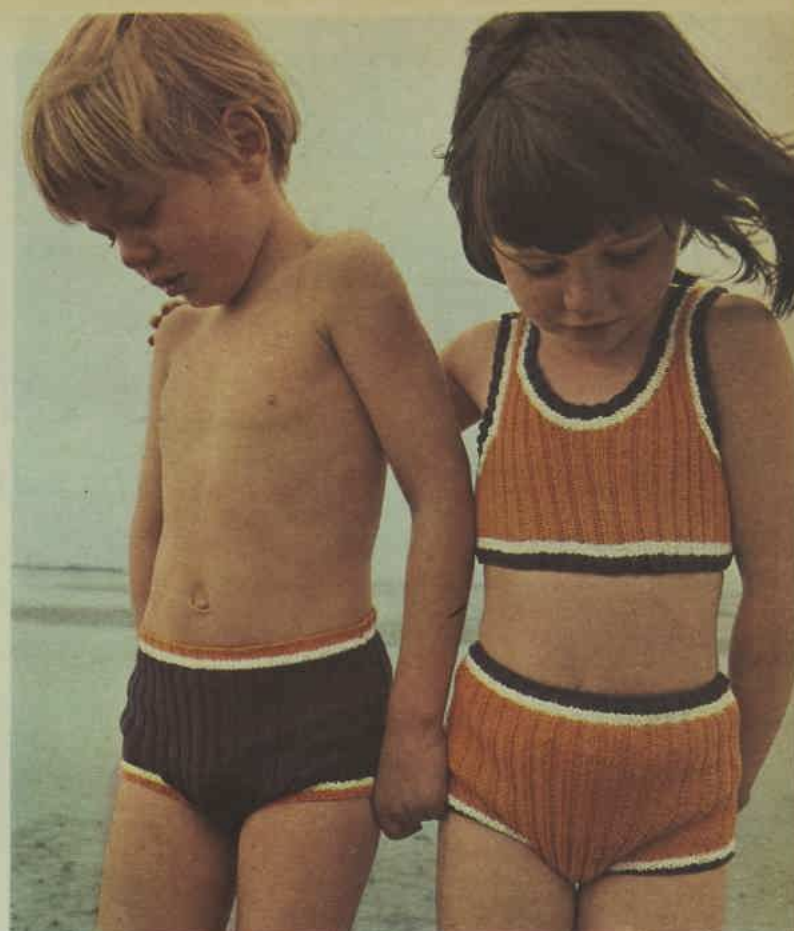
Join yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Using a flat seam, join side, shoulder, and lower edges.

Work crochet edging along right-front edge and round neck as follows: Using c.c.1 double, work 1 row d.c., spacing d.c. so as to keep work flat. Work 1 row using c.c.2 double, then 1 row using c.c.1 double, working 1 d.c. in 1 d.c. along front edge, 3 d.c. in 1 d.c. at top corner, and dec. where necessary round curve of neck.

Work same edging round armhole and leg edges. Sew underlap in position. Sew on buttons. Using 4 strands of c.c.1, crochet a chain 36 (40) in. long and thread through holes, tying ends at centre front. Using c.c.1, make 2 small pompons and attach to ends of chain.



BROTHER-AND-SISTER SET (above). Cotton shorts and crew-neck sweater are ideal for children who need cover-up care against sunburn. Directions for the set begin on page 20.

MIX-AND-MATCH styles for youngsters include swim-shorts, sweaters, and a small girl's bikini top. Swimsuits are in knitted rib, sweaters in stocking-stitch. Directions begin on page 20.

26in. Size Only — 9th and 10th Rows: Rib to last 16 sts., turn. 11th and 12th Rows: Rib to last 18 sts., turn.

All Sizes — Next 2 Rows: Rib to last 16 (16, 20) sts., leave these 16 (16, 20) sts. on a stitch-holder. 40 (48, 48) sts.

To Shape Neck — 1st Row: Rib 14 (18, 18), turn.

2nd and 4th Rows: Rib to end.

3rd Row: Rib 12 (16, 16), turn.

5th Row: Rib 10 (14, 14), turn.

Cont. in this manner, working 2 sts. less in alt. rows, until the row "Rib 6, turn" has been worked.

Next Row: Rib 6.

Next Row: Rib 4, place next 22 (26, 26) sts. on stitch-holder.

Work 25 rows on rem. 4 sts. Cast off.

Join yarn to rem. 14 (18, 18) sts. and work other side to correspond, adding 10 (14, 14) sts. at end of neck shaping to same stitch-holder as other sts.

BACK

FRONT NECKBAND

With right side facing, No. 14 needles, and c.c.2, k up 24 sts. evenly along left side of neck, k across 32 (40, 40) sts. from stitch-holder, k up 24 sts. along right side of neck.

**** 1st Row:** K 1, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1.

2nd Row: K 3, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: As 1st row. Break off c.c.2.

4th Row: Using c.c.1, k 2, cast off 2 sts., k to last 4 sts., cast off 2 sts., k 2.

Using c.c.1, work 3 rows in rib, casting on 2 sts. above those cast off in previous row for buttonholes. Cast off in rib. **

BACK NECKBAND

Work as front neckband, omitting buttonholes.

ARMHOLE BANDS

Using flat seam, join side seams. With right side facing, No. 14 needles, and c.c.2, knit up 36 (40, 42) sts. evenly along side of armhole, k 32 (32, 40) sts. from stitch-holder, k up 36 (40, 40) sts. along other side of armhole. 104 (112, 120) sts.

Work as given from ** to ** for front neckband, working buttonhole on front shoulder only.

TO MAKE UP

Sew bias binding on wrong side at lower edge to form casing for elastic. Thread elastic through. Sew buttons on back shoulders.

BIKINI BRIEFS OR SWIMTRUNKS FRONT

Using No. 14 needles and c.c.1, cast on 72 (80, 88) sts. and work ribbed band as for front of bikini top.

Change to No. 12 needles and m.c., k 1 row, then work in rib until work measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ (5, $5\frac{1}{2}$) in., ending with a 2nd row of rib.

To Shape Legs: See note on turning for armholes of bikini top and work thus:

1st and 2nd Rows: Rib to last 4 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Rib to last 8 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Rib to last 12 sts., turn.

Cont. in this manner, working 4 sts. less in every row, until 2 rows "Rib to last 24 (28, 32) sts., turn" have been worked.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to last 26 (30, 34) sts., turn.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to last 28 (32, 36) sts., leave these 28 (32, 36) sts. on a stitch-holder. (16 sts.)

Work 8 rows on these 16 sts. Cast off in rib.

BACK

Work ribbed band as front.

Change to No. 12 needles and m.c., k 1 row, then work 1 row in rib.

To Shape Back—Next 2 Rows: Rib to last 24 sts., turn.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to last 16 sts., turn.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to last 8 sts., turn.

Next Row: Rib to end.

Cont. in rib until side edge measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ (5, $5\frac{1}{2}$) in., ending with 2nd row of rib.

To Shape for Legs — 1st and 2nd Rows: Rib to last 2 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Rib to last 4 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Rib to last 6 sts., turn.

Cont. in this manner, working 2 sts. less in every row, until the 2 rows "Rib

to last 26 (30, 34) sts., turn" have been worked.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to last 28 (32, 36) sts., leave these 28 (32, 36) sts. on a stitch-holder. (16 sts.)

Work 4 rows on these 16 sts. Cast off in rib.

LEFT LEGBAND

Using flat seam, join side seams.

With right side facing, No. 14 needles, and c.c.2, k up 8 sts. evenly along side of rows without shaping on front, k across 56 (64, 72) sts. from stitch-holder, k up 4 sts. along side of rows on back. 68 (76, 84) sts.

Work as given from ** to ** for front neckband of bikini top, omitting buttonholes.

Work right legband in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

Using flat seam, join lower seam. Sew bias binding on wrong side around all edges to form casing for elastic. Thread elastic through. If buying a belt, make 6 belt loops and attach to top ribbed band, thread belt through.

SWEATER POKET

Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 20 sts. and work 24 rows st-st. Break yarn, leave sts. on stitch-holder.

FRONT

Using No. 14 needles and c.c.1, cast on 88 (96, 104) sts. and work ribbed band as front of bikini top. Change to No. 12 needles and m.c. and work in st-st. until work measures $8\frac{1}{2}$ (9, $10\frac{1}{2}$) in., ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 76 (82, 88) sts. rem. Work 1 row.

Place pocket thus:

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 6 (7, 8), slip next 20 sts. on stitch-holder and leave, with right side facing k across 20 pocket sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. dec. 1 st. each end of alt. rows until 58 (60, 62) sts. rem. Work 1 row straight.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 2 tog., k 20, turn.

Cont. on these 21 sts., dec. 1 st. each

end of alt. rows until 7 sts. rem., then at armhole edge only until 2 sts. rem. P 2 tog. Fasten off.

Slip next 14 (16, 18) sts. on stitch-holder, join yarn, and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Work as for front to underarm.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 32 (34, 36) sts. rem.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. Break yarn and leave sts. on stitch-holder.

SLEEVES

Using No. 14 needles and c.c.1, cast on 56 (60, 64) sts. and work ribbed band as front of bikini top.

Change to No. 12 needles and m.c. and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and alt. rows until there are 64 (70, 76) sts. Work 1 row.

To Shape Top: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 8 sts. rem. Work 1 row. Break yarn and leave sts. on a stitch-holder.

NECKBAND

Using bk-st., join raglan seams. With right side facing, using set of four No. 14 needles, and c.c.2, knit up 112 (116, 120) sts. evenly round neck, incl. sts. from stitch-holders.

1st Round: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to end. Rep. 1st round twice. Break off c.c.2.

Using c.c.2, k 1 round, then work 3 rounds in rib.

Using No. 12 needle, cast off loosely in rib.

POCKET TOP

Slip sts. from stitch-holder on to No. 14 needle so right side will be facing. Using c.c.2, k 1 row. Work as given from ** to ** for front neckband of bikini top, omitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using bk-st., join side and sleeve seams. Sew pocket on wrong side, and ends of pocket top on right side. Press seams.



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AV 301/1A

THE SECRET CITY OF THE INCAS

● For more than three centuries not a solitary human sound echoed among the great stone buildings of the fabled city of Machu Picchu, capital of the last of the Incas of Peru.

*Story by Robin Hosie,
pictures by Douglas Botting*

THE Spanish conquerors may have heard faint rumors that the city existed. But they never found it, never crossed the passes three miles high, bridged the granite canyons a mile deep, or braved the glaciers, jungles, and rapids that cut it off from the rest of Peru.

And so Machu Picchu, on a ridge 10,000ft. high and overlooked by the mountain of the same name, became a legend, an insubstantial folk memory, after the last Inca leader had been murdered by the Spaniards and the Inca Empire crumbled.

It was found by an American archaeologist-explorer, Professor Hiram Bingham, in 1911. Since then the city has become recognised as the most perfect example in Peru of Inca architecture of the later period. And the Incas were the most stupendous builders with massive blocks of stone that the world has ever seen.

In a space some 400 yards by about 325 yards there are 200 house compounds, temples, tombs, and shrines, with an elaborate system of bastions and stone staircases made necessary by the steepness of the ground.

Most of the tombs contain the remains of women, giving rise to the theory that in Machu Picchu — originally called Vilcapampa — the Virgins of the Sun found a last refuge from the conquistadores and died out one by one in a city that had been denuded of its menfolk. Its buildings, put together without the use of mortar or cement, represent Inca engineering at its most daring and grandiose.

The Glorious Ones

About two centuries before Christopher Columbus discovered the New World, the Incas had established the first true empire in South America. The word "Inca" is actually the title of the emperor. The people called themselves the Capaccuna, meaning "the Great Ones" or "the Glorious Ones." Their domain, centred on Cuzco in the Peruvian Andes, included most of modern Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia, and the northern areas of Chile and Argentina.

The Incas were themselves the heirs of an earlier civilisation which had its own massive buildings and religion — the worship of the Sun God. But being one of the most completely totalitarian States in history, they set out to obliterate all memories of this earlier culture, in what would nowadays be called a propaganda campaign; and they all but succeeded.

The real contribution of the Incas was that they were incomparable organisers and builders. And the fatal flaw in their totalitarian system was that everything depended on one man, the Emperor. The murder of the Inca Atahualpa by the gold-hungry Spaniards in 1553 was a shock from which their civilisation died in fewer than 40 years.



THE FARMING TERRACES of Intihuatana Hill, near the northern limits of the city. The name means "the place to which the sun was tied," and on the very top is a huge granite block which was either a sundial or a ritual object used by the Inca sun priests and the Virgins of the Sun.

Continued overleaf

The secret city of the Incas

From page 23

The Glorious People were farmer-soldiers. They had no horses, knew nothing of the wheel, did not use mortar, and did not know the meaning of unemployment. Their social organisation, for all that it was stifling to the individual, represents the greatest political achievement of the American Indians. And though not given to social experiment, in agriculture they were great innovators.

More than half the products that the world eats today were developed or cultivated in the Inca Empire. They domesticated 20 varieties of corn and 240 varieties of potato.

On this basis of a flourishing agriculture was raised a social pyramid based on the clans of families. No individual owned land or implements, only the clan, and planting and harvesting were communal. At the age of 20 a man was expected to take a wife. If he did not, the headman would select one for him.

Girls of exceptional beauty would be set apart, to be trained as Virgins of the Sun, and from these would be chosen the wives of the great officials, or even one of the concubines of the Inca himself. Others, it is believed, were destined to be the victims of a cult of human sacrifice.

Social organisation was on the decimal system. Every ten able-bodied, taxpaying workers had a chargehand over them; ten such groups came under a foreman; ten foremen and the people beneath them came under a headman; 10,000 people were headed by a district governor; and ten district governors were responsible to an overlord.

There were four of these top officials, each responsible only to the Inca. And in the final count, in this bureaucratic empire there were 1331 officials for every 10,000 people.

Too much gold

The Inca himself combined some of the advantages of hereditary rule and the selective principle. He was chosen by a council of advisers from among the ablest sons of the previous emperor by his principal wife. The choice was not always an easy one. The Inca Huayna Capac, it is said, had 500 legitimate descendants living at the time of the Spanish conquest.

Once the Inca had been chosen, he became a demigod as well as an omnipotent ruler.

The Incas worshipped Viva-cocha, the creator God, and his servant, the Sun God. To them, most things that mattered were holy — including, of course, agriculture.

They must have been the world's only bureaucracy that ever got by without writing. To the Incas, this was an undreamed-of art. They kept their records and told their stories on lengths of knotted colored string. The knots were not symbols, but a memory device rather like tying a knot in a handkerchief.

The tragedy of the Incas was that they had too much gold. They used it prodigally in decorating

their cities. When the Spaniards first saw the city of Cuzco, they were astonished to find buildings covered in gold plate. Strands of gold had been woven into the thatched roofs of some of the temples with a delicate skill that was entirely lost on the greedy-eyed strangers.

Only two weeks before Francisco Pizarro landed in Peru with the idea of conquest burning in his brain, the Inca Atahualpa had won a civil war against a rival claimant to the throne. On May 13, 1533, Pizarro began his march to Cuzco with 177 men, 67 of them cavalry.

Atahualpa, resting with 40,000 victorious battle-hardened veterans, was contemptuous of this new threat. His spies reported that the guns the Spaniards carried were only thunder-makers, and could only be fired twice; that a mounted Spaniard and his horse were one, and that if the horse fell, the man stayed down.

Spanish trick

Marching through narrow defiles, in any one of which his entire force could have been annihilated, Pizarro reached Cajamarca, and summoned the Inca to a parley. Astonishingly, Atahualpa answered the call and went to Cajamarca with a group of unarmed followers.

He was to pay for that mistake with his life. At a given signal, the Spaniards attacked the truce party, shooting and hacking without mercy. The only casualty among the Spaniards was Pizarro himself, wounded in the arm as he protected Atahualpa. For he wanted the Inca alive.

The rest of the story is unmitigated tragedy. Atahualpa, taken alive, offered to fill the room in which he was imprisoned twice with silver and once with gold as the price of his freedom. That was not enough for Pizarro. The Emperor was charged with "crimes against the Spanish State" — a curiously modern-sounding indictment — and executed by garroting on August 29, 1533.

Within three months the Spaniards had occupied Cuzco, and the Inca Empire was on the brink of destruction.

Manco II, the puppet Inca set up by the Spaniards, led a rebellion that was soon crushed. His son, Tupac Amaru, was beheaded and his captured men were tortured to death.

Machu Picchu, Tupac's last sanctuary, died more slowly but just as surely as he had done, and faded into legend. There it stayed, its secrets buried beneath the shadow of the mountain until it was discovered by Professor Bingham.

In his book "The Lost City of the Incas," Bingham writes the epitaph of Machu Picchu:

"Undoubtedly in its last state the city was the carefully guarded treasure house where the precious worship of the sun, the moon, the thunder, and the stars, so violently overthrown in Cuzco, was restored; where the last four Incas had their safest and most comfortable home, and the Chosen Women . . . found a refuge from the animosity and the lust of the conquistadores."



SEMICIRCULAR TEMPLE stands above the Royal Burial Cave. With this edifice, stone-cutting reached a perfection that has never been surpassed. The masonry wall is anchored to a rocky crag without using metal clamps or cement, a feat which would baffle modern builders.



ABOVE: East wall of the main temple. Note the fit of the granite blocks. BELOW: One of the 16 fountains which were part of the city's water system, fed by springs a mile away. The water flowed from one fountain to another, and emptied into a defending moat. It's conjectured that the eventual abandonment of the city was caused by a long drought.





ABOVE: The view from a neighboring peak toward Mt. Machu Picchu (in cloud). On the narrow ridge between the two peaks are the ruins of the Inca city. The Urubamba River flows 2000ft. below, and a modern road zigzags from the river up to the city. So remote and wild was this place that the Spanish conquistadores never discovered it. It was found by an American explorer in 1911.



LEFT and RIGHT: The Stairway of the Fountains, the main stairway of the city. Because the city was built on a sharp mountain ridge, most streets were in fact stairways. There are 100 of them, and over 3000 steps.





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APRICOT POODLES from the Dubrovnik Kennels, owned by Mrs. C. B. Mathews, of Chelsea Farm, Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.

Pal Dog PICTURE Contest

- Send us your favorite dog photograph—black-and-white, color print, or color transparency. There is more than \$2000 to be won in this new contest.

BREEDING cuts no special ice. Judges will choose winning pictures on personality, not pedigree.

Any appealing "bitser" is in the running. So are the aristocrats, of course.

There's an opportunity for dog owners to win a prize, too, by writing a clever caption.

All pictures — black-and-white, color prints, or color transparencies — stand an equal chance of winning a prize.

Prizes will be awarded in three groups:

- (a) The funniest picture;
- (b) The most appealing picture;
- (c) The best picture with caption.

First prize in each group will be \$200 cash and a 15-carat gold charm bracelet.

There will be lots of other prizes as well:

- Twenty \$25 cash prizes for the runners-up in each of the three groups—a total of 60.

● \$15 cash prizes for the outstanding entries received from each State during the first two weeks of the contest—a total of 36.

- Many consolation prizes of Pal meat in cases of 24 tins.

No two dogs are alike; and the changing moods and facial expressions of each dog are as diverse as the breeds themselves.

The grouping in this contest provides for all possible moods and situations. Your picture could be of a solemn dog, a quizzical dog, or a dog caught red-handed in some nefarious deed. The caption-writing group offers you wide scope, if you wish, to suit the word to the action.

Send the picture to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001, clearly marking the envelope "Pal Dog Picture Contest."

The judges' decisions will be final and no correspondence can be entered into.

The contest closes on November 15, and results will be announced in a December issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

Entries will be returned after the contest only if accompanied by a fully stamped, self-addressed envelope.

This contest is not open to employees of Australian Consolidated Press, Uncle Ben's Inc., and their advertising agencies, or to the families of employees.

For further details, see page 36



THE KAYSER LEG WEARS THE COLOUR OF TODAY



KAYSER COLOUR FOR TODAY CREME

Wear carefree Creme coolly...with Creme, Caramel, Chocolate Brown and Brandy. Available in Vamp, \$1.00.



KAYSER COLOUR FOR TODAY CARBON BROWN

Colour the leg boldly with Carbon Brown...wear it with Black, Carbon Brown and Creme. Available in Vamp, \$1.00; Visa, \$1.00; Opaques Panti-Hose, \$2.50.



KAYSER COLOUR FOR TODAY WHITE

White goes everywhere, anytime...with Red, Navy or Black—beautifully. Available in Vamp, Visa, \$1.00; Opaques Panti-Hose, \$2.50.



KAYSER COLOUR FOR TODAY MOCHA

Drench the leg in Mocha...then sweeten it with Caramel, Licorice Brown and Cocos. Available in Vamp, Visa, \$1.00; Complexions, \$4.20.



KAYSER COLOUR FOR TODAY GREAT GREY

Great Grey...the fashion leader overseas. Great with Grey, Black, Jade or Yellow. Available in Vamp, \$1.00; Visa Panti-Hose, \$1.99.



KAYSER COLOUR FOR TODAY TORCHY TAN

Wear Torchy Tan with Green and with White...or with Orange and Amber. Vamp, Visa, \$1.00; Visa Sta-Puts, \$1.45; Visa Panti-Hose, \$1.99.



KAYSER COLOUR FOR TODAY
SPICE OF LIFE

Spice of Life is very hot with Grey, Blue and Pink... or Salmon and Peach. All the coral colours. Available in Vamp, Visa, \$1.00.



KAYSER COLOUR FOR TODAY
BLACK

Black strides forward into fashion surprisingly with White, with Black... and with Red. Available in Vamp, \$1.00; Visa, \$1.00; Opaques Pant-Hose, \$2.50.



KAYSER COLOUR FOR TODAY
NAVY

Step out brightly in Navy... with Red, White or Shocking Pink for winning looks. Available in Vamp, \$1.00; Opaques Pant-Hose, \$2.50.



KAYSER COLOUR FOR TODAY
SILVER GREY

Silver Grey is soft and subtle with Pink... marvellous with Grey, Grey and any Blue you choose. Available in Vamp, \$1.00.



KAYSER COLOUR FOR TODAY
MODERN MILLIE

Modern Millie sets the pace for Caramel... for Orange and Loden Green. Gives the leg more importance. Available in Vamp, Visa, \$1.00; Visa Sta-Puts, \$1.45; Visa Pant-Hose, \$1.99.



KAYSER COLOUR FOR TODAY
SANDRIFT

Dare to wear Sandrift stunningly with Black and with Sand... or Camel and luscious Apple Green. Available in Vamp and Visa, \$1.00; Visa Sta-Puts, \$1.45; Visa Pant-Hose, \$1.99.



"Aren't you wearing Tweed?"



LENTHÉRIC

LONDON
PARIS
NEW YORK
SYDNEY



LN.22.FP



Picture, above, by Mr. J. O. Colahan, Cheltenham, Vic.

Sunset and nightfall over the River Yarra

ABOVE: Sunset flames around a ship lying placidly at its berth on Melbourne's Yarra River, etching the loading cranes starkly against the sky. BELOW: Melbourne at night, looking across the Yarra to Flinders Street Railway Station, whose dome is centred on the skyline, with the spires of St. Paul's Cathedral behind it. Princes Bridge spans the Yarra, to the right.

**BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA**

Picture, below, by Mr. Allen Edwards, Warburton, Vic.



WAIST RETURNS TO FASHION



1976.—Belted one-piece, above, has a fitted bodice and gathered skirt. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 1976, the price \$1.10 includes postage.



7433.—Suit plus blouse, left. Blouse has standing collar and short sleeves. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7433, the price \$1.25 includes postage.

7415.—A-line one-piece, above left, has wrap effect and a ruffle trim. Sizes 12½, 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, and 22½ for 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, and 45in. bust. Vogue pattern 7415, the price \$1.10 includes postage.

7370.—Belted shirtdress, above right, has high-standing collar and lace trim. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7370, the price \$1.10 includes postage.



-6 Belted designs by Vogue Patterns



1966. — Belted tentdress, above, has inverted side and front pleats. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 1966, price \$1.45 includes postage.



7403. — Belted overblouse has a pretty self-ruffle trim. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7403, the price \$1 includes postage. 7356. — All-around pleated skirt in sizes 23, 24, 25½, 27, 29in. waist. Vogue pattern 7356, price 90c includes postage.

PARIS says "yes" to the more feminine look of a dress with a belted waistline — and this fashion has taken on in Australia. The belt can be wide, medium, or narrow. The six waisted fashions on these pages are by Vogue Patterns. The patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

20 cu. ft. duplex refrigerator freezer (the 33 inch miracle)

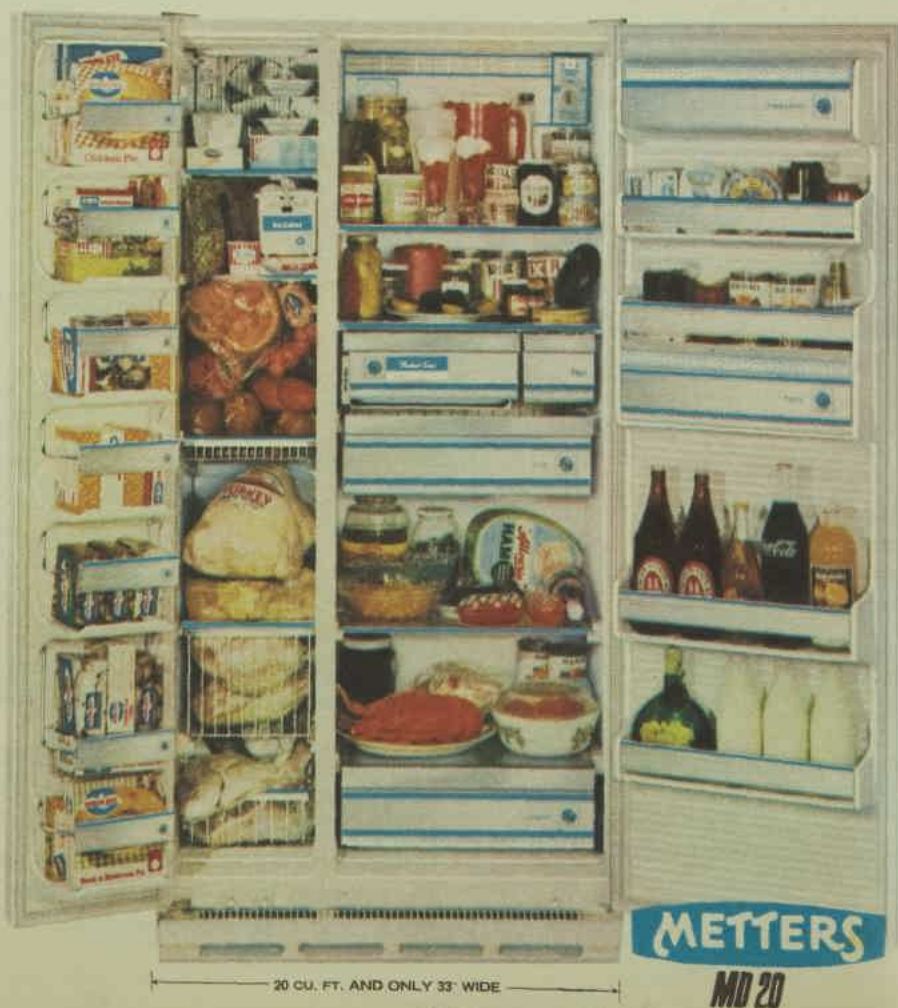
You wouldn't think you could get so much storage capacity into such a slim unit. But you can—and that's not all! In the Metters MD20, the powerful, efficient Tecumseh sealed unit is completely contained underneath the refrigerator, which means that the MD20 can be "built-in" with kitchen cupboards and benches to suit the individual layout of your kitchen. Just another reason why the Metters MD20 is so revolutionary.



exclusively  100% AUSTRALIAN

METTERS

6-5 cu.ft.
freezer one side
13-5 cu.ft.
fridge on the other
frost-free
everywhere



20 CU. FT. AND ONLY 33" WIDE

ACROSS TURKEY BY TRUCK



● Turkey, poor but defiantly gay, was a refreshing change from sombre Communist countries on a truck trip from England to Australia. Pauline Mason, who made the trip, in a party of young people, describes a land whose chief charm was its unpredictability.

COMBINATION of the urban and the rural in Istanbul, above, was part of the charm of Turkey. A flock of sheep crosses a square against a background of mosques topped by minarets.

"HIC - HEE - HAW - HIC." That was the sound a donkey was making as he slowly nibbled away at my sandals.

I was one of a group of young people who were travelling by truck overland from England to Australia and was in my first Turkish village. We had just left Bavaria and were driving through Turkey to Iran.

After the rather morbid or set way of life that exists in the few Communist countries through which we passed, Turkey's gay poverty seemed far more natural and was certainly very refreshing.

I was sitting with my legs dangling over the side of our truck watching all the goings-on round me. We had only been in Turkey 15 minutes and had already been swindled beautifully over the price of a loaf of bread.

Across the road the flea-market was in full swing; and the shouts of the mer-

chants selling their wares were only on a vocal parallel with the donkeys, who were braying their disgust at the energetic existence they were being forced to lead.

The animal below me, the one with the carnivorous

By
PAULINE MASON

tendencies, suddenly bit a little harder and I let out a yell. From behind a wall three little boys emerged, curled up in laughter. "You buy donkey, very good donkey, very strong, very fast?"

It was my turn to laugh; but not to be outdone, all three of them leapt astride the poor animal and headed off down the street at something resembling a galloping camel-trot. I could scarcely believe I was still in Europe.

There were 12 of us, and our transport was a bright red, ex-army lorry, a vehicle which had already become

very dear to us. She was called Faith, and we had only just arrived in France when she first broke down.

Initially, she had battery trouble, and every time we had stopped on the auto-ways to pay the toll the engine had stalled. It had then been necessary for us to leap out and push, but each time, to the horror of the French officials, Faith had come to life and roared off into the distance, leaving half her merry crew leaping along in her wake.

I think the deep affection we had for our vehicle must have been due to this close contact with her from the start.

On our first day in Turkey, Faith behaved very well, and by evening we had reached Istanbul, the gateway to Asia. Even before we stopped we were challenged by the riff-raff of the black market

— the black market being what I can only describe as a kind of illegal commercial enterprise that is rife in most Asian countries.

Soon the words "You changee money" became the most expected thing to hear when greeted in the street, and after a while it was quite a surprise when anyone said a mere "Good morning."

Istanbul is a city of contrast. Old and new buildings alike stand dwarfed by the huge mosques that tower above the city.

In the early morning and evening the sound of hooting

taxis and rattling trams gives way to the lonesome cries of the muezzins, as from the minarets they call the people to prayer.

In the streets the old is never very far away from the new or the rich from the poor. A young Turkish girl minces down the street in a short skirt and high heels while an old woman, partly veiled and dressed in voluminous black clothing, stands silently in the shadows, unable to fully comprehend the change that is coming to her city.

An expensive black car pulls suddenly to a halt as

a pathetic bundle of rags pulls itself across the road. Children who have been purposely maimed at birth crouch on the pavement disclosing a twisted limb to create sympathy and be given money.

It can be a harsh life in Istanbul.

In the bazaars one can buy anything from caged birds to American toy soldiers, and if what you require is not in a stall it will probably be made for you while you wait. This can in-

continued overleaf

COLORFUL stacks of fruit, right, displayed in circular tubs in a bazaar in Istanbul.



Got a camera, got a dog,
this contest is as easy as
rolling off a log!

over
\$2000
cash
(and . . . 3 dazzling gold charm bracelets)
to be won

in the PAL/WOMEN'S WEEKLY
Photo Contest for



'doggy dazzlers'

One thing's for sure . . . nobody else's Dog is quite like yours. Your Dog has his own special character, his own particular dazzle, hasn't he? Well, here's your chance to promote your Dog to fame, and to put him right in the public eye . . . while carrying off some lovely loot for yourself. All you do is to send your Dog's photo to the 'Women's Weekly', together—if you wish—with a clever caption. Nice 'n easy, isn't it?

AND YOUR PHOTO HAS 3 CHANCES OF WINNING A FIRST PRIZE!

So we can welcome all sorts of dogs and all kinds of camera-craft, our Doggy-Dazzler Contest is divided into 3 groups:

Group 1
The FUNNIEST
PHOTO
FIRST PRIZE
\$200 cash,
and a PAL real
Gold Charm
Bracelet



Group 2
The MOST
APPEALING PHOTO
FIRST PRIZE
\$200 cash,
and a PAL real
Gold Charm
Bracelet

Captions can be gay and gaggy . . . way-out, wistful, witty, mock-solemn. Judges will be on the look-out for originality.

Group 3
The BEST PHOTO
and CAPTION
FIRST PRIZE
\$200 cash,
and a PAL real
Gold Charm
Bracelet . . . 15
carat, to be
precise!



RUNNER-UP PRIZES, WEEKLY PRIZES, AND LOTS OF CONSOLATION PRIZES.

There will be 20 Prizes, worth \$25 cash each, for the runners-up in all 3 Groups, making 60 prizes in all.

And each week, for two weeks, the most outstanding Entry received from each State, in all 3 Groups, will be awarded \$15 in cash . . . 36 weekly prizes in all.

Plus lots of Consolation Prizes of PAL MEAT for DOGS . . . (1 case containing 24 Cans). Fido may rate this above a First Prize!



THE CONTEST CLOSES ON NOV. 15 '68

Get your entry in early . . . be eligible for an interim weekly prize.

Even shoe-chewing and slipper-eating Dogs Prefer PAL . . . with its chunky hunks of lean tasty meat in vitamin-rich marrow-bone jelly. PAL gives your Dog bounding energy, and a longer, more active life. Doggiest Dog Food ever!

BEFORE SENDING IN YOUR ENTRY, MAKE SURE OF THE RULES: Easy to enter—no coupons, no labels to send! (Such fun, too!) Entries may be black-and-white, colour prints or colour transparencies. Pack your Entry carefully against postal damage, and send to 'The Australian Women's Weekly', Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, 2001, clearly marking the envelope PAL PHOTO CONTEST. The judges' decisions will be final; no correspondence can be entered into. Entries will be returned after the Contest only if accompanied by correct return postage and a clearly written address. This Contest is not open to employees of The Australian Consolidated Press, Uncle Ben's Inc., and their advertising agencies. Everybody else is welcome! Winners will be announced in a December issue of the Women's Weekly.

H570

Across TURKEY by TRUCK

From page 35

clude anything from shoes and clothing to "genuine" antiques.

Shoe-shine boys were everywhere, and although I was wearing things I was frequently confronted by these grubby-faced little fellows, who, waving their blackened brushes, would shout, "Clean shoes, very good, very cheap." There were so many of them that in one street there were far more little boys with their polish and stools than there were feet to go round.

My friend Jan decided she was going to see just how much she could get on the black market for sterling. After making sure that it was for the sake of learning and to aid the British economy that she was doing this, and not merely to get rich quickly (heaven help the thought), I decided to join her.

For a start, whenever approached we insisted on a higher rate than that offered. Nothing much happened, and we did not change any money.

Drove hard bargain

Then, at last, we were directed down a side street to an old building. The door was shut, but our contact knocked a few times and we were quickly ushered inside.

It was dark, and at first all that we could see were huge piles of musty-smelling books. After a while, an old lady, smelling very much of her collection, emerged from the back. We were greeted with a polite "How much?" (Nothing like a good business relationship and getting down to brass tacks, I thought.)

We then bargained and haggled for about 30 minutes, made for the door, were quickly recalled, and started off again. In the end, the old lady disappeared behind all the books, there was a rattle of keys, and she reappeared carrying a black box and knobby stick.

She placed them on the table and, eyeing us in a very unfriendly manner, counted out the lire notes. She then held out a horny hand for our money, grabbed it, and dropped the lire on to the table. We had been given nearly half as much again as that offered on the official exchange.

Seeing that my friend was considering the changing of all her money there and then, I quickly led her out into the street. Her dazed, almost glassy stare of success gradually became normal, and we merged with the crowds feeling very like gangsters having completed a dastardly deed.

The three days we spent in Istanbul passed all too quickly, and as we drove on to one of the many ferries that cross the Bosphorus and left the hustle and bustle of this great city, I think

there was a slight lump in the throat of more than one of us.

Our arrival in Asia was not nearly as spectacular as I had pictured it. In reality there was a dirty-looking wharf, mountains of mud that later proved to be the foundations of dual carriageway, and a very draughty service station which we found, much

To page 38

SNOWY WASTES surround a typical Turkish village, right, with its cluster of simple stone houses, animals peacefully grazing, and mountains looming behind.



Sunbeam: the table-top range

(About 54c weekly buys it!)

A new stainless steel Sunbeam Frypan for only 54 cents?

Give or take a few cents, that's about what you could pay weekly. It depends on trade-in, or deposit, budget account and the like. Anyway, it's only small change weekly to own a new Sunbeam Frypan.

How is it a table-top range?

The Sunbeam Electric Frypan does practically everything—from stewing fruit to roasting turkey (note the hi-dome lid with 6-position tilt). Heats pre-cooked and packaged meals, even dry grills. There's an accurate automatic heat setting for every cooking method.

Is it easy to use and carry?

Switch on and set the thermostat for per-

fect full-scale cooking. And what an elegant serving dish it is, with smart styling and those cool buffet handles—so light, too.

How easily will it wash up?

Nothing could be easier than Sunbeam's smooth, forever-gleaming stainless steel lining. Removable control unit lets you immerse the whole frypan.

How often will I use a Sunbeam Electric Frypan?

Three times daily for major meals—more with between-time snacks or suppers. That kind of convenience is worth around 54c weekly, isn't it? Let your Sunbeam retailer show you today.

Other Sunbeam table-top ranges

Sunbeam Round Gourmet Frypan, the

bachelor's choice, about 36c weekly. Sunbeam Deep-Fry Cooker. Deep-fries, stews, boils, bakes, steams—automatically. 46c weekly, complete with deep-frying basket.



THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE



CAGED BIRDS are sold at a Turkish bazaar, above. Anything from American toy soldiers to "antiques"—to order, the author says, is sold at bazaars like this one.

A Lovely Summer Skin

Use the sunny days to bring a glorious glow to your skin, but take care to prevent the sun from leaving its mark around the eyes and drying out the skin. Before going out of doors smooth a film of moist tropical oil of Ulan over your face and neck to nourish, preserve, and keep your complexion soft, youthful, and more beautiful. This moist oil can also be used at night before retiring.

... Margaret Merril

ACROSS TURKEY BY TRUCK

From page 37

later, sold very watered-down petrol.

In the first village we soon realised how careful we should have to be. Throngs of dirty-faced, wide-eyed children who might have been classed equally well as adorable or as little pests, clambered about the outside of the truck, trying to unscrew or wrench off anything that was unscrewable or wrench-off-able. We frequently heard tales of woe from oncoming travellers.

It took us three days to reach Ankara through countryside that seemed

bleak and uninteresting. This may have been due to the rain sweeping across it, because due to the porous canvas roofing above us our spirits were somewhat dampened.

Water sloshed about inside the truck, and once all the chess pieces had been washed overboard and the paperbacks had sunk from sight there was little one could do except think how wet it was.

On our arrival in Ankara the weather still left much to be desired, and as the sky looked clearer ahead we decided to push on. Our route was to take us due east through the mountains of

northern Turkey to the Iran border.

The weather began to clear and as we started to climb into the hills we could see range upon range of snow-covered mountains before us. Gradually, we rose

higher and the temperature dropped to well below freezing, the road became pot-holed and treacherous, and soon we were lurching along, a dark speck in a white wilderness.

In the daytime the land appeared dead. Occasionally we saw clusters of pink and white crocuses which had bravely thrust their way through the frozen crust of earth, but that was all.

At night, however, the land came alive. As we lay crouching in our sleeping-bags for warmth, we would see lone foxes trotting silently across the snow and huge eagle owls gliding across the frozen terrain. It was a wild country, but we loved every moment of it.

In the evening we always tried to reach civilisation, however small, as we were now in the country of the Kurds.

Frequently we would see groups of these brightly dressed, gipsy-like people who are so widely despised and abused by the rest of their countrymen. Most of them have now settled down in villages, but there are still a few nomads who wander through the wilderness of Turkey, Iran, and even Afghanistan.

Occasionally we saw a few of these slightly rebellious-looking characters. They were usually on horseback, with a string of camels in tow, and seemed to own quite an unusual variety of firearms.

Often, when we were in villages, the local police would insist that we spend the night under their roof, and would then tell us in lurid detail of the bandit activity in their area.

In the tea-houses we were always able to get a meal of some sort, though its origin was often unrecognisable. Kebabs were our favorite, but greasy stews were most usually offered. Much to our relief we found tea was one of the chief drinks, and it was a marvelous reviver after such meals.

In the smaller villages poverty was obviously the biggest hardship. In many cases the houses were of mud and stone, often in a very bad state of repair. But these villages were always very picturesque.

Walls had liberal coatings of whitewash, brightly colored washing was strung out across the flat rooftops, and in the main square there was usually a variety of animals turning the heavy millstones to grind the corn.

The one drawback was that photography was very difficult. If we brought out a camera the children were

FAITH, above, the temperamental but durable bright red lorry in which the party travelled, on the road in Turkey.

rushed away and the women immediately pulled the veils over their faces and scurried off to their homes. Whether this was due merely to their being unaccustomed to strangers or to their religious beliefs, I do not know. The old men, however, posed for us with obvious pleasure.

As we neared the Iran border the road left the hills and dropped down to a flat, desert-like plain which ran between two almost parallel mountain ranges.

Slowly the giant form of Mount Ararat, Noah's mountain, loomed up before us. It rose abruptly from the plain, disappearing into mist; and the summit, bright and clear, seemed to be floating above the cloud encircling it. It was truly a magical mountain.

Most memorable

We were now very near the border, and it was in the village of Dogu Bayazit that we spent our last night in Turkey. It was one of the most memorable.

We arrived in our village late in the evening and settled down to sleep in the truck. Throughout the night, as on many previous occasions, we heard people nosing about outside; in the morning, when we heard a small voice calling to us, a few rather strong statements were thrown back from the interior.

The voice continued, and then in English: "Hello, please look." When it did not go away I opened the flap and looked out.

Standing outside in the rain was the prettiest little girl, who, accompanied by even smaller brothers and sisters, was holding a tray of hot water, coffee, cups, and sugar. "We saw you come yesterday, we think you might like," she said, and leaving the tray in my hands she and her tiny escorts walked away.

There was a loud sniff from the worst verbal offender behind me. I felt my eyes moisten, so quickly looked back to the mountains we had crossed, to the cluster of mud houses round us, and to the tray of coffee still in my hands. This was so typical of our journey, the contrast and the continually unexpected.

The sound of sniffing grew in volume, so I turned and quickly handed out the cups.



Protect them! Make your family 'Solyptol Safe'

There's safety in Solyptol.

For sore throats, gargle with Solyptol solution. Throat and mouth are left clean, relieved and fresh. Perfect treatment for bad breath.

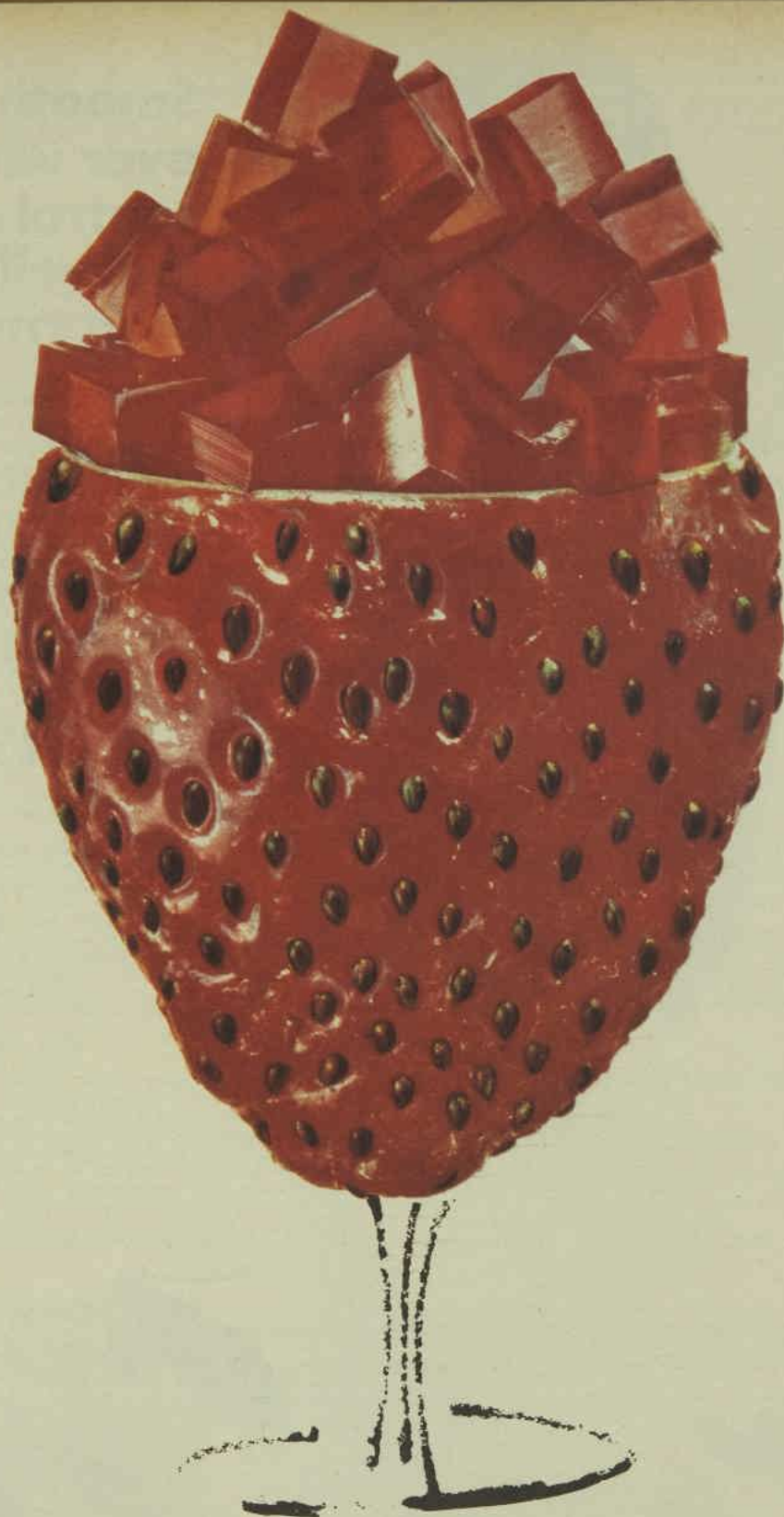
Cuts, bites and abrasions, bathe them with Solyptol Antiseptic. Heal them with Solyptol Antiseptic Cream.

When there is sickness in your home, prevent the spread of infection, keep a bowl of Solyptol solution in the sick room. With colds and flu it will help relieve stuffy nose, head and throat. Use Solyptol full strength to wipe over bathroom toilet fittings. Pour a capful of neat Solyptol Antiseptic into drains and sinks... prevents bacteria spread - makes them smell clean and sweet.

Add a few drops to the children's bath water. The clean eucalyptus oil in Solyptol will heal small cuts and abrasions.

YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC IN THE HOME
An antiseptic for every purpose... make it the best.
Solyptol Antiseptic and Solyptol Antiseptic Cream
available at all Chemists and Stores.





New! Cottee's Jellies with fresh fruit taste

Your favourite jellies now have a delicious new fresh fruit taste. You'll notice the difference right away.

Make up a Cottee's Strawberry Jelly and enjoy the new fresh fruit taste. Then try Orange, Raspberry, Lemon or any of Cottee's nine delicious new jellies—all with fresh fruit taste.

For a family treat, try ice cream as a cool topper for new Cottee's Jellies. And what could be a better match for Cottee's fresh fruit taste than fruit itself, fresh or canned?

You can even make a jelly fruit salad—combine two or three new Cottee's fresh fruit flavours in a bowl. (Imagine the fun if you use all nine!)

For other new and exciting recipe ideas for jelly desserts look for the Cottee's Jelly display at your food store.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1968





Smooth yourself over with the sure control of this marvellous match by Formfit

"Skippies" Lycra panty and
"Smoothshaper" bra — a match in masterly
control of Lycra and lace. The bra's
matching lace goes a pretty new way
— under marquisette for the smoothest
look yet. And the fiberfill contours softly.
Incidentally, those straps go five fashion ways.
The panty controls with smoothing power at front,
sleeking power down thighs, shaping power behind
"Smoothshaper" Bra 250:—A32-36,
B&C32-38. \$4.99.
"Skippies" Girdle 976:—S,M,L,XL. \$6.99.
4" Panty 874. \$7.99. 6" Panty 876. \$8.99.

Formfit

This year your best accessory is your figure

Protecting young children

CONCERNING the over-protection of children, I think "Millie's" criticism is right on the target. Too-apprehensive parents are apt to rear timid children, who become unsure adolescents and, later, poorly adjusted adults. To know such social misfits is to pity them. Too often, physical danger has been avoided at psychological risk. Sensible parents allow their children to share the pastimes of their age group within reasonable limits. Those who deny normal freedom invite serious personality damage.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Pack, Monbulk, Vic.

CHILDREN, in their own way, will try hard to keep the rules they have been taught. As an example: One small lad, aged 7, had a football match at another school's oval. Because he had been warned against accepting lifts from strangers, he rejected a ride home offered by one of the mothers. Then, thinking his train pass couldn't be used after four o'clock, he walked nearly three miles home. A very flushed small boy rushed in, calling, "Don't ring the police, I'm home." In this set of circumstances he had done what he considered the right thing.

\$2 to Mary Belchamber, Marino, S.A.

IF children are taught the dangers of everyday life, and shown the right and wrong way of doing most things that are considered hazardous, they should not come to harm. Of course, no matter what we may do to protect our children, there is always a certain degree of danger in everyday living.

\$2 to "Joy" (name supplied), Burnie, Tas.

TO me, the argument against overprotective mothers lacks feasibility. How often do we hear of a truck running off the road, and into a house, injuring the occupants? Rarely. On the other hand, how often are children hauled out of the surf, often with dire results? If depriving my children of a bike means they will grow up without the possibility of spending their lives in a wheelchair, being maimed, disfigured, or mentally retarded (and all these are by no means impossible), then I'm all for over-protectiveness.

\$2 to Mrs. Sandra Wills, Glen Waverley, Vic.

IT is a good idea to teach children to use correctly dangerous things (such as matches), as well as valuable adult possessions. When we bought our radiogram, my five-year-old was sorely tempted to touch the controls. So I taught her how to work it. Now she proudly plays old 78s to her friends, and I have no worries regarding its proper use.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Ory, Bairnsdale, Vic.



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Teenage clubs

CLUBS, which blindly supply any need of a few members, do not give a thought to a recreation or sporting area for boys and girls from the 15 to 18 age-group. These large clubs have the money to provide something for our young ones. They could erect squash courts and a dance space, with some entertainment, supervised in club fashion, and suppers, coffee, and cool drinks. Come on, men. Would you like to be forced to go to a drive-in for half your life?

\$2 to Mrs. M. Kelly, Tamworth, N.S.W.

Women drivers

MEN will always criticise a woman driver. But they never stop to think that a good driver is born only from constant practice. How is a woman expected to improve her driving when her husband always has the car?

\$2 to "Woman Driver" (name supplied), Burwood, N.S.W.

Native names

WHILE admiring the charming house of Gladys Moncrieff in a recent Weekly, I was less impressed by the name, "Isle of Capri," on which the house is built. Instead of copying the names of overseas resorts, councils and developers could use an Aboriginal name or that of one of our lovely native flowers and so express the true nature of our country. Can anyone give just one instance of a thoroughly unsuitable name having been replaced by a suitable one?

\$2 to Mrs. Shirley Buckridge, Manildra, N.S.W.

Instalment plan!

MY little granddaughter, not quite seven, was to go into hospital for a few days. After looking at the hospital brochure, she asked, "Does Daddy have to pay \$11.50 a day for me while I'm in hospital?" "Yes, dear," I replied. After a little while a most concerned voice asked, "But, Nanna, if Daddy hasn't that much money, will they keep me there until I'm paid for?"

\$2 to Mrs. K. F. Bridge, Alberton, S.A.

"Summit" talk

AFTER spending several weeks soaking-in the quiet beauty of mountain scenery, I can't help thinking it would be a good idea if all summit conferences, peace talks, and such were held in some quiet mountain area and that all delegates be present for a week before the talks began just resting and enjoying the views. I am sure the serenity of their surroundings would seep into each conscience and possibly prove of inestimable value at the conference table.

\$2 to Mrs. H. Gould, Cronulla, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

CRUEL FETE

"I WAS very disappointed with the marmalade I got at the fete," Mrs. Hopkins grumbled. "It was a bad color and it had a queer taste."

This was one of several complaints I have heard about the declining standard of marmalade at fetes.

Some pessimists even say the art of amateur marmalade-making is dying. They argue that there is not enough economy in it to justify the effort.

The trouble is partly that women who make marmalade feel a powerful urge to give it away.

I know a lady who recently produced a dozen pots of rather credit-

able grapefruit marmalade. She was so proud of it that she gave pots to eight of her friends.

Her husband, a selfish person, told her: "It's no good making marmalade unless you learn to hang on to it." But she took no notice.

She wound up showing a loss on



the venture; though no doubt she has built up some goodwill.

I have noticed, too, that people tend to eat home-made marmalade more extravagantly than the bought stuff.

Members of the family take great whopping spoonfuls (I am not entirely guiltless myself in this regard). As a result it does not last long.

There is another theory which has been put forward to account for the inferior quality of marmalade at fetes.

It is that some unscrupulous

donors dump marmalade they don't want.

A Mrs. T. is said to do this. Her aunt Rita regularly gives her pots of marmalade which is too sweet. Instead of consuming it, she cunningly puts it aside until the next fete comes round. By then it is past its prime.

But I suspect that the complaints are often due to people's differing tastes in marmalade.

Some think pale color is all-important; others insist on bitter flavor; and so on.

I have even known a small girl who would only eat the clear part of marmalade. She called the bits of orange "squigs" and carefully removed them from her toast — preposterous behaviour.

Here I must mention a quirk of my own.

I have an inherited keenness for marmalade. The Scots, a race from which I am descended, make large quantities of it — gloatingly — in the city of Dundee.

Having this background, I dislike those miserable little dabs of marmalade sealed in plastic which you get for breakfast in some motels.

I am not fussy about marmalade, whether it comes from a fete or not, so long as there is plenty of it.



COMPUTERISATION, AD 2000

● A British psychologist says men may some day design computers more intelligent than themselves. Others forecast computers which will write novels.

I don't know, said the little old computer, what is happening to the world;

When I look round at the young computers, my circuits are curled!

I come from a respectable family and was reared in a bank.

While my relatives, all in aeronautics, were of similar rank.

Our pleasures were simple. We made dry little jokes with cheques.

Or we played noughts and crosses, with never a thought of sex.

Nowadays, young computers write novels and even verse.

Their programs, I am reliably informed, are going from bad to worse.

"Oh, grandma," said the baby computer. "Stop grizzling, do."

"You promised to take me out this afternoon to look at humans in the zoo."

— Dorothy Drain

Late starter

A MIDDLE-AGED (and lonely) bachelor friend called one day at 1.30 p.m.

At 3 p.m. I made afternoon tea.

At 6 p.m. I invited him to share our dinner.

At 10 p.m. I made supper.

At 11 p.m. my husband said, "You can stay and talk to Val if you like—I'm going to bed."

By five minutes past 11 the man was in his car. IT WOULDN'T START.

\$2 to "Val" (name supplied), Ashgrove, Qld.



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Terryaki chicken and rice-Ah So!



TERRYAKI CHICKEN & RICE (TRY THIS RECIPE— AND SEND FOR MORE!)

Ingredients:

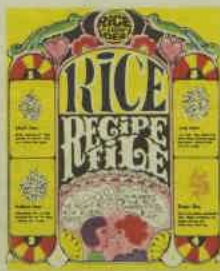
• ¾ cup soy sauce • ½ teaspoon ginger
• 1 clove garlic, minced • 1 tablespoon dry sherry (optional) • juice of 1 lemon • grated lemon rind • Hot Sunwhite Rice • 12 chicken legs, or 2 chickens cut into serving pieces.

Method:

Mix together soy sauce, ginger, garlic, sherry, lemon and lemon rind and marinate chicken for several hours. Bake in shallow pan in 325° oven turning several times while cooking to brown evenly. Baste with sauce. Serve on a mound of hot white rice mixed with chopped shallots and chopped parsley. Serves 4-6.



Send for this colourful recipe file (10"x8" with pockets) with free Rice recipes. Send your name and address with 25c in stamps to: RICE COOKERY BUREAU, Dept. WW60, Box 432, GPO, Sydney, 2001.



Uncle Holly—Santa's go-between

• Uncle Holly toured Britain as a circus clown before "helping" Father Christmas at a London store.



• Uncle Holly, of the old-fashioned frock-coat, holly-sprigged waistcoat, and fat tum, is a very important person in the lives of English children.

He is Father Christmas' second-in-command, no less!

For 18 years, the man, who is a store lift superintendent during the year, has shepherded thousands of children to the Grotto, where Father Christmas sits at London's Selfridges.

Every youngster knows that the way to Santa's heart, and to the bulging sack of toys, is through Uncle Holly.

Now he is on his way to Australia. He will be at Brownells, Hobart, on October 31; Myer's, Melbourne, on November 2; Farmer's, Sydney, November 4 to 6; and McWhirters, Brisbane, November 7 to 9.

Uncle Holly has a way with children that makes him a "natural" for the part.

He not only never forgets a child's face ("Children just love to be remembered") but he can coax the shyest to come forward and meet Santa.

More important, he can make them all happy. "That's not so difficult," he says. "After all, I'm halfway to their hearts' desire — Father Christmas and toys."

Uncle Holly is a boon to parents. A note slipped into his hands and the old gentle-

man with the white sideburns will urge a child to go to bed earlier or to eat up his dinner...

"Then you'll have a nice fat stomach like mine," he assured one thin little boy who wouldn't eat up his pudding.

"Next year the little boy was head of the queue," Uncle Holly went on, "excitedly saying, 'Now I've a stomach as big as yours! I eat up all my puds.'"

Parents also envy the way Uncle Holly can control a line of restless children.

"I keep them in order by saying, 'If you want an Uncle Holly badge' (his trouser pockets bulge with badges, which he gives to every child) 'just get right up there in line. They are only for good boys and girls.'"

The old man has to keep a straight face no matter what the request is.

"One Christmas a little girl asked for a live crocodile. This sounded very strange. But I talked to her and found her father owned a private zoo. Next year she got her live crocodile."

Santa disappears when Christmas is over. But not Uncle Holly. He goes right on into the New Year.

He helps with charity shows, and even visits some of his children when they are ill.

"I love the job so much it really is my whole life," he says.

No place like home—made out of tins

★ Pioneer prospectors in Western Australia really lived rough.

Here is a landmark of Hampton Hill district, 17 miles from Kalgoorlie,

and the famous Golden Mile—"Tin Dog House," built by a couple of long-dead prospectors as a home.

They built it with

unbelievable labor from tins of meat (called "tinned dog"), even to a little porch made of the tins. The roof has long since fallen in.

In our picture former gold prospector Barton Jones shows it to two of his grandchildren, Barton III (8) and Catherine (6).

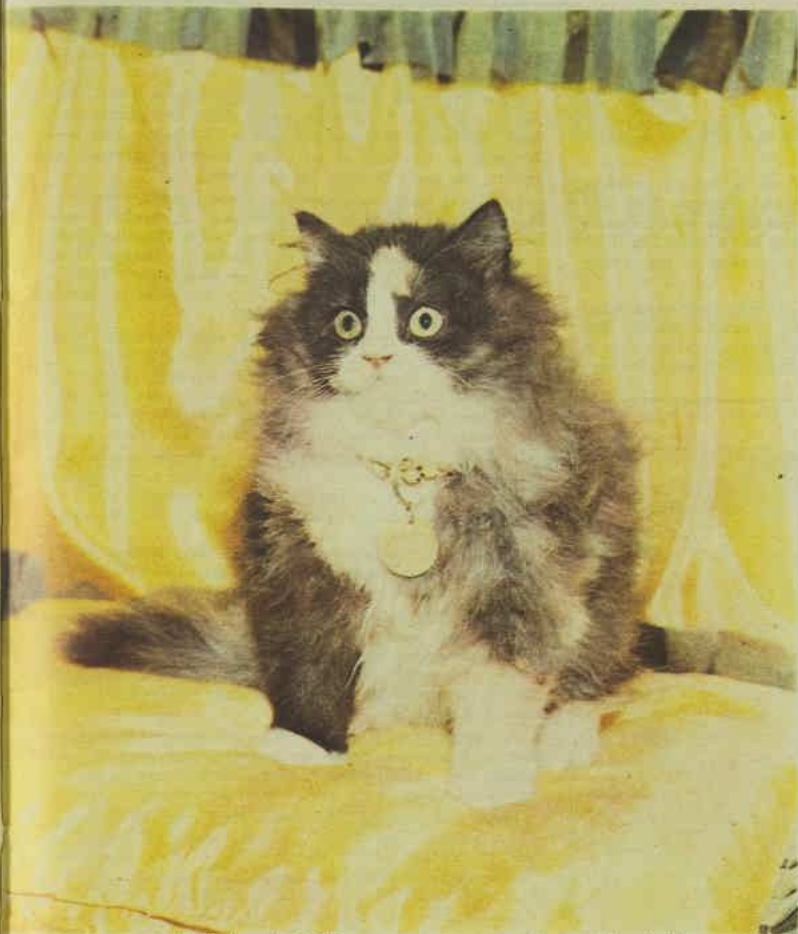
He is now head of the Jones Syndicate. His son John found the nickel mine at Scotia.

• Remains of old prospectors' house of tins.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1968

COMPACT



• Sylvesta Valiant . . . a rare male tortoiseshell.

CATS DREAM OF HEIRS WITH BLACK, RED GENES

CAN you imagine a cat letting out a horse laugh? If he could read, a Queensland persian kitten named Sylvesta Valiant would be entitled to an equine explosion of mirth.

For a recent British story said that security men there were guarding a cat regarded by experts as being the first male tortoiseshell ever known.

And little Valiant's coat, which is pretty enough for an autumn scene, in dusky greys, russet, and amber, makes it, too, a male tortoiseshell.

Female tortoiseshells are quite common, but male ones are few and far between, in any breed.

The kitten's mistress, Mrs. Marjorie Edwards, who lives on the outskirts of Brisbane at Belmont, said Valiant "rocked everyone" when he turned out to be a male from a litter of three.

The kitten was accompanied by a tortoiseshell sister, which was sent by jet to a breeder in Holland, and an "any other color" sister.

Mrs. Edwards holds a veterinary certificate to say it is a male.

Breeding novelty-color persians is a hobby with Mrs. Edwards. She crossed a cameo persian male, named Wilsleigh Captain Gold, with an experimentally bred female black-and-white persian, named Silver Morné Velvet Joy, to get the male tortoiseshell.

"Sylvesta Valiant is now four months old," she said. "Everything depends now on whether he can sire."

The president of the Council of Federated Cat Clubs of Queensland, Mr. L. G. Batten, of Brisbane (who is also president of the Queensland Society of Cat Genetics), knew about the Brisbane male tortoiseshell when he telephoned him.

He said it certainly was a rarity to get a male tortoiseshell, although they had occurred in a number of places in the world and had been studied extensively in Japan, where tortoiseshells generally (male and female) were regarded as lucky cats.

According to scientific reports, all male tortoiseshells so far investigated had been

sterile, but there had been unconfirmed reports of them having sired.

Mr. Batten added: "If Mrs. Edwards can breed from her male tortoiseshell, it will probably be the first one to sire (that has been confirmed) in the world."

And how long will all those interested have to wait before they know? "It could be two to three years," Mr. Batten said.

PAWNOTE: Explaining the rarity in scientific detail, Mr. Batten said: "The basic black color and basic red color are on the X (sex) chromosome. In tortoiseshells the female can get one black gene and one red gene, or two red genes, or two black genes.

"Those having the two red genes are in the red group, and those getting two black genes are in the black group.

"The male can normally get only a black gene or a red gene.

"In this particular case, the male has got a black gene and a red gene."

Mr. Batten said the rule governing tortoiseshells so far investigated had been

There are two ways to put bubbles into wine. We do it the hard way.



Naturally.

PORPHYRY PEARL—THE NATURAL SPARKLING WINE WITH CHAMPAGNE BUBBLES.

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● There's a wonderful bit of buck-passing going on in the United States (and in about 30 other countries as well) at the moment.

THE adult world, troubled and baffled and perplexed by student power and all the other manifestations of youthful rejection of most of the things oldies have always stood for, are looking round desperately for someone to pin the blame on. "Get Spock," they are saying. "Dr. Spock is directly responsible for everything objectionable about the younger generation."

The writings of Dr. Spock have often been referred to as the bible on every parental bedside table. Way back in 1943, when the first edition of his "Baby and Child Care"

appeared, the scene was set for the Spock baby to replace the Clock baby.

The Clock baby was supposed to be hungry at four-hourly intervals, legitimately wakeful between four and six in the afternoon, fully pot-trained by five or six months old, and wilful, windy, or indulging in Original Sin if he didn't fit in with this schedule or wailed at the wrong times.

Then Permissiveness dawned. Medical opinion decided that babies were individuals with individual needs, that what suited one mightn't suit the next one a bit, that it might be better to feed them when they were hungry,

cuddle and kiss and rock them if that's what they seemed to like, and stop saying "No" to them on every possible occasion.

That Dr. Spock should get either the blame or the credit for this is about as silly as saying that man would never have discovered the laws of gravity if Newton had been dropped on his head as an infant instead of growing up to have an apple drop on his head later on.

Dr. Spock didn't originate this more flexible attitude to child-rearing; nor, if he had originated it, would it have had any real effect on the way people handled their children unless the time was ripe for such a change. Great changes in people's attitudes to things only happen at times when the great mass of people are consciously or unconsciously aware that change is needed.

A lot of the original work on one aspect—demand feeding—was done by Dr. Preston McLendon and Mrs. F. P. Simsarian at George Washington University. They propounded the theory that no harm came to any baby who was allowed to fix his own feeding schedule, and that a good deal of good resulted for quite a few of them.

This was revolutionary only in the sense that it was against accepted Western practice at that time. Peasant women all over the world had never bothered to catch up with accepted Western practice, and their children seemed to get on all right without it.

In 1943, Dr. Spock published the first edition of his book, in which he said he aimed to take the "Thou Shalt Not" out of child-raising.

He advised flexibility—no rigid rules about mealtimes and bedtimes and toilet training, no spartan rules against the parent demonstrating love for the child, no wretched attempt to make the toddler into a self-controlled little adult before he had had time to scream and kick a bit and enjoy behaving like a baby.

Five or six years later, Dr. Spock was warning his readers that permissiveness could go too far, that parents were turning their children into tyrants, and that they themselves had become submissive rather than permissive.

Those who had the bit between their teeth didn't listen. Twenty-one million copies of the successive editions of his book were sold in the United States alone, the other English-speaking countries bought millions more, and the book was translated into 29 other languages.

As a result, Dr. Spock got both the credit and the blame for a change that had to come at that particular stage of the Western world's social and economic development.

Young parents who themselves had had their hands tied to the cot to prevent thumb-sucking, whose parents had thought praise was bad for them and that demonstrations of affection would weaken their moral character, hailed him as an originator and a messiah.

Those who belonged to the "what was good enough for my parents . . ." brigade thought his theories were undermining society's moral values, and stuck to the old ways.

The 1940s must have been a hard time for first babies!

THE losers must have been the marginal-babies, first children born in 1940-44 to mothers with a clock in one hand and a schedule in the other, to be followed by second and subsequent babies reared when their mothers had tossed away the rule books and had both hands free.

It's probably tough enough to be a first baby, anyway, without having been born on the steep side of the Great Divide of 1943.

Ah, well, at least they keep out of jail. A three-year study of 1000 students at Berkeley, in California, shows that permissive rearing of children has produced a more socially conscious generation. The study included some of the students who were jailed during the Free Speech Movement demonstrations.

The Movement students described their parents as being permissive people who wanted a close relationship with their children and had a light hand with rules and punishments.

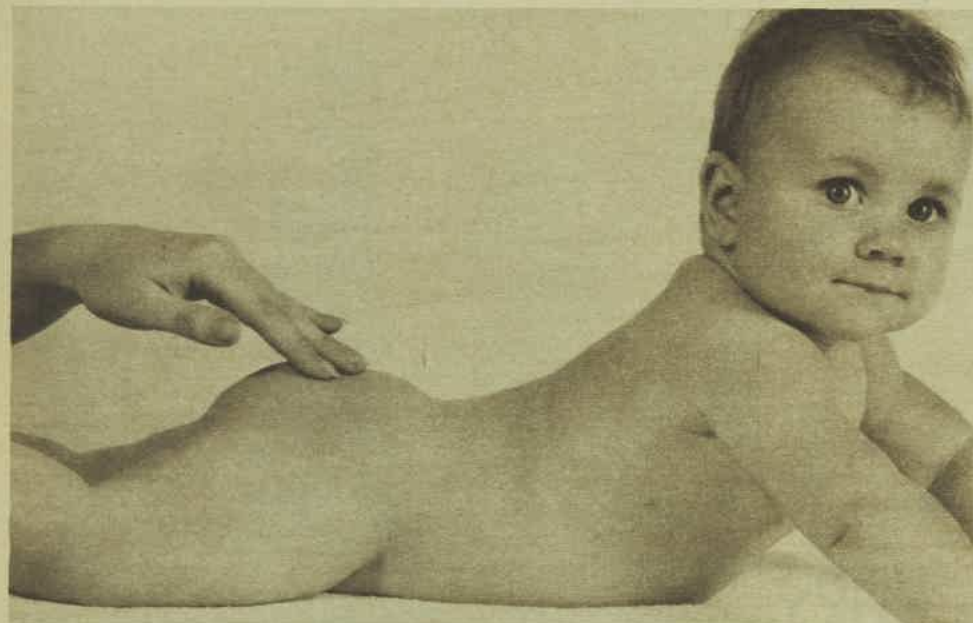
This, the students said, had allowed them to make their own choices in political, social, and religious beliefs. Those students who had not taken part in the Movement tended to describe their parents as "strict and authoritarian."

"This," said the investigators, "shows that the emergence of a dedicated, spontaneous generation concerned with humanitarian values and personal authenticity is a triumph of Spockian philosophy."

Since even they insist on giving Dr. Spock full credit for a change that was surely a predictable part of changed human attitudes, maybe the time has come to rewrite the old nursery-rhyme so that it reads:

Rock-a-bye baby, one of Spock's flock,
When you grow up, you'll give 'em a shock,
The whole of your life will just be a ball,
With riots and demos and flower-power for all.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1968



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Berlei



The cat

"The name 'Tom' seemed a bit ordinary for such a magnificent specimen, so we lengthened it to 'Thomas,' and he became part and parcel of our household."

By M. HARRIS

ONE evening, while doing a bit of late gardening, I heard a plaintive miaow from the corner of the yard. Investigating, I saw a black shadow crouching on the other side of the open picket fence, looking wretched. Now, I have a soft spot for animals, especially those in distress, so, crouching down and trying not to frighten it away, I called the pathetic figure to me. It literally exploded through the pickets and charged straight at me.

Stifling the impulse to climb the nearest tree, I stood my ground while he screamed to a halt, twining around my ankles.

I picked him up for inspection. He was a large, battered black tom, with a once-white shirtfront, two beautifully frayed ears, and a head that was furrowed with old and new scars.

His fur was thin and dusty, with ribs showing rough. All in all he looked like a poor cat's Humphrey Bogart, and I fell in love with him instantly.

We went back to the house together for

Moses the magpie

Adopted into a Victorian family, the young maggie was an endearing rascal. That's him, at right.



IT was the first month of spring, and Tom and Mary were walking their two corgi dogs, Honey and Beezee, when Honey appeared interested in some object under a gum tree.

It was a baby magpie, almost dead from hunger and exposure, clad in only a couple of feathers and a bit of down.

Mary took the little mite home, where he joined the family of two dogs and a black cat called Skippy.

Moses was too weak to open his mouth, so his beak was held open and brandy and milk poured down his throat. Wrapped in a blanket, he was then placed out of reach of the cat. No one expected him to be alive in the morning.

But at 5 a.m. Honey began barking excitedly.

Moses, mouth wide open, was making an awful row. After that he insisted on hourly feeds from 5 a.m. on.

Honey supervised all meals and became a real little mother to the young magpie. After a fortnight, she handed over to Beezee. Moses was now running round the lawn. Beezee would always place herself between the cat and Moses.

Mary was kept busy digging for worms. She tried to teach Moses to do likewise, but, no, he would just watch and yell until the worm was put in his mouth.

He also had a little plastic doll's bottle he'd pick up and place at Mary's feet, demanding a drink. Moses followed Mary everywhere, and had his evening meal with the cat and two dogs. They became firm friends.

It was decided that the day had arrived to begin flying lessons. Poor Moses did some rather rough belly-landings.

Suddenly he got the idea and flew up on the roof.

But he couldn't get down, and only after a week of us running around with ladders did he manage to take-off and land.

Then the painters arrived to paint the house. Moses became covered in paint, and the workmen lost a lot of time as he sat on their shoulders, gently pecking their ears and hair.

He also showed a jealous streak. If the dogs or cat rolled over to have their tummies rubbed, he would fly down and roll over and yell to have his tummy stroked.

The dogs were putting on weight, although their diet hadn't been increased . . . and then the culprit was caught redhanded, sitting on the post dropping his steak down to them.

Keeping Moses out of the house also was a problem. When chased, he would scream and run under a bed or divan. He loved to

steal pretty colored objects; it was a chase when he was caught at the Christmas tree.

Christmas Day was very happy, with lots of visitors. Moses was showing off and enjoying himself, and at 9 p.m. was still sitting on a post trying to chatter in such a tired little voice. It seemed an effort to hold up his head.

Probably he was trying to say goodbye, as very early next morning he was heard at the front door before he flew off to enjoy his freedom.

For months afterward a silent tear was shed as his pretty little colored treasures were found hidden behind a shrub or rocks, and prayers were said for the safety of that beloved little screwball.

— Billie Ashdown

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who came to stay

supper, where my husband, seconded by our horrified dog, said he could stay the night, but after that **HE MUST GO.**

Three weeks later, most of it spent sleeping and eating, he had developed into a very handsome cat, his coat gleaming and thick, and his body filled out once more.

By this time he had thoroughly taken over the household, having beaten up the dog in no uncertain manner, cowed the budgie with one ferocious yellow glare, and slowly but surely won over my anti-cat husband by joining him in his workshop and staying by his side during the noisiest jobs, at the first sound of which our dog would disappear into the night.

The only member voting against him was the budgie, who objected to being hustled into his cage whenever Thomas wanted to come inside. In fact, he threatened to ring the RSPCA, but we put this down to mild hysteria.

After having satisfied himself as to our credentials and that we were capable of looking after such a distinguished guest, Thomas began an established routine.

Each night after feeding he would disappear into the darkness, reappearing out of nowhere around 9 p.m., when we took the dog for a walk. He would accompany us down the street, and the two furry figures would go bounding along the footpaths together.

He would then come home for a light supper, sleep on the bed until we were just drifting off into slumber, and then demand to go forth to battle.

The next morning would find him on the front doorstep with the milk. He would come in and go straight to the dog and demand to have his wounds attended to.

She became quite carried away with her work, and to prevent his escaping when he thought it was enough would place one large paw in the middle of his back, flattening him to the ground, and continuing his treatment until she was satisfied. He took all this without a murmur.

After he had been with us about six months he came home one night with his foot torn off, presumably from a trap.

Heartbroken, we rushed him to the animal hospital, and upon arrival he leapt out of my arms, across a busy road, and under a house, and if you think a crippled cat cannot run don't believe it.

My husband and I didn't stop to think. We just dived under the house, which was about a foot off the marshy ground, and began to search for him. The people upstairs may have wondered what was going on underneath their floorboards, but they didn't come down to find out.

People stared

We finally caught him and all three of us, sopping wet, covered in cobwebs and generally looking like chimneysweeps, arrived in the waiting-room of the hospital.

Nice, clean people were sitting there with their nice, clean pets wrapped in good rugs and in baskets, and we staggered in, filthy dirty, with Thomas' old battle-scarred head peeping out of an old sack we had grabbed when his flight began. No wonder they stared.

When the nurse ushered us into the surgery, we really thought Thomas' days of glory had ended, but the vet told us that he could amputate the remainder of the leg and save his life.

A week later we went to collect him, a pathetic drooping bundle of fur, quite unlike his usual pugnacious self, and the dog went mad with delight when we brought him out to the car, all past indignities forgotten in the reunion.

He convalesced for a few days inside, but one morning when I put him outside for a few minutes in the sunshine he waited until my back was turned and disappeared. We were frantic by nightfall, but he reappeared none the worse for wear.

Three months went by and holiday time came around. We decided to put Thomas in a boarding-house for cats, 14 miles away, where he'd be properly looked after.

As we left, we could hear his cry above all the other inmates, so we drove away hastily, blocking our ears instead of cancelling our holidays and taking him home.

After two days he decided it was not the life for him, so he broke out. We came back immediately and organised search parties and advertisements, but to no avail. He had disappeared without a trace.

Time passed, the temperature soared up into the 100s, and we started to give up hope. Although we were confident he could look after himself, the loss of one leg, and the heat, would not deal kindly with him, especially as he had three main highways and a river to cross to reach home.

Two months later we came home late one night, and while locking up the car were amazed to hear a frenzied miaowing from the backyard.

We couldn't believe it at first, but there behind the gate over which he could not climb sat Thomas, voicing his protest.

Disregarding tight skirt, high heels, and new nylons, I cleared the gate in one bound, picked up the old reprobate, and burst into a flood of tears. His own crying stopped and changed into the loudest purring I have ever heard.

Calming down, we took him inside for a feast of tinned salmon and cream.

He looked beautiful

He looked very fit and well, and it was obvious that he had picked up a square meal or two on the way back. For the first time since we had known him he was without scars, and to our bemused eyes he looked beautiful.

Knowing Thomas, he had probably fainted on the doorstep of a kind little old lady and had been living on chicken and other delicacies, storing up his strength for his homeward trek while we had been scouring the bush for him.

Two months have now gone by since his return, and Thomas has re-established his position in the neighborhood once more. The dog has overcome her jealousy, and is once more his personal physician, and the bird once again shatters the night with his screams of rage when he is locked up to enable Thomas to come in and watch the television, which fascinates him and which he is sure was bought just for him.

In fact, he has us all well and truly under his paws again, and if he could speak I think he would say, "They will never see the last of me." If he only knew it, we never want to.

FOOTNOTE: Two years have passed since this story happened, and there is even less of Thomas than before. He was beginning to lose his fights due to age and lack of footmanship, and after one particularly nasty punch-up even the vet said it would have to be stopped.

It took Thomas quite a while to believe in the results of the operation, but he then settled down to what we thought was a quiet, orderly life. But this was not so.

He then developed a mouth complaint, which resulted in all his teeth being removed, but his good spirits never wavered for a moment and he came through with flying colors.

He has now turned into quite a handsome, fat cat. The lack of the rear leg gives him a sailor-home-from-the-sea look, which suits his personality.

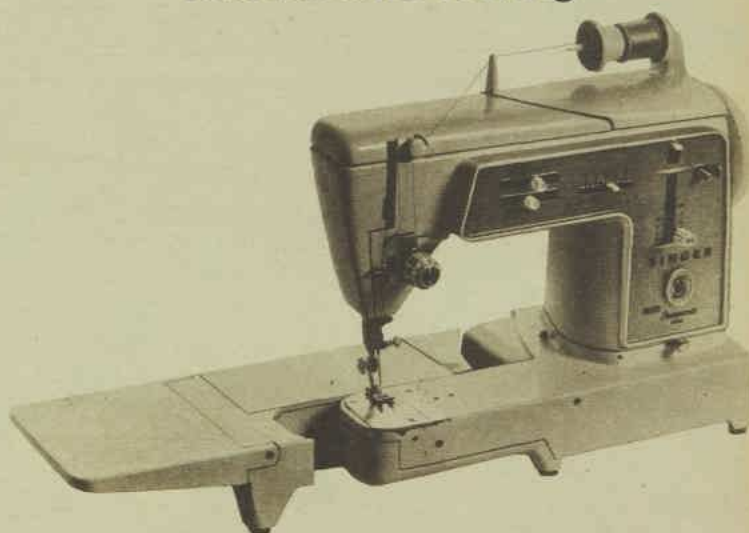
Occasionally on moonlight nights we can hear him, sitting in the carport or down the backyard, serenading the night. In fact, if his challenge were accepted, lack of teeth wouldn't deter him. He'd probably suck his opponent to death!



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COMFORTABLE twin bedroom in one of the London hotels where our tour members are always accommodated.

VALUE IN A PACKAGE

THAT'S our 1969 World Discovery Tour. You'd like to know how to assess this for yourself? Then sit down and start comparing prices. Compare what you get for \$1835 on our tour and how much it would cost to have a similar holiday arranging it all yourself.

Our next tour, leaving Sydney on February 9, travels to England in the Orsova and back in the Himalaya.

Take the cost of a return sea fare to England, not forgetting a visit to Japan, which is well off the normal sea route. Then start adding on the cost of tours round Europe and Great Britain, plus accommodation, meals, tipping, taxis, all those items that total up to so much.

Don't forget to include entrance fees to museums and other places of interest

— few are free abroad. And remember service charges, government taxes, all those extras the independent traveller frequently finds added to hotel bills.

Add up all these, then compare the total cost with the price of a package tour of similar duration and scope. The advantages of group travel are obvious. And for many people a package tour is a wonderful opportunity for making new friends.

And don't forget the individual traveller is probably going to tour Europe in a coach, anyway. Statistics show that 85 percent of people who travel in Europe join a tour.

It will cost the individualist extra, of course, because package tours are worked out on special rates, taking into account the total number of people involved.

Group travel always brings cost economies, especially for accommodation, meals, and transport.

World Travel Head-

PACKAGE PRICE COVERS

- Shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins (two-berth cabins available, cost a little extra) in the Orsova and the Himalaya.
- Full-board accommodation for 23-day tour of eight European countries.
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- Sightseeing tours in London, as specified in itinerary.
- Total of 12 nights' accommodation at well-situated London hotels, including dinner, bed, and breakfast.
- Transfers on arrivals and departures where part of tour itinerary.
- Portage of one average-sized suitcase per person on European and U.K. tours, two average-sized suitcases per person on initial arrival and departure from U.K.

Tour director and his staff will accompany tour in the Orsova and in the Himalaya, also resident U.K., to ensure an efficient tour operation.

quarters, who arrange our World Discovery Tours, virtually take over seven central London hotels for tour members. They often contract for up to 30,000 nights' accommodation over the year.

So you can see why hotel managements are happy to offer special reduced rates for package tours.

A big saving

The average couple travelling on our five-month round-the-world tour save hundreds of dollars. And they always have the reassurance of knowing that a fully qualified team of travel experts is on hand to attend to their needs throughout the entire trip.

There are no hidden extras when you travel on a package tour. You know from the moment you buy your ticket exactly how much the trip is going to cost.

The thought of independent travel may appeal to you, but it has many drawbacks. Cost is one of them. Making all your own arrangements is another.

You can waste much money on taxis if you don't fully understand the local currency. And not knowing the language can lead to many misunderstandings and difficulties.

Hotel prices frequently prove higher than budgeted for. Or the accommodation is not of the standard you would like.

Hours can be wasted waiting for travel information. Ticket-buying in foreign booking offices is frequently time-consuming, frustrating.

Multiply these irritations and additional costs several times and they will come to quite a sizable total.

Of course, this doesn't happen every time. But it does occur often enough to rob much of the glamor and excitement from travel, as any first-time traveller can tell you.

By going on a package tour you are saved all these worries. Your luggage is collected when you arrive at your destination, transport to hotels arranged, and your accommodation is ready waiting for you.

All bothersome tipping is taken care of. Your tickets are ready for you. All you have to do is relax and enjoy yourself.

If you haven't time to spare to go round the world and would still like a relaxing holiday that gives you the many benefits of package travel, we are arranging a 17-day cruise of the South Pacific.

Our South Pacific Treasure Cruise leaves Sydney on February 3 in the Himalaya. Good two-berth accommodation is still available from \$368. There's real treasure attached to this cruise — some lucky person will win a round-the-world tour for TWO, plus spending money.

Hello Foot!



We're going to get you ready for summer. Scholl. And me. Not a blemish nor a blister. Not even one (whisper it) corn.

Are your feet ready for their summer showing? Most of the year only you see them. Now make them beautiful... for everybody else. You and Scholl can do it!

It isn't really difficult to banish blemishes.

So nearly everybody has corns.

Well — you be different!

If you face up to foot blemishes you can almost always get rid of them. Did you know that Scholl Zino-Pads can ease corns away?

It's crazy not to use them!

Visit your chemist right away.

Ask him about Scholl corn pads. Felt or foam ones for simple corns. Zino-Pads for deeper corns! Pads for other common foot troubles (even callouses and bunions).

But do go now summer is coming. Feet just can't be beautiful with blemishes.

foot beauty starts at the

Scholl Foot Care Counter

at chemists, stores and Scholl shops.

problem skin

The first step is to use an antiseptic soap. A surgical soap, developed for doctors and nurses in hospitals to help stop the spread of infection. The antiseptic in the soap fights surface bacteria and cleans deep down into skin pores. Leaves the skin clinically clean. Only a surgical soap can give you this protection. **GAMOPHEN* SURGICAL SOAP** from 20 cents at chemists.

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Northern N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W. 2300. Tele. 2-5191.

Victoria - Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000. Tele. 67-7481.

Queensland-Northern Territory-New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, Queensland Insurance Building, 371 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000. Tele. 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide 5000. Tele. 51-7555.

Western Australia: Wesfarmer's Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth 6000. Tele. 21-0191.

(All above are members of A.F.T.A.)

New Zealand: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland C1. Tele. 361-660.

London Offices: Milbanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London W1. Tele. 493-8494, 499-7221.

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Simpson
BUILT TO PERFORM BETTER-LONGER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1968

DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This two-colored dress is my design choice for a reader who wishes to combine 1½yds. of 36in. white linen and 1½yds. of 36in. contrast.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"I have two pieces of linen in white and grass-green. Would you please choose a fitted style to make up these two lengths? I take a size 12."

Illustrated below is the design you inquired about. The dress is form-fitted and combines the two colors you mentioned. By the way, the two-colored dress is very new in fashion. Underneath the illustration are how-to-order details.

"Please suggest a style for a late-day dress. The dress must be plain enough to last for at least three seasons. The weather here does not get very hot. I take a size 14."

My choice would be a simple A-line dress made in crepe or silk jersey. Have the design belted high with a self-material belt.

"I am seeking your advice about clothes for a maternity wardrobe. I want a sleeveless dress, also an overblouse and maternity pants. My pattern size is 12."

I can let you have a maternity pattern including a sleeveless dress, overblouse, and pants. The dress and overblouse are both gathered on to a shaped front yoke and the skirt has a generous centre front pleat. The straight pants are designed with a front section of stretch fabric. To order, quote Vogue pattern 7009, the price 90c includes postage. Pattern from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Would it be incorrect to have my two bridesmaids dressed in different styles?"

The dresses should be uniform in design, but the colors may be different.

"My husband and I have been asked to a formal function taking place at 8.30 p.m. What are the correct clothes for us both to wear? It is a public occasion."

For a formal function at 8.30 p.m. you will be correctly dressed in a street- or floor-length evening dress. The correct attire for your husband is a dinner jacket and black tie.

"What is the right attire for the bridegroom at an informal wedding? Also, what should the father of the bridegroom wear?"

For an informal wedding, day or evening, all male members of the wedding party should wear the same—a dark business suit, white shirt, and black socks and shoes. The tie is a matter for the individual's own taste.

"I have an evening frock finished with very narrow straps and my bra always seems to show."

Possibly the best solution would be to wear a strapless bra.

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Bring springtime freshness into your home with the exciting new Walpamur Colour Guide. It's free and makes colour scheming a pleasure. Interested? Get one from your Walpamur Paint Stockist or write or phone Walpamur now.

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Walpamur Colour Guide



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white for life in breezeweight
or interlock. Only **79c**



BOND'S

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

COULD you give me some information about the little coffee set in the picture enclosed (right)? It was bought in England in 1954 and has no markings on the base.—Miss F. Blyth, South Yarra, Vic.

In the absence of a potter's mark I cannot possibly suggest the maker or even attribute the set to a particular potter. The shape is characteristic of Edwardian times or even later.

★ ★ ★

I WOULD be pleased if you could give me any information regarding the vase and cup and saucer in the picture enclosed (below).

The vase has no marking of any kind on it. The cup and saucer has a crown with "hand-painted" and "Nippon" printed underneath the saucer.

They have been in my mother's family for many years. I believe



Japanese china



Unusual canisters

the cup and saucer came from America. — Miss Maree Smith, Brisbane.

The vase is Cantonese and is about 70 or 80 years old. The cup and saucer is Japanese and is not particularly old.

★ ★ ★

THE pair of tea canisters (pictured above) belonged to my grandmother, and I believe they could be quite old. I would be interested to obtain some information regarding them. They appear to be silver with copper plating, and I have enclosed a sketch of the hallmark on the base.

The lock on the case is held by two winged cherubs and the side handles by a deer's head. — Mrs. John S. Rowe, Blackburn, Vic.

The pair of unique electroplate-on-copper tea canisters in original case were made about 1880 to 1890. Unfortunately the rubbing of the marks is too indistinct for me to decipher. The canisters appear to be of the finest quality.

I AM sending you two pictures (not published) of an article which no one can identify. The object is copper or bronze made up of anchors and rope. I would like to know what it is. — Mr. John Casey, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

Your interesting article of bygone days is a mid-Victorian fire-screen holder which, as you

can observe, could be clamped to the mantelpiece. Originally a piece of hand-worked tapestry was suspended from the eyelets. The upright rod allowed for adjustment to varying heights, hence the thumbscrew for fixing it into a set position. The screen was used to protect the faces of the crinolined ladies of the era from the naked-fire flames.



Coffee set



Pink milk for your skin.

As you grow older, the plump moist skin you had when you were very young begins to change. The years have made it drier. Rougher. Tiny lines appear.

This is the moment for Skin Dew. The deeply penetrating, replenishing emulsion that puts back the moisture growing up took away. Skin Dew is far different from the thin watery moisturizers you may have tried before. This richly textured emulsion is made with "ferment lactiques", a unique milk-culture derivative

that nourishes thirsty skin, restoring the smooth, soft tender young radiance it once had. A few drops under your make-up each morning, and a few drops before you go to sleep, is all you need. Skin Dew is pink in the bottle. Invisible on the skin. Skin Dew from Helena Rubinstein. It's the milk dry skin drinks.

Helena Rubinstein



Lemons Bring Beauty To Your Skin

A RADIANTLY lovely skin is a beauty asset you can so easily achieve through the natural, complexion-beautifying properties of special Caribbean beauty lemons. Today, scientists have extracted and adapted the pure juices of this lemon to produce a remarkably effective skin freshener that invigorates, firms, clarifies and refines the skin. Maintain the soft, dewy bloom of your complexion by using this wonderful bracing and stimulating lemon freshener in the following ways.

Flower-like Freshness

CHERISH the petal-fresh beauty and bloom of your complexion by stimulating the circulation and toning the skin daily with generous splashes of lemon Delph freshener. This will keep your skin supple, dissolve all traces of stale cream and make-up secreted in the pores and help prevent clogging. Lemon Delph freshener not only provides your complexion with the perfect basis for a smooth, flattering make-up, but gives your skin a really young, wide-awake glow.

Banish Skin Blemishes

A GOOD way to remedy those irritating little skin spots is to dab them with a lemon refining skin freshener before making-up. The gentle toning and mild antiseptic action of lemon Delph freshener will banish blemishes, close the slack pores, which are known to be one of the causes of disturbed skin, while it stimulates and invigorates the skin cells reducing the chances of new disturbances.

Soft Elbows

YOUR elbows can be soft, smooth and always lovely when you give them a regular toning treatment with a lemon skin freshener. Soak a cotton-wool pad in freshener and pat vigorously all over the skin of both elbows. The gentle bleaching and toning action of the lemon Delph freshener will eliminate any sign of muddiness, giving them a fair appearance. Then to soften and protect the elbows, smooth in a film of tropical Ulan oil for their final touch of beauty.

Dewy Fresh Complexion

BRING a delightful bloom to your complexion with this simple beauty procedure. Damp a cloth in lemon Delph freshener and press it over the face, moulding it to your features. Relax for a few minutes while the mild lemon astringent refreshes and tones the surface skin. Now, to hold the clear, cool loveliness apparent on your complexion, smooth on your oil of Ulan and use it always beneath your make-up to protect against wrinkle-dryness and to give the skin a day-long dewy look.

Then she found that she couldn't get it off.

The more she tugged and twisted, the more her finger swelled. She tried soap, she tried lanolin; she tried holding her hand under the cold tap. She tried a trick she'd once read of passing a thread under the ring and winding it up. The thread simply grooved her flesh; the ring stuck fast. Glancing at her watch again, she saw the hour already three; helpers at the shop were requested to assemble at 2.30. Like a new girl at school, Miss Maynard had wanted to be punctual; and finally put on her hat and reached her destination only an hour late, having mailed the shawl to her editor on the way.

Unpunctual or not, she received a warm welcome. The shop, loaned by its owner between lettings, was big enough to employ a dozen pairs of hands; Miss Maynard's was the eleventh. "My name's—" began Miss Maynard.

"Unpacker!" cried Mrs. Simeon, evidently the leading spirit of the whole enterprise. "Begin wherever you like, my dear, save any good string, paper, and wadding to go in that clothes basket . . . and I'm sorry, Ann, but you can't possibly have a whole counter for costume jewellery, you'll have to share with Miss Kleinwort's Pop Art."

There is nothing that takes the edge off self-consciousness like having something definite to do; Miss Maynard soon felt quite at ease. If no one made any particular overture to her, she wasn't surprised; most of her fellow workers seemed to be young matrons on christian-name terms. Certainly Miss Maynard didn't wish any of the special kindness they showed toward their fellow spinner, Miss Kleinwort of the Pop Art—the latter, indeed, almost a caricature of a spinster, with her rimless glasses and corrugated hairdo. She didn't really care for Pop Art at all, diagnosed Miss Maynard; just pretended to, to be in the trendy swim.

No such disliking kindness came Mary Maynard's way, however; as the afternoon wore on she continued unpacking undisturbed and growing ever more expert. Scotch tape gave no more trouble than string, stiff brown paper no more than tissue; only a nailed-down wooden box defeated her—and Mrs. Simeon as well.

"What we need is a man!" declared Mrs. Simeon, sitting back on her heels and abandoning her nailfile jammed between two staves. "Can't you get your husband to come in this evening?"

For a moment Miss Maynard didn't comprehend. She had forgotten she wore a wedding ring. For a mom-

ent she looked down at her hand as though it belonged to someone else. Then a slow, painful flush burned her cheeks as she contemplated the awkward, rather foolish-sounding, necessary explanation.

To have to begin, "I was knitting a shawl"—or even further back, with *why* she was knitting a shawl! But before she found words, Mrs. Simeon exclaimed, "My dear! Do forgive me! A widow?"

Miss Maynard nodded. In the circumstances it was the simplest thing to do.

"So am I," said Mrs. Simeon. "And no doubt a much older one than you, my dear, but I still know how a chance word can touch one on the raw! Now I'll go out into the highways and byways, and catch the first man I see and make him do his good deed for the day."

"Or I'll go," said Miss Maynard, only her confusion making such boldness conceivable.

"Not if you just want to get away and shed a few tears in the nearest telephone booth," said Mrs. Simeon shrewdly. "Shed them right where you are, and I won't look. Though for goodness' sake, they're nothing to be ashamed of!"

Shrewd, kind Mrs. Simeon! How possibly to explain, without making her look foolish, that she'd been too shrewd by half? Out of sheer good-feeling, Miss Maynard blew her nose. Fortunately, there was no need for either to go out in the highways, since just at that moment a delivery man appeared, who fetched a chisel from his van and to whom a packing case was child's play.

"You'll come back tomorrow when we start selling," pressed Mrs. Simeon, as the afternoon ended.

"I can come every day for the whole week," said Miss Maynard.

The older woman nodded understandingly. "Loneliness is part of the honorable estate of widowhood, isn't it? But I see you're being sensible! Do you know I never caught your name?"

"Mary Maynard," said Miss Maynard, thus skillfully avoiding both the "Mrs." which would have been a lie, and "Miss," which would have betrayed her. (Of course, she was *acting* a lie, as her mother would have pointed out immediately; but quite apart from saving Mrs. Simeon's face, how beautiful to discover a condition in which loneliness was positively honorable!)

"How nice!" said Mrs. Simeon. "Here's Mrs. Maynard coming to help us every day! Isn't that splendid?"

That night Miss Maynard didn't even try to get the ring off. She would obviously have to wear it again next day—indeed, for the rest of the week.

It was quite extraordinary what a difference it made. On her common round, it wasn't exactly that storekeepers treated her with greater respect (storekeepers rarely noticing whether one wore a wedding ring or not), as that fellow shoppers wearing wedding rings offered a new camaraderie.

WITH THIS RING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

For instance, it was Miss Maynard's practice, taught by her mother, to buy soap three dozen cakes at once, so that they could harden off and last longer; the last time she made such a purchase, a chit at her elbow, giggling that she must eat it, had filled her with confusion. Now, the occasion recurring, an Irish matron next in line voiced only sympathy.

"What a parcel of young-uns you must have, too!" beamed she. "Ain't soap the very devil?"

A fictitious husband, particularly if deceased, was one thing; a parcel of grubby youngsters quite another. Miss Maynard merely smiled back, but insisted on a particular brand with unusual authority.

NEVERTHELESS, after the gift shop closed on Saturday (showing a most rewarding profit), Miss Maynard's conscientiousness forbade her continuing the charade any longer; and since during Sunday she still wasn't able to remove the ring herself, on Monday she sought expert help at a modest jeweller's a little out of her usual way. Except for a neat, elderly grey beard behind the counter it was empty—as, indeed, Miss Maynard had made sure of first by peering through the glass door.

"I'm in rather a difficulty," explained Miss Maynard, with rehearsed matter-of-factness. "I can't get my ring off."

The words might have been rehearsed, but only mentally; until she spoke them aloud she had no idea how odd they would sound to anyone who, examining her extended finger, saw the ring a wedding band. The jeweller paused. "I'd have to file it," he said tentatively.

"Then file it," said Miss Maynard.

"That is, break it . . ."

Undoubtedly Miss Maynard's mother wouldn't have cared to see her wedding ring broken, but then no more would she have cared (as Mary Maynard perhaps belatedly recognised) to see her daughter wearing it under false pretences. The charade had lasted too long, indeed. "Then break it!" said Miss Maynard. "Just as long as you get it off!"

The old man paused again. A pair of wise, if failing, eyes regarded her half in compassion, half in rebuke. "Even a divorce," he said gently, "shouldn't leave angry memories . . ."

So now Miss Maynard found herself not only a widow and the mother of six, at least, but a divorcee as well.

Briefly, she was quite amused; after her success with a fictitious "late," even felt tempted to improvise a fictitious "ex." But the sense of urgency was gaining on her, and some few minutes later, under her reiterated bidding and the jeweller's file, there lay the ring on the counter, a complete, symbolic circle no more. Only millimetres, however, could have measured the tiny gap; back

To page 57



QUIET

Anyone knows Tampax tampons help you go all out for action. But what about the quiet corner of your life?

Here are some of the "quiet" advantages of Tampax tampons.

1. You can sit for hours with no discomfort.
2. Whatever you wear, you're perfectly at ease.
3. Tampax tampons are very unobtrusive. You can carry a couple in your bag under a hankie.
4. You don't have any disposal problems.
5. And Tampax tampons always keep your secret. Quiet!

Your choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super) in standard 10's and the Economy 40's at substantial saving.



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PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 3000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WV, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

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HOLIDAY HOLD-ALL

● Going away at Christmastime? Take this handy travel holder for all those bits and pieces that are so hard to pack. How-to-make directions below.



● Many pockets make light travelling. Use them as your personal dressing table for cosmetic items and shower gear, all ready to hand when you arrive.

Materials: 1yd. 36in.-wide fabric in plain color, 1yd. 36in.-wide patterned fabric; 2 9in. zip-fasteners; 1 card (6yds.) bias binding; 21in. length of dowel stick 1/4in. diam.; screw-hook; 21in. by 23in. piece of plastic.

Measurements: 21in. wide by 32in. long approx.

TO MAKE

Backing: Cut piece plain fabric 21in. wide by 32in. long.

Laundry Pocket: Cut patterned strip 21in. by 3in. Turn under 1/4in. on each long side and tack down. Stitch 2 zip-fasteners along one length, both closing in centre of piece.

Cut 2nd patterned strip 21in. by 10 1/2in. Line with plastic piece 21in. by 23in., matching one 21in. edge and allowing remainder of plastic

to extend beyond fabric. Turn in 1/4in. along top edge (incl. plastic) and stitch to other side of zip-fasteners.

Fold extended piece of plastic inwards to match top edge of patterned strip above zip-fasteners. Stitch fabric and plastic tog. along top edge of zip-fastener.

Tack lower edge of pocket flush with lower edge of backing.

Middle Pockets: Cut patterned strip 27in. by 7in. Bind one long edge with bias binding.

Leaving 1/4in. at each end, divide length into 4 equal parts. Make 4 pockets, pleating along raw edge and turning 1/4in. under for each side of pocket. Tack pocket strip to backing 1/4in. above laundry pocket. Sew line of vertical stitching between

each pleat, thus attaching strip to backing. Cover raw edges on base of middle pockets and top of laundry pocket with bias binding.

Top Pockets: Cut patterned strip 27in. by 5 1/2in. Bind one long edge.

Leaving 1/4in. each end, divide in 3 equal parts and make 3 pleats, turning in approx. 1in. for each side of pocket. Sew to backing as for middle pockets approx. 1 1/2in. above bound edge of middle pockets. Cover raw edge with bias binding.

TO FINISH OFF

Bind all raw edges on sides and base with bias binding. Make 1 1/2in. hem across top. Punch hole in centre of hem fold. Insert dowel in hem and screw-hook through hole.

FOR THE CHILDREN

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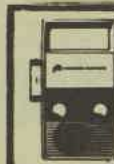
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special Berri flavour, but it takes you only seconds
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in its box, thought Mrs. Maynard's daughter thankfully, it would look just the same...

"How much do I owe you?" she asked, opening her purse.

For the third time the jeweller paused—but now, as his next words showed, more with an eye to business. "Won't you want another?"

"Good heavens, no!" exclaimed Miss Maynard. "Why ever should I?"

"Ladies accustomed to wearing a wedding ring," explained the jeweller, "often feel strange without one. This, for instance, besides, if I may say so, being extremely pretty, would have no painful associations."

The circlet he produced was pretty, indeed: slender and bright, chased with tiny orange blossoms. Miss Maynard, with no intention of playing any more charades, couldn't help admiring it for itself. In fact, she desired it—of course, to be worn on the right hand, not the left, thought Miss Maynard, rashly allowing the jeweller to try it on, as he said, just for size. It fitted perfectly. Then she hastily pulled it off again.

"Anyway, I can't afford it..."

Now thoughtfully weighing the other, the discarded ring, the jeweller mused, "Eighteen carat. Turn it in, and we might come to some arrangement?"

For an instant Miss Maynard nearly closed with the offer. The words, "It's a deal," trembled on her lips. The instant after, she was blushing with shame at having even momentarily contemplated selling (which was what it came to) her mother's wedding ring. Yet, how charming that circlet of orange blossoms!—to be worn, of course, on the other hand.

"I've a garnet brooch," offered Miss Maynard.

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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The moral for grown-ups: Keep regular with Laxettes but please don't borrow Sally's. Laxettes tonight, tomorrow you're right. 40 cents.

LAR93WW

WITH THIS RING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

"Garnets don't amount to much," said the jeweller.

"Isn't Victoriana coming back?" retorted Miss Maynard, with all her newfound aplomb.

In any event (brooch and a necklet besides turned in), the orange-blossom ring was hers; but, of course, she wore it on the right hand, not the left; which, in any event again, was how she came to be taken for Greek.

IT HAPPENED on a bus, between 42nd and 44th streets, on the way to the Cloisters (Miss Maynard devoting the second week of her vacation to culture). During one of the inevitable traffic jams, her neighbor on the bus impulsively asked, "Are you Greek?"

Miss Maynard had already observed with appreciation the girl's classic profile; but, knowing her own definitely snub, was too surprised to speak.

"Why I ask," explained the girl, "is because I saw your wedding ring on your right hand. So do I wear mine, though I know it is not the custom here; but I came from Athens only six months ago to marry my American-citizen husband—and with it on the other hand I wouldn't feel an honest woman!"

Miss Maynard, as has been seen, had accepted being taken for a widow, then a mother, then a divorcee, almost in her stride; but to be taken for Greek was too much.

"I'm afraid not," said she—the "afraid" spoken purely from courtesy. "I'm straight American."

"How wonderful for your husband!" exclaimed Ariadne Metaxas (as she was subsequently to introduce herself). "I tell my Spiros," she giggled, pleasantly conscious of surpassing beauty, "he kept his word to me only because he was afraid of my brothers! It makes him so mad, sometimes I think he will kill me! It is such fun!"

At this vivid sketch of a type of union hitherto quite unsuspected by her, Miss Maynard scarcely knew whether to adopt the role of hilarious confederate or compassionate sympathiser. Ariadne, however, rapidly solved the dilemma by casting her for both at once.

"Married to a Greek, you will understand!" she giggled

companionably. "Is yours very jealous? My Spiros gets so crazy, he has had his hands round my throat for that, too! What a life! Come to our party tonight!" invited Mrs. Metaxas.

"But I'm not married to a Greek," explained Miss Maynard conscientiously. "In fact, I'm not married."

"Don't tell me your brothers had him rubbed out!" cried Ariadne—evidently already idiomatic in a new tongue; also obviously still following her own line of thought. "You so nice and straight American, what Greek wouldn't gladly keep his word to you?"

As the simplest way out of the whole imbroglio, Miss Maynard said, "He died."

"My darling! What a tragedy! Pneumonia?" suggested Mrs. Metaxas. "It happens; the climate in Greece is so much drier! Come to our party all the same!"

The address she scribbled on the back of a bill from Bergdorf's, before jumping off at 44th Street, was not far from Miss Maynard's own. Partly because it was the last night of her vacation, partly because she had so increased in self-confidence, partly because her neighbor was so taking—for all these reasons—Miss Maynard went.

As has been said, the district she inhabited was mixed—in both senses; the Metaxas apartment proved unexpectedly luxurious. Several of the men, including Ariadne's Spiros, wore tuxedos; several of the women, including Ariadne, long dresses and diamonds.

Other guests had the air of having just closed a sandwich bar or come off room-service duty, but were still democratically addressed as cousins. Miss Maynard, in her good beige silk, fell somewhere in between; but there could be no doubt of her acceptability.

There was song and dance, at the Metaxas party, also retsina, a wine tasting rather of tar, and ouzo, rather stronger than gin. Mary Maynard neither danced nor drank, but still never lacked attendance; one of the tuxedo wearers—Alexander Metaxas, or was he Darius?—seemed to take absolute pleasure in fetching her a glass of milk from the refrigerator. A good deal older than the rest of the men, he didn't dance,

To page 58

LULUBELLE



Elisa

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WITH THIS RING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57



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either, though displaying a pleasant baritone voice in folksong.

Watching and listening, sipping her milk, never pressed to take any more active part, Miss Maynard really enjoyed herself; and only at about two in the morning began to wonder how she would get home.

Actually Spiros took her in person. It was quite astonishing to Miss Maynard that at so late an hour he so easily found a taxi—until she noticed the driver's profile, and accurately diagnosed yet another cousin.

"Dear lady," breathed Spiros, "what a pleasure, what an honor, to receive you as my wife's friend! And now that I know it is with you she has been spending her afternoons, visiting museums; what a relief!"

And what a mix! thought Miss Maynard—but with as much amusement as indignation, as she perceived the windfall she must have been to a beautiful, feckless, probably all-too-flirtatious Ariadne on the point of driving a husband too far.

She felt already too fond of Ariadne to betray her; yet it was chiefly, however peculiarly, from a sense of solidarity among married women that Miss Maynard (without actually telling a lie) replied that to visit museums in company with someone young always heightened the pleasure. As at those words Mr. Metaxas pressed her hand again, she actually pressed his back, as a sort of clincher.

She still hadn't appreciated the speed with which Ariadne's mind could operate within a couple of blocks.

"My brother Darius," offered Mr. Metaxas, "already owns two cinemas. Soon he will own a chain. He didn't displease you?"

"I thought him very nice," said Miss Maynard, sincere but surprised.

"Ah!" breathed Mr. Metaxas. "What he thought of you he must tell for himself. All I want to say here and now, any brothers you have of your own he'll be glad to meet at the first opportunity."

Thus it was that Miss Maynard received, if vicariously, the first proposal of her life—and might have become a married woman not only in fancy but in fact.

Of course, she rejected it. In vain did cousin drive twice

round Central Park while brother urged brother's suit: that Darius Metaxas was kind, domesticated, not a heavy drinker, probably bound for millionairessdom—all this Miss Maynard fully credited—also that he was very musical, fond of animals, and prepared to take out any amount of life insurance. Still she (vicariously) rejected him. The idea of becoming integrated into that exotic clan as Mrs. Darius was something her imagination simply couldn't compass.

"We would all be so fond of you!" pleaded Spiros.

Miss Maynard believed that, too. They were the most affectionate set of people she had ever met. Failure of imagination apart, what then motivated so prompt and stubborn a refusal? The simple, sudden answer was that Miss Maynard simply and suddenly discovered that she didn't really want to be married at all.

SUBSIDING at last into her narrow bed, she recalled Mrs. Simeon so experienced in grief, she knew just how to deal with it in another; Mrs. Halloran recently observed with a bruise on her cheek, and making no bones about its provenance, from "himself." As for lovely Ariadne, alternately tormenting her husband and placating him, how she ever knew a moment's peace Miss Maynard couldn't imagine.

As there are nature's gentlemen, so there are nature's spinsters. Miss Maynard was one of them.

Not that she didn't profit by that fortnight of so much discovery, or cease from adventuring again out of bounds. Miss Maynard subsequently sometimes wore a wedding ring, sometimes didn't; sometimes on her left hand, sometimes on her right; it just depended on her mood. (What wedded wife could do the same?)

The thing she never discovered was whether the shawl would really go through a wedding ring, because when it came to making up the next issue, the editor had so much overflow material she had to scrap the item, and thus no subscriber ever wrote in to confirm or deny.

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Boy! the names people call me



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1968



HOME HINTS

● Useful hints will help you save time, money, work, and worry. Each wins a prize of \$2.

If you want to examine a child's sore throat, use a flat lollipop as a depressor instead of wooden stick. It overcomes the child's objections and can be awarded as a treat afterwards. — Mrs. E. Singleton, 8 Sampson St., Burnie, Tas. 7320.

Sprinkle a medium-sized sponge with parsley seeds, hang it from a nail or hook in the kitchen, and keep it damp. As the parsley grows you will have a handy, plentiful supply of parsley sprigs. — Miss V. Unicomb, 28 Lake Rd., Port Macquarie, N.S.W. 2444.

Lilies and gladioli will last much longer if vinegar is added to the water in the ratio of 1 cup vinegar to half a gallon of water. — Mrs. V. M. Duggan, Yongala, S.A. 5493.

A bright red garment on a toddler who is apt to wander can save possibly hours of worried searching. Red can be seen easily against bushland or on a beach, and is visible three-quarters of a mile away in open country. — Mrs. P. Woods, "Pinevale," Denmire Rd., Gillingandra, N.S.W. 2827.

To paint roughcast walls, use an old-fashioned, stiff clothes-brush. Dip brush in paint, shake it, and apply to the wall with a scrubbing motion. The wall will be covered quickly and the brush will withstand the "sandpapering" effect well. — Frank Weeks, 226 Peel St. Nth., Ballarat, Vic. 3350.

Use children's plastic toy wind-mills to scare away birds when planting seeds or reseeding the lawn. — Mrs. M. Smith, 25 Benga Ave., Dandenong W., Vic. 3175.



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Inn P 266

Allow the hot-water tap to run freely into the kitchen sink after each wash-up. This will prevent grease, etc., clogging the pipes. — Mrs. C. R. Brayley, 7 Barry St., Kew, Vic. 3101.

Before opening any canned food with sugar content, stand the can upside down a few minutes, or if it is needed at once open the can from the bottom and the sugar will move back through can. — Ellen Marsh, c/o Central Charging, Box 4002, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

To unpick a hem quickly: Undo some of the hem with a razor-blade, then put one side of the material under the machine

needle and foot. This will hold it firmly and allow you to pull the material apart. — S. D'Alton, 13 First St., Bicton, W.A. 6157.

Sew a small snap fastener in each glove and fasten the gloves together when you take them off. I haven't lost a glove since doing this. — Mrs. L. M. Binnie, 12 Bell St., Watsons Bay, N.S.W. 2030.

To keep needles and pins rust free, even in a seaside area, glue a piece of emery paper, cut to size, to the base of a flat tobacco tin. Any tin will serve, provided there is a fair-sized surface for the pins to move across and thus keep shiny. — Mrs. C. A.

Brunton, M/S352, via Mackay, Qld. 4740.

Don't discard your lipstick when it is worn down. Lift the remaining portion from the case carefully with a pin, insert a small amount of tissue in the empty case, and wedge the lipstick on top of the tissue. You will be able to use lipstick right to the end. — Ginny Wells, 32 Illawarra Rd., Nth. Balwyn, Vic. 3104.

If a cake frill is needed and you are without one, a most attractive decoration can be made by cutting a strip of aluminium foil the width and length required and stitching it down the centre

to an identically shaped piece of pretty transparent fabric, such as lace or chiffon. — Mrs. B. Bathols, 38 Kubis Ave., Aspendale, Vic. 3195.

When taking salt to a picnic, pack it in drinking-straws knotted at each end. Each person then has his or her own salt supply. — Veronica Elliott, 73 Frederick St., Merewether, N.S.W. 2291.

Boots and shoes will polish quickly, however damp, if a few drops of paraffin oil are added to the shoe polish. This also prevents the shoes from cracking. — Mrs. D. Moar, 22 Khartoum St., Hendra, Qld. 4011.

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As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Oct. 16

ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.
★ The week begins on a note of drag and muddle, but quickly improves after the 17th with an all-clear until the end of the month. Perhaps there is a last opportunity to improve status and career, 17th.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
★ Any unpleasantness comes at the beginning of the week, and you've got the "walk" signal for the rest of the month. Postpone important legal business and correspondence until after the 17th, when there's a patch of confusion.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
★ There could be misunderstandings in romance, although there are redeeming influences. Problems can be sorted out after the 17th. Perhaps more responsibility at home, but good stars until month's end.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ If unwed, do not listen very deeply to honeyed words, 17th; if married, use patience with the soul-mate. Then all goes well — or at least without any big bumps — until 30th. There's glamor romance-wise, 21st.

LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ If you find the tempo of life slackening, it's only temporary. After the 17th, there's a clear road for almost the rest of the month. Watch out for marital mix-up, 17th. Care on road, 16th-17th.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ A lot of tension should have gone out of your nervous system by now, but there's a patch of delay and confusion, 16th-17th, affecting finances and job conditions. However, there's a clear way until the 30th, so push personal life.

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Uranus — the "Awakener" — has visited your sign — and you're still in your go-go and swinging cycle. All you have to do is hold your horses, 16th-17th, and give them their heads for the rest of the month. Make the most before the 23rd.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ You might have to listen for that rustle in the grass, 17th. There's a spot of intrigue about. Good stars through until the 30th. A surprise in your personal life, which also could involve your family set-up.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
★ You could experience a few setbacks in emotional life — and in the home — 16th-17th, but good influences mitigate. Comes a breakthrough, 18th-30th, with only mini-snags. Good time for planning and projecting.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ Thinking of forming a partnership, business or otherwise? Avoid the 16th-17th. After this deceptive and delaying spot, all goes reasonably well, and you can implement plans with confidence, especially 20th-21st, which helps inspired thinking.

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ The 16th-17th is not a time to jet off. There's a run of muddle. Be road-wary, as well. The zodiac improves and co-operates until the 30th. Friends assist and, perhaps, through them an aspiration is realised.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, grey, navy. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ All the bad is at the beginning — the rest of the month gives the go-ahead signal. The 16th-17th is adverse for finance and friendship. You could be a little vague, so don't leave your purse around. Conditions assist a rise in life and status, especially 20th-21st.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1968



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THE HOLD-UP

By ALF ABBOTT



EVERYONE called him "Shifty" Dolan. "Dolan," because it was his father's name before him, and he had inherited it. One of the few things of any use his father had left behind. The "Shifty" he had earned himself. Ever since he had been expelled from school at the age of 14 for stealing the headmaster's wallet, he had led a life of petty crime. Since then he had been in and out of reform schools and corrective establishments almost continually.

Not that he didn't plan his crimes carefully, or anything like that. It was, as he said, just that he was unlucky. He claimed that he was so unlucky that if he bought a suit with two pairs of trousers, someone would be sure to burn a hole in the coat. Like the time he robbed the cigarette warehouse.

He had planned everything to perfection. A stolen truck was waiting outside ready to receive its cargo of stolen cigarettes. "Shifty" knew exactly when the policeman would make his rounds to see that nothing was amiss. Quickly and expertly he scaled the warehouse wall, edged his way along a narrow ledge, and climbed silently on to the darkened roof.

Because of his careful planning he knew exactly where the skylight was, through which he would enter the warehouse. Everything was going so smoothly that he began mentally to gloat over his success.

Dropping the ten feet from the skylight to the floor, he saw that there were cartons of cigarettes everywhere. This was too easy. Then he tried to open the door. It wouldn't budge. "Shifty" kicked and pulled and struggled, but it wouldn't move. No windows, all the other doors were locked, and he couldn't reach the skylight he came in by. Nothing to do but sit down and wait till someone came to open up in the morning. Might as well have a smoke while he waited.

But his matches were in the glove box of the truck outside. See what I mean about unlucky. A million cigarettes, and he didn't have any matches. Naturally enough the people who rented the warehouse were anxious to know what he was doing there when they arrived next morning. So were the police. So was the judge who sentenced him to three months' hard labor.

Next time it would be different, though. His next crime was planned with so much attention to detail that nothing could go wrong. A bank hold-up; that was the idea. Not just any bank. "Shifty" had this one specially picked out. It must be the easiest bank in Sydney to rob. Only two men worked there and every Friday the factory down the street collected their wages at eleven o'clock. The teller always had the money ready for them when they came in. Must be over \$10,000. And all so easy.

He had already made a couple of

hoax phone calls reporting robberies, and each time it took the police a little over nine minutes to get there, so he'd have plenty of time. And there were so many different routes they could take for their escape.

He wasn't too happy about having to get someone to drive his getaway car. It meant splitting the proceeds. But it was necessary. I mean, you can't rob a bank, then race out and hail a taxi. It was too uncertain. He decided to get the best possible man for the job. Joe Brown was an expert. He would borrow a suitable car from a factory parking area. That way the owner wouldn't know it was missing until he finished his shift. Joe didn't want the police to be after him for driving a stolen vehicle before the job was done.

"Shifty" waited impatiently on the street corner. A sense of well-being enveloped him. This was going to be easy. Nothing could go wrong.

A Holden sedan glided smoothly round the corner. Joe was driving it as if he owned it. As it slid to a halt "Shifty" climbed in beside Joe. He checked the pistol borrowed especially for the occasion. Everything was ready.

They drove past the bank and around the block. Bit of excitement down there outside the bank, people talking animatedly on the footpath. He decided to ignore them, walk straight past and into the bank. Joe found a suitable parking spot, 50 yards away.

"Shifty" pulled the stocking that he would use for a mask from his pocket and screwed it up in his hand. He sauntered past the crowd still on the footpath outside the bank. Reaching the door, he peered in. Only a few customers. He put the mask over his face and drew the pistol from his pocket. Summoning all his courage, he strode into the banking chamber, pointed his gun at the two men behind the counter, and announced, "This is a stick-up."

He could hardly have anticipated the reception he would receive. The bank men looked dazed, then, incredulous, then burst into nervous laughter.

Before "Shifty" could analyse the situation, to decide the cause of this unexpected behaviour, his attention was diverted by the sight of four burly policemen bursting through the door.

It would be impossible to imagine how foolish a man feels, a mask over his face, a gun in his hand, in the middle of a banking chamber, with four very interested policemen surrounding him. So they arrested him. The judge said this type of crime was all too prevalent and sentenced him to ten years.

See what I mean about unlucky, though. They never caught the two chaps who robbed the same bank ten minutes before "Shifty" and got away with \$10,000.

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CONCLUDING —

THE AMAZING SASSOONS

PART 3: The politician — the poet — the tycoon

● Coming into prominence in the early decades of this century was the fourth generation of Sassoons, the merchant family whose fame was founded by the Persian Jew, the patriarch David. Now politics and the arts engaged the attention of some of the talented young cousins. First for mention is Philip, heir to the baronetcy of Sir Albert and Sir Edward . . .



ETON COLLEGE enjoyed the early hints of all Philip Sassoon's future virtues and failings. Sensitive about his Jewish name and sallow skin, he was shy at first, but the school's climate was favorable to an intelligent, precocious boy who could carry off a slightly theatrical role.

Graceful and highly impressionable, he drifted easily into the company of sophisticates, but took care to stay close to athletic swells, despite a professed dislike of team sports. He preferred tennis, but sometimes, it was said, presented new cricket bats to the Captain of Games. It was not entirely self-interest. He was genuinely warm-hearted, and loved to order cakes and sausages for tea parties which the House Dame, Miss Skey, arranged in his room.

"M'dame" was a redheaded, freckled woman who helped to protect him from Eton's tapioca and chilblains. She knew how deeply he missed his mother, and was the first of a number of older women to understudy for the part. She may have suspected that his rather feverish gaiety concealed a deeper malaise than the normal school-boyish homesickness. It made her even more sympathetic, and he never forgot her kindness.

The writer-to-be Osbert Sitwell, who fagged for him, was also sensitive to Philip's complex nature. His own unhappiness at Eton was tempered by the consideration of the older boy, who might be affected but was incapable of malice or the ritual bullying expected from one's fagmaster.

Sitwell recalls him as "very grown-up for his age, at times exuberant, and at others melancholy and preoccupied, but always unlike anyone else. He was extremely considerate and kind in all his dealings, as he remained, I am thankful to say, all his life."

Both boys were abnormally shy and artistic, and they shared a fear of the herd. Osbert disliked games and choir-practice so much that he used to pray to catch cold in order to read peacefully in bed for a few days. He was grateful to Philip, who excused him from the more



menial fagging chores, and even humored such odd hobbies as collecting hundreds of pen nibs. He was always delighted when his friend came to spend part of the holidays at the Sitwell home.

Philip had a witty eye for the grotesque, and developed into a gifted mimic. He read quickly and in bursts, memorising quips which helped to make his chatter gay and amusing.

He went on to Oxford, which he was richly enjoying when he learned of his mother's illness. Only her husband and a few intimates had known that Aline Sas-

soon was enduring the slow agonies of incurable cancer. Before she died, still only in her mid-forties, she commended her children to the love and care of her dearest friends, Margot Asquith and Lady Horner.

She left £240,000 to be divided between Philip and his sister, Sybil, after a few bequests, together with her collection of jewels. The magnificent pearl necklace, her husband's wedding present, was left to Philip in the hope that he would give it to his bride when he married.

He was only 21, and not perhaps as emotionally mature as his worldly manner suggested. Sybil, although six years younger, was in some ways more poised and better able to absorb the tragedy and to

comfort their father. Philip turned for sympathy to his late mother's friends, who welcomed him to their homes and accompanied him to the theatre or on shopping excursions.

Once the months of mourning had passed, he was as amusing as ever, telling stories of his travels or acquaintances with a delightful sense of absurdity.

Friends at Oxford welcomed the elaborate dinner parties which he would personally supervise down to the last petal. He came to disdain his House's celebrated wild fowl and mulled claret and had

a seven-course banquet specially prepared by a London restaurant for a party in his rooms. It was kept hot on the train and served promptly at seven by a relay of college scouts.

This extravagant style of living did not endear him to the "hearties," one of whom drove him viciously round the quad with an Australian stockwhip, double-cracking it "within inches of Sassoon's sleek head," according to an eyewitness.

Philip's country cousins from "Weirleigh" enjoyed a less exalted, but far more serene, education. At school and later at Cambridge, Michael and Hamo showed a strong technical bent, quite untraceable to Sassoon blood.

ABOVE: "Trent Park," one of Sir Philip Sassoon's three mansions. It stood in a 1000-acre park only 12 miles from London, had a nine-hole golf course and private airfield. LEFT: Sir Philip with polo-playing friends the Prince of Wales and Winston Churchill, after a match in 1921. Churchill, a frequent guest, did several paintings of "Trent Park."

Michael put in three years' apprenticeship at the Thornycroft works, and his brother went out to The Argentine and worked with a construction firm building breakwaters and bridges.

Young Siegfried went down from Cambridge without a degree, in the noble cause of poetry. He had assembled a slender volume of poems, which he published anonymously, paying out £7 toward the printer's bill. His mother read it with pride.

Uncle Hamo Thornycroft exploded over his nephew's decision to leave Cambridge, but may have unwittingly contributed to his destiny. Siegfried went one day to the studio where the sculptor was making sketches for a statue of Tennyson. He good-humoredly invited him to try on the poet's faded cloak and an old wide-brimmed black hat, which fell over his nose. But it had been an unforgettable moment of elation.

He was twenty, content to read and daydream in his ivory tower at "Weirleigh," where he smoked a briar and composed sonnets, which he had issued in pamphlet form for private circulation. They seemed to him so banal in cold print that he threw all but four copies on the fire. These lyrical juvenilia, the product of so much anguish and exaltation, hardly reflected the tweedy extrovert who rode to hounds with his mother and carried many a match for the Blue Mantles cricket eleven.

Continued overleaf

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His cousin Victor, son of Edward Elias Sassoon, had come down from Cambridge just as Siegfried arrived for his first year. They would have had little in common except a love of horses. Victor had been expensively educated at Harrow, but was not helped by being kept on a below-average schoolboy's allowance. His father had a sound theory that too much pocket-money might draw attention to his son, but went to the other extreme.

However, Uncle David, the family's black sheep, could always be counted on for a sovereign or

two. It was something Victor would never forget. Unfortunately, this was not the best model for an impressionable boy who thought his father unsympathetic.

David Sassoon, son of Elias, had long since been written off as one of his firm's permanent debentures. The jaunty man-about-town showed no intention of marrying or reforming.

Nunkie, as he was affectionately known alike to his nephews and a succession of adopted "nieces" from the chorus, dispensed gay hospitality at hours which shocked his neighbors. He spent most mornings studying racing papers and form books until 11, when

his valet served an admirably chilled half-bottle of bubbly.

He never missed a day's racing in the Home Counties; otherwise, he would drive down to Brighton with a girl, quite unabashed by any frozen Sassoon glances on the promenade. Almost every evening, he would take a party of friends and their women to Murray's Club for supper and dancing, which often continued in his rooms until dawn.

Nunkie liked nothing better than to run up to Cambridge,

where his nephew was enjoying life. Tall and well built, Victor was a strong swimmer, played a sound game of tennis, and was useful with his fists. He loved amateur theatricals, but there was nothing of the aesthete about him. His only touch of foppishness was a monocle, which he sported now and then because his left eye was slightly weak. Besides, it suited a gently mocking manner.

He could be brusque when bored and developed a cynical style which made him amusing at

parties. He was light on his feet and almost as accomplished a ballroom dancer as Nunkie, whose success with women he envied. Worldlier and more assured than most of his friends, he was usually the ringleader in any wild undergraduate rag. One night he formed a club for bachelors and took a pledge of bachelorhood at a riotous ceremony.

"After studying my pedigree," he explained, "I am convinced that I would either produce a genius or an idiot. It's a risk I'm not prepared to take."

Few knew that he was not being wholly flippant. His first serious love affair had been with a Christian. It ended in heart-break for both because of racial opposition by their families.

AFTER Cambridge, Victor was sent to Bombay to work for a time in the firm of E. D. Sassoon, which he was destined to lead. There his Uncle Jacob, the effective head, warned to him as a young man with a good head on his shoulders, however much a playboy.

Back in England as a director of the firm, Victor continued his rake's progress of fast women and slow horses, for which Nunkie was blamed, as usual. Victor went to the same tailor for his wardrobe, which now included motor-coats for the noisy car he drove so recklessly, with a hat over one eye, when he should have been at his desk.

In top hat, morning coat, and carnation, with his monocle squeezed into a supercilious eye, and the inevitable chorus belle on his arm, he looked a typical young "masher," yet nobody took more passionate note of aerial demonstrations at Brooklands. He was a founder member of the Royal Aero Club in 1909, and went almost crazy with excitement when Bleriot first flew the Channel. It almost eclipsed the news from Bombay that his uncle had been honored with a baronetcy for his philanthropies and civic service.

Jacob Sassoon was delighted, but not for himself. He had only accepted the title because it would go by remainder to his brother, Edward, thereby making Victor his eventual heir.

King Edward died in May, 1906, and the blinds were drawn at the Arthur Sassoons', where he was mourned as a friend. He was mellow in his last years, and offered the childless aging couple an affection which sometimes surprised his entourage.

One day, while out on the Countess of Seafeld's moors, he had dozed off in the back of his brake and awoke to see his friend trudging ahead. "Come up here with me, dear Arthur," he called out anxiously. "You and I are getting on in years." Arthur was very often his host, and was spared the cruel practical jokes which Reuben Sassoon and others had endured.

In the year following the King's death, the rich young Philip Sassoon, now nominally head of his branch of the family, entered Parliament, to become the youngest Member. He had shown no eagerness to begin a career; he played polo, was enchanted by the London debut of Diaghilev's Russian Ballet, and rarely missed the opening of an art exhibition.

Now, as a Unionist MP, Philip's natural impulse to self-dramatisation had fuller scope. He culti-

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SIR PHILIP, who inherited the baronetcy — a drawing by Sargent.

vated a nonchalant style and was considered the best-dressed man in the House. The Opposition jeered at his lip and exotic mannerisms. If his hesitant maiden speech was not quite worthy of "a new Disraeli," well-wishers and sycophants responded as if he had handed down the Tablets from Sinai.

In Park Lane he and his sister entertained a procession of names as glittering as any during their mother Aline's regime. The faithful complement of Rothschilds, Balfour, Rosebery, and Sargent was expanded and enriched by a younger leavening of artists, writers, polo players, and sybarites. Before banquets were served, a dignified major-domo ritually lit the wax candles in their high chandeliers with his slender brass wand.

The room was "too big for less than a thousand diners," Max Beerbohm commented drily after his first visit. He was among those who could not resist the French cuisine.

Philip showed endless charm, but many acquaintances accused him of being affected and over-precious. Hilaire Belloc's sister, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, was one of several middle-aged matrons who defended him. When she teased him about remaining a bachelor, he had replied cheerfully, "I shall only marry when I find someone as lovely and perfect as my sister." It would become a standard evasion.

SEVERAL years passed, and World War I began. Soon, a dozen great-grandsons of the Sheik's son, David Sassoon, were in uniform.

One direct result was a truce in old rivalries. For the first time since Albert and Elias had gone their separate ways in 1867, the Sassoons gave signs of unity through the freemasonry of suffering. As the casualty lists came through, branches long separated by ancient feuds and suspicions began to exchange messages of sympathy. Between London, Paris, Bagdad, Bombay, Shanghai, and Hong Kong, a flow of letters kept everyone abreast of family tidings.

Victor was the first casualty. In peacetime he had qualified as a pilot and in 1912 flew as an observer in a two-seater monoplane competing for the £2000 Grand Prix race organised by the Aero Club de France (the plane crash-landed but scored the second best time in the first round of the race).

Then, at 33, he joined the

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newly formed Royal Naval Air Service, and in February, 1915, his plane crashed near Dover. His thigh was badly smashed, and it was thought he might never walk again.

Soon afterward, Reggie, Meyer Sassoon's son, came home wounded by a rifle bullet in the battle of Loos. Sitting in his wheelchair, Victor felt a pang of envy as Reggie's wound quickly healed.

Cursing his own cage, he could understand his cousin's exhilaration at going back to the comradeship of water-logged trenches and no-man's-land. It was still difficult to believe that this awkward-looking, myopic chap was actually a subaltern in the

Irish Guards. Everyone knew that he was so short-sighted that he had to wear glasses for hunting, yet he had passed his medical by some miracle of finesse.

Reggie was a slightly comic figure, shy, and gauche, and quite unlike his natter brother officers. He took their jokes with good humor and soon won a reputation for being incredibly fearless. He used to laugh or hum to himself when under fire, "as if it were a game," to quote a fellow Guardsman.

Victor got out of his wheelchair at last, but always limped heavily and was often in considerable pain. He limped into the Admiralty and was sent to a

desk in the Section for Experimental and Test Flying.

Since a subaltern's expectation of life in the trenches was said to be only about three weeks, the Sassoons were remarkably fortunate in suffering only one fatal casualty. Siegfried's brother, Hamo, had hurried back from The Argentine to enlist with the Royal Engineers. He was killed at Gallipoli. Siegfried found some relief from his grief by composing a commemorative poem, "To My Brother."

The verses express the nobility of martyrdom and selfless courage, without the savage protest yet to come.

While in training at Liverpool for his commission, Siegfried

wrote to a family friend, "I shall never forget the beauty of the country as I saw it from the train between London and Wrexham a week ago. It seemed nothing but golden-green powdered with gold with splashes of white hawthorn. Is it that one never appreciated these things to the full until their existence is threatened?"

He was posted to the First Battalion of the Royal Welch Fusiliers and, after the battle of Loos, found himself billeted with Robert Graves, whose war poems he liked but considered, at that time, unnecessarily raw in flavor. They became friendly.

In his early fighting days

Continued overleaf

Siegfried's men nicknamed him Mad Jack.

On the eve of the Somme offensive, he took a few grenades and made a solo attack by daylight on a German trench. The enemy fled and Siegfried then sat down and read a book of verse in their trench. He did not bother to report to his CO when he got back.

With equal coolness he brought in a badly wounded lance-corporal under intense enemy fire. It won him his Military Cross. He was always brimming with a cheerful daredevilry which gave him no time for self-questioning. The carnage only began to seem hopeless and tragic after the raids, when he was back among the corpses and the shell-shocked zombies.

Depression deepened after a bout of gastric fever. A high temperature suggested lung trouble, and he was sent home for treatment.

In England the young poet came under the influence of pacifists like Lytton Strachey and Bertrand Russell. But he was pleased to return to France. He respected Russell's readiness to go to prison for his articles, but Siegfried felt that his place was with his men.

When I'm asleep, dreaming and lulled and warm—

They come, the homeless ones, the noiseless dead.

After several weeks of inactivity in the frozen mud, his company was sent to reinforce the Cameronians, who had been driven out of some hard-won trenches on the Hindenburg Line. Siegfried's platoon went over the top, but was turned back with heavy losses by a strong machine-gun team. When his lance-corporal was shot dead by his side he threw off his tin hat and equipment, took a couple of grenades and again went out, this time with only six men.

A bullet hit him in the neck, but he was still able to crawl forward and fling his grenades. He was recommended for the DSO, but his platoon hoped for a VC. He went unrewarded, as the Highlanders were soon afterward driven out of the recaptured trench.

He was in no mood to worry about decorations as he lay in an English hospital bed. His neck wound was slight, but he also had trench fever. Worse, a black desperation had settled over him. There seemed no end to the massacre.

Verses yet unwritten were now revolving in a brain almost unhinged by indignation and his sense of impotence. Wandering along Piccadilly, he was haunted by visions of corpses. Friends became alarmed and pulled strings, hoping that he would take some snug billet at home. A new volume of poems meantime



POET Siegfried Sassoon—a drawing by Max Beerbohm.

appeared, and it shocked readers who would have preferred a more romanticised picture of the Front. Armchair warriors and jingoists were spared no more than the generals who had flung thousands of men into the Battle of Arras.

Yet the collection was snapped up in the shops and had to be reprinted several times. It was quoted, recited, and debated by many who disagreed violently with the author's views. The Minister of Munitions, Winston Churchill, soon memorised most of the poems.

The "booby-trapped idealist," as the poet ironically called himself, was racked by an almost

hopeless dilemma. While he paced the orchard at "Weirleigh," the clear sounds of gunfire from across the Channel seemed to call him back to his companions.

HE had to make his position clear. In July, 1917, he addressed "A Soldier's Declaration" to his commanding officer and sent a copy to a newspaper. "I am making this statement as an act of wilful defiance of military authority, because I believe . . . that this war, upon which I entered as a war of defence and liberation, may now become a war of aggression and conquest. I have seen and endured the sufferings of the troops, and I

can no longer be a party to prolong these sufferings for ends which I believe to be evil and unjust."

He then reported to his battalion HQ and waited for the storm to burst. His letter was published, but *nothing* happened. Driven almost out of his mind by an aching sense of futility, he flung his Military Cross ribbon into the Mersey.

Graves saw the pity and futility of it all. He guessed that his friend was now facing great personal anguish and almost certain

punishment for a brave deed which had made less impact than a single blistering sonnet. He began a campaign to "rig" a medical board for Siegfried who, they pleaded, was mentally overwrought.

As a result, he was treated as the victim of psychological shell-shock and sent to a Scottish convalescent home which he promptly renamed "Dottyville." Under the care of a distinguished neurologist, who urged him to resume his poetry as part of the

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SASSOONS

therapy, he began slowly to calm down but without changing his attitude to the war. It also helped him to meet another patient, Wilfred Owen, whom he encouraged to write poetry.

They were good for each other. Owen — destined himself to poetic fame — was lapsing into a bitter melancholia about the war ("teaching Christ to lift his cross by numbers"), but Siegfried made him sit down and write verse for the hospital magazine, to which he was also contributing.

Siegfried despised the "Scarlet Majors at the Base," and it eased a little of the poison out of his system to contrast their "puffy petulant faces" with ghosts who never left him:

*I see them in foul dug-outs,
gnawed by rats,
And in the ruined trenches, lashed
with rain,
Dreaming of things they did with
balls and bats
And mocked by hopeless longing
to regain
Bank-holidays, and picture-shows,
and spats,*

And going to the office in the train.

As soon as he felt better, Siegfried sent a copy of his poems, with his compliments, to the Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force. He was, of course, perfectly aware it would go through the hands of his cousin, Field-Marshal Haig's vigilant secretary, Sir Philip Sassoon.

Philip's advance to Haig's side had been almost as smooth as his election to Parliament. Many thought it odd at first that this taciturn and abrupt professional should appoint a rather foppish chocolate soldier as his equerry. But as the war went on, their qualities would become more and

more complementary until each was able to read the other's mind with considerable accuracy.

BOOTH shared a passion for polo. Haig had once been ADC to King Edward, and his snobbish streak made him specially affable toward those close to the throne, and he was perfectly aware of Philip's past family connections with the court.

Haig, who did not like politicians, found his secretary useful in his wrangles with the War Office and Number Ten. Philip was tactful and had an oriental gift for keeping secrets.

Siegfried Sassoon finally con-

vinced his doctor and himself that he could only recover his sanity and self-respect by going back into action. It might be futile, but would at least have more reality than his life at "Dottyville."

His war closed with an appropriate act of quixotic bravery. Within a few hours of arriving in the line near St. Vinant, he could not resist making another of his solitary forays into no-man's-land, this time to make a sketch of the enemy's dispositions. On his return he was sharply rebuked by his brigadier for going outside the wire without permission. Typically, he ignored this and risked a court-martial to go out again and fill in a small point which he had overlooked in his earlier sketch.

He had almost crawled back when a sniper's bullet hit him in the head. Only his tin hat deflected the bullet from penetrating the brain, but the wound was still bad enough to end his fighting days.

He was sent home to the luxurious comfort of the American Women's Hospital, only a few yards from Reuben Sassoon's old home. He was petted by Lady Randolph Churchill, who acted as a sort of honorary head matron. It did not stop him from writing more passionately about the war. He wept bitterly for Wilfred Owen, who had died only a few days before the Armistice when, as Siegfried wrote ironically, "everybody suddenly burst out singing."

Siegfried had ridden to war as a happy-go-lucky steeplechaser. He emerged a poet. His future seemed predictable, if less glamorous than that of his cousins, Victor and Philip, who would evidently enjoy the frivolous life of rich young men. In November, 1918, nobody could foresee that the crippled, but easygoing, Victor would raise his firm to a pinnacle of world power and influence. It seemed even more improbable that Philip would become the first Sassoon to make a mark in British politics.

This came about by transferring his allegiance from Haig to Lloyd George.

Philip had developed a sweet tooth for celebrities during his war service. It made him feel a part of history, if only in elegant parentheses. Now, in peacetime, he turned again to politics. For a year he served the Minister of Transport as his Parliamentary Private Secretary; then Prime Minister Lloyd George took him over.

Lloyd George needed the very kind of listening-post which the C-in-C. had found so indispensable behind the lines. Philip Sassoon quickly became invaluable to a chief who, moreover, hated reading papers and memoranda and was known to stuff them into any handy drawer. He came to be considered almost one of the family.

Now, in his spare time, Philip was free to lavish money and taste on his homes, the three of them. Often Lloyd George was his guest.

The Prime Minister felt uncomfortable at "Chequers," which had recently been presented to the nation. "It is full of the ghosts of dull people," he said gloomily. He loved the country and set about building a home of his own. Unfortunately, it would not be ready until the summer of 1922. "Port Lympne," Philip's home near his constituency, was most convenient for visitors from the Continent; "Trent Park" was perfectly appointed for off-duty weekends; 25 Park Lane would also be avail-

Continued overleaf

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able for the more formal dinners and receptions.

The three houses on which Philip lavished so much money and taste epitomised the varied strains in a restless personality.

Park Lane reflected the connoisseur and man of fashion. The pictures, hung to blend perfectly with the architecture and furnishings, included a Reynolds, a Velasquez, and several Gainsboroughs. An entire room was devoted to Sargent, who overflowed to the columned marble staircase with a painting of Sybil Sassoon.

The new glass-walled ballroom

was the talk of Europe. Jose-Maria Sert, the Catalan painter who decorated many of Diaghilev's ballets, had worked on it for two years. The mirrored walls recalled a vision of the lost Orient, with rajahs, mosques, pagodas, caparisoned elephants, and a jungle of parrots and monkeys.

IN this bizarre, fancy-dress world of blue and silver, Philip gave dances for as many as 400 guests, usually including the Prince of Wales and his younger brother, George. His friends could also spend a quiet evening in the charming little theatre, enjoying

film shows or recitals by artists like Chaliapin.

Philip himself preferred small stag dinners, followed by excellent brandy and a couple of rubbers of bridge. Winston Churchill always played an uninhibited game and redoubled recklessly.

If Lloyd George were present, a sing-song would usually follow, with Winston rendering old Boer War songs in his off-key bass. The Prime Minister then sang Welsh hymns or recited favorite quotations from the Bible. He would fix Philip with an evangelical eye and declaim in mock reproof, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you."

THE AMAZING

Park Lane was the more formal town home, but "Trent" satisfied Philip's need for a sophisticated weekend retreat near London, without the stuffiness of the usual country seat. He had the drainpipes gilded over because they offended his eye and once ordered a footman to haul down the national flag and find "something less garish," as it clashed with the sunset.

The gardens and orangery were showpieces, like the lawns sloping down to a lake ornamented by rare black and white swans,

duck and coot of every species, pink flamingos and gay pelicans from distant parts of the world. Followed by a retinue of gardeners, Philip would proceed each morning and evening to feed his two king penguins.

His guests bathed in a heated blue swimming-pool, heavy with the scent from surrounding shrubs and flowerbeds. Resident professionals, caddies, and ball-boys attended seven days a week, from breakfast onwards, for any guests who felt like tennis or a round on the private nine-hole course. Philip played golf at high speed, sometimes whipping through 18 holes in 90 minutes, and always attended by two caddies. One of them did nothing but mark his drives, since he preferred to lose a hole rather than spend time searching for his ball.

Inside the house, the guests enjoyed an Arabian Nights service. The flowers were dyed to match the curtains in every room. Orchids were sent up for the ladies before dinner, while the male guests always found a clove carnation and a beaker of cocktails waiting on their dressing-tables.

Philip was perhaps happiest of all at "Port Lympe," which he began rebuilding soon after the war. The white marble terraces and loggia were Italianate in style. The patio with its marble columns was roofless, which suited his passion for eating out-of-doors in the hot sun, a habit that could be a trial to lighter-skinned visitors. Not that he was inconsiderate. He had first built a broad flight of 100 marble steps leading to the house from one of the terraces, but decided that they were perhaps too dangerous for the elderly. They were demolished and replaced by a less steep stairway of 130 steps.

The house had over 100 rooms and slept 40 guests with comfort. Fourteen gardeners and odd-job men tended the lawns and clipped the endless hedges. One of the drives ran a full half-mile under the cliff.

Sister Sybil, now married, was at Philip's side for the most dazzling hour in his political career, when the Allied Governments used "Port Lympe" for a full-scale war reparations conference.

Philip became Under-Secretary for Air, and flew his own plane. Acquaintances sniggered about his effeminacy and joked that his baroque was worse than his bite, but they did less than justice to the way he tackled his job.

He was happier, however, playing host to celebrities, and even his intimates could not resist teasing him about his lion-hunting. One Easter he received a telegram from a woman who said, "Christ is risen. Why not ask him to lunch?"

WHILE Philip was becoming the best-known member of the firm of David Sassoon and Sons, his crippled cousin, Victor, was taking command of the firm of E. D. Sassoon, with his headquarters in Bombay and then Shanghai. He would soon be called the J. P. Morgan of the Orient.

Sir Edward's death in 1924 left Victor and his Aunt Mozelle the main beneficiaries of business assets then valued at £15,000,000, and he inherited the baronetcy. He proved a bold and efficient mill owner, merchant, and investor.

Sir Victor, as a Jew, fully accepted his communal responsi-

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SASSOONS

bilities in India and China, although he had long since limited his synagogue attendance to the most sacred holy days. He maintained all his family's schools, hospitals, and other endowments, but his cynicism did not always please the faithful. Some failed to appreciate his joke that "there is only one race greater than the Jews, and that's the Derby."

He always had a passion for the turf, and now, fired with an ambition to breed his own Derby winners, he was pouring vast amounts into bloodstock.

Victor could only walk with two sticks and passed scarcely a day without spells of searing pain from his right hip. His father, Elias, had suffered a series of strokes which left him helpless and prematurely senile, and this made Victor terrified at the prospect of himself becoming what he called "a cabbage." He vowed never to take to a wheelchair.

Dancing and riding had to be put aside, but there was no bar to philandering. He became sexually voracious, partly no doubt to compensate for his disability. Philip did not apparently like women except as decorations, whereas his cousin remained a bachelor because, as he used to joke, he liked them too much.

He was still handsome at forty, and debonair enough to enjoy many love affairs, as well as the favors of a succession of mistresses who found him generous and meticulously tactful in his dealings. His *menages* were always discreet and never attracted the scandal which pursued Nunkie.

In England the General Strike of 1926 was plunging cousin Siegfried Sassoon into his worst fit of despair since the war. He had not lost his deep humanity and sympathy for the underdog, and in one of his poems poured scorn on the sybarites who indulged themselves while miners went hungry.

Siegfried's own needs were small. He had his gramophone and the baby grand on which he played Chopin long after midnight. He enjoyed his pipe and a glass of wine with fellow-writers, and he liked to go to a cricket match where there was promise of good play.

When Rachel Beer died in 1927, leaving £318,000, Siegfried's legacy of £30,000 enabled him to settle in a rambling house

with a park backing on to the Wiltshire Downs. Among his books and manuscripts, with a glowing oil painting of Aunt Rachel over the fireplace, he lived very quietly and saw few people. He continued to write ironic verse, but was being urged by friends to attempt a more substantial poem incorporating his youthful experiences of country life.

It would prove an exhilarating challenge for a reserved man who had never outgrown his roots. After the harshness and feverish

uncertainty of post-war England, this nostalgic retrospect of his old life in the shires took on an idyllic and comforting aspect. His vignettes of half-remembered days began to take shape, not however as verse, but in crisper prose.

"Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" appeared anonymously in October, 1928, and delighted the public with its sensitive charm and wit. It won the Hawthornden Prize for the author, who could not, however, face the ceremony. Two years later he published a sequel. The whimsical cricketer and steeplechaser was now in the trenches, recalling his experiences of the Somme and Arras with an understatement and integrity that have stamped "Memoirs of an

Infantry Officer" as a modern classic. It brought him a far wider and more appreciative public than his poetry.

Before embarking on the final stage of his trilogy, "Sherston's Progress," he began writing poems in which he prophesied the coming of a more devastating war than the last. As he sat at his desk he could hear the drone of engines above Stonehenge. His verses were published under the title "The Road to Ruin."

SIEGFRIED married in 1933. Only a few relatives and intimate friends were present, among them T. E. Lawrence (of Arabia). Philip sent a charming

letter of congratulation and Siegfried thanked him with a picture postcard on which he wrote, "There'll always be a plate of porridge for you at my fireside."

But Philip, a diner-in by preference, had little time for excursions into remote Wiltshire. If his ministerial duties grew more trying, his stock with the royal family had never stood higher.

He was always available. He took the Duchess of York's young brother back to Eton after the holidays and lent "Trent Park" to the Duke and Duchess of Kent for the second part of their honeymoon. Soon afterward, he called

Continued overleaf



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SIR VICTOR and his wife, who was his nurse for seven years before they were married in 1959.

The Houses of Parliament were being sandbagged and people seemed more interested in the safety of air-raid shelters than in their artistic appearance.

In April, 1939, he had a severe attack of influenza. Although barely recovered, he spent the whole of the 21st at Windsor Castle, as he was anxious to see the King and Queen before they left for their tour of Canada and the United States.

A STREPTOCOCCAL infection spread to a lung, and Philip Sassoon died peacefully in Park Lane on June 3. He was only 50, but his death spared him the ugliness and horror of a war in which he could only have played an unhappy spectator. Lord Boothby has rightly observed that "he was the end, not only of a line but an era. His death, like everything else about him, was well timed."

No memorial service was held, by his own request. His ashes were scattered from the air over "Trent Park," while fighter aircraft dipped in final salute.

He left an estate valued at £1,980,892, on which duty of close on £800,000 was paid. Various handsome bequests were made to hospitals, and more than a hundred servants received a year's salary. Philip did not forget little Miss Skey, who had mothered him so long ago at Eton. She inherited an annuity of £100 and remembered his charm and kindness to her over the years.

"I always knew he would do well in the world," she declared with pride.

During World War II and the aftermath, Sir Victor Sassoon salvaged what he could of his firm's Chinese interests from the Japanese and then the Communists, and invested elsewhere. Despite heavy losses, he managed to preserve the family fortune. After the war he turned again to racing and built up studs in England and Ireland. His headquarters now were in the Bahamas.

He was now using a wheelchair, the result of slipping a disc. At the age of 70, he saw himself condemned to a life of semi-invalidism.

He appealed for help to a vivacious American nurse who had been with him constantly

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THE AMAZING SASSOONS

at Fort Belvedere with some prize delphiniums from "Trent Park" and delighted Mrs. Simpson with the gift of a dachshund puppy.

On this occasion, the boot of his Rolls-Royce was so crammed with packages that the Prince of Wales raised a questioning eyebrow. Philip explained. "Sir, as I was going to be in the neighborhood, anyway, I thought it would be just as easy to include a few presents for the King and Queen at Windsor Castle, and for your brother at Royal Lodge."

The Prince watched the car receding and murmured to Mrs. Simpson, "Philip certainly isn't

missing any tricks this morning. He's just about filled a royal flush."

This was not one of Philip's happiest days. Instead of being content to deliver the delphiniums, he had also brought along his gardener to plant them. The Prince thought he should have been consulted and rather testily had them uprooted and replanted, only a yard or so away. "As a matter of fact," he confided to Mrs. Simpson, "he picked out the best place, but I couldn't resist

being a little difficult, all the same."

Snubs of this kind were rare, and Philip showed himself a loyal and helpful friend when the Wallis Simpson affair became delicate.

The 1930s wore on and world peace hopes faded. The Sassoon cousins reacted quite differently.

Sir Victor was fighting tenaciously to defend his interests in Shanghai against attacks by the Japanese. The birth of a son gave Siegfried delight, but it also made

him agonise over the world's imminent catastrophe. Flora's son, David, was another gentle soul who came near to despair. He prayed ceaselessly for peace and spent much time and money helping refugees from Germany.

Philip remained a slightly wistful anachronism to the end, yet he, too, must have had private misgivings. He was now Commissioner of Works, but the time had passed for worrying about whether to have mauve or white crocus beds in the public parks.

after putting him in traction in New York. Evelyn Barnes, from Texas, was 30, a petite blonde whose brisk efficiency had impressed him.

Although inclined to make too much use of the wheelchair, which he enjoyed propelling at high speed, he could often walk with one stick. "Barnsie" had some difficulty in persuading him that two sticks would help to keep his leverage. It proved a success. Equally important was the companionship of a young woman who handled him with such good-humored firmness.

Miss Barnes had expected a rough passage but quickly discovered that her patient could be charming and considerate. Before long she was caught up in his enthusiasm for racing.

Sir Victor Sassoon's horses did win the Derby — they won four times in eight seasons.

The aging magnate suffered more than one heart attack, and Barnsie's prompt action saved his life; but his feeling for her went deeper than gratitude. He decided that the time had come for marriage.

"After all," he explained laughingly to a friend, "seventy-seven years of bachelordom are essential to acquire enough judgment to choose the right wife."

His two sisters were comfortably off and he had also provided for his nieces, godchildren, wards, and many refugees, Jews and Gentiles alike, who had come out of China and Germany and needed funds to make a fresh start in the United States or Latin America.

He wanted Barnsie to inherit his name and wealth, assured that she would continue the many philanthropies with which she was now almost as familiar as himself. Above all, he had no doubt that she would keep his racing colors flying.

They married on the first of April, 1959. Victor explained that he had chosen the date because it was easy to remember and also happened to be the anniversary of the founding of the Royal Air Force.

Sir Victor was hoping to win the English Derby a fifth time (and so equal the Aga Khan's record), when he had his final heart attack, in August, 1961. He would not permit any tearful deathbed scene. He was a brave man, and always practical. When the time came for another injection he looked up with a faint smile and murmured, "I'm not going to need that one, Barnsie."

By a strange paradox, the two outstanding survivors of the Sassoon dynasty since Sir Victor's death have been a rabbi and a Roman Catholic convert. Neither is remotely identifiable with a tradition of vast merchant-tile power, even less of social grandeur. These great-grandsons of David Sassoon, both men of commanding height and with the aquiline features and deep-set eyes of their ancestor, lead very different lives, yet with points of contact in mind and spirit which recall the patriarch.

Solomon Sassoon, Flora's grandson, has settled in Letchworth, Hertfordshire. He became a rabbi and teacher of Hebrew at the age of 20.

Like his father, David, he is dedicated. He is also a distinguished scholar who has edited and published many learned works on the Scriptures. After India became independent, he made

THE AMAZING SASSOONS

himself responsible for the welfare of several hundred Jews who came over to England from Bombay and Calcutta. He is president of the largest Sephardic seminary in the world, now in Israel.

He maintains a strictly orthodox Jewish household, where, as in the days of David Sassoon, visitors are welcomed from far-off communities. The library of rare Hebrew and Samaritan manuscripts attracts scholars who also show much interest in the

Holy Ark, the Scrolls, and other relics which Reuben collected, unaware that they would provide a more lasting memorial than his friendship with King Edward VII.

The other surviving branch shows an equally emphatic leaning toward the Thornycrofts. One of Michael's boys, Hamo, has made a brilliant reputation as an archaeologist in Tanzania. Siegfried's son, George, now works in Cambridge as a research engineer and specialises in electronics.

During Siegfried's last years, the poet, still lean and athletic-looking, usually wore a faded college blazer and silk muffler over undergraduate grey flannels or patched riding breeches. Until a short time before his death at 80, in September, 1967, he still played cricket occasionally for the Downside Ravens, and was not easy to dislodge except by bumpers.

In his library one felt completely remote from the opium clippers nosing into Shanghai or

the pulsating cotton mills that enriched the Sassoons of Bombay. But the eye was soon caught by the vivid painting of Rachel Beer over the great fireplace, and Siegfried spoke of her with affection.

During my last visit he shot abruptly from the room to return with some carefully preserved photographs of his great-grandfather, David Sassoon. "He was really the one that counted," he said thoughtfully.

• Condensed from "The Sassoons," by Stanley Jackson, published by William Heinemann Ltd., London. World copyright Stanley Jackson 1968.



"Life can be so simple."



"Beaut! No bones either."



"Nice and crunchy all round."



"Bet I could eat hundreds!"



Mmmmmmmmmmm



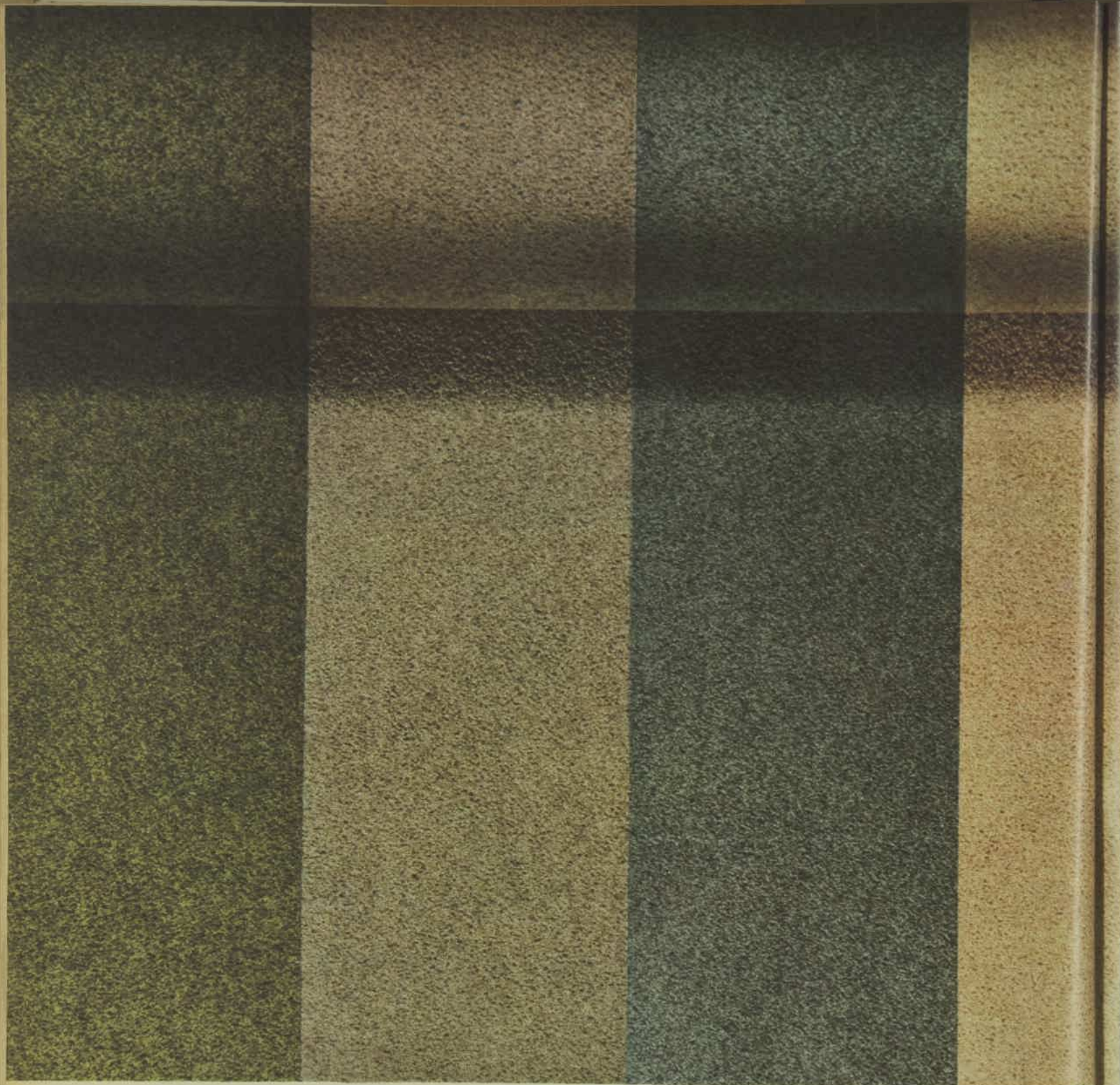
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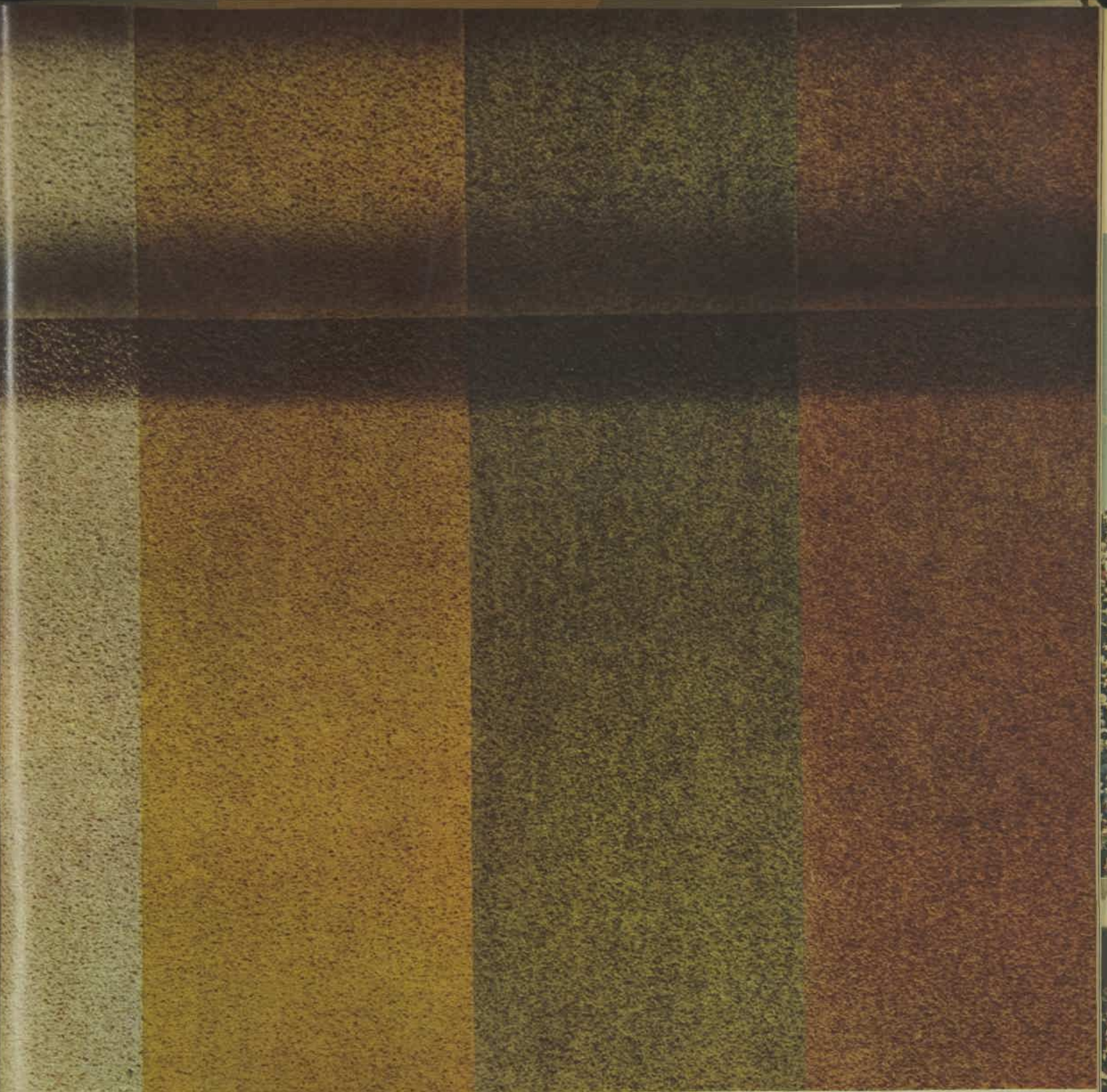
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BRIGHT COLORS REPLACE BROWN VARNISH

HOUSE of the WEEK

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Douglass moved into their Double Bay, Sydney, home in July last year, a lot of imagination was required to visualise it as anything other than a huge dark brown pile of rooms. Heavy brown varnish covered all the walls, floors, and the staircase, giving the large rooms a sombre and gloomy appearance.

Today, the house, built in the 1920s, is a place of gaily painted rooms and colorful furnishings, light and airy.

Color schemes and renovations were worked out by Mr. and Mrs. Douglass and carried out by local workmen, Mrs. Douglass supervising. Walls were knocked out. Square yard after square yard of brown varnish was stripped and replaced with bright paint. Glass panels in the front door were replaced with wooden panels. And delicate black wrought-iron gates were installed at the front of the house.

An old pantry by the kitchen had

a wall removed to make it larger and sheets of glass and an outside door added to make a small sunroom. In the kitchen Mrs. Douglass' love of color is evident in a large poppy-patterned blind.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Douglass are keen art collectors and have an interesting collection of paintings by Australian artists and lithographs by famous European artists.

One painting Mrs. Douglass has is of more interest than monetary value. Painted by Noel Coward, it was purchased at a charity auction of works by celebrities.

Another renovation was to alter the bar that opens off one end of the sitting-room. Originally it had a let-down front similar to those on ships. This was removed and white louvred doors added so when closed they give the room an unbroken end wall.

Upstairs renovations are unfinished, but the front balcony has been closed in to make a sunny play-room for the children.

Story:
LORRAINE SMITH

Pictures:
KEITH BARLOW



Exterior of Mr. and Mrs. Douglass' home from the front gate. Mrs. Douglass plans to paint the shutters the same color as the entrance - hall ceiling.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1968



Reflections in a mirror. The large gilt-framed mirror on the dining-room wall reflects the colorful walls and furnishings.

Paint for the dining-room walls was specially mixed to match the emerald-green in the two brightly colored Casa Pupo rugs on the floor.



Garden at the side of the house is a cool place in summer evenings. A profusion of luxuriant greenery and flowers, it has been landscaped to show to best advantage the extremely steep gradient of the land.



A Sali Herman painting hangs on wall above the sitting-room fireplace. Pottery bull on the mantelpiece comes from Mexico. Seeing the light and bright room today it is hard to imagine it was once all painted dark brown.

Entrance hall looking into the sitting-room. Color of ceiling is picked up by the multi-colored blinds. Door under staircase leads to a cloakroom. Dining-room is off other end of hall. Originally the walls were varnished.





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BLUE IN A GARDEN

can be very spectacular, suggesting distant hills or a rich, tropical sea and sky

By ALLAN SEALE

Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG



• Chinese balloon flower grown by Mr. G. W. O. Bird, of North Narrabeen, N.S.W.

IF you do decide to plant one part of the garden in tones of blue, emphasise the depth of the color by adding splashes of white or cream, such as white drifts of alyssum running between the blue groups.

Back the blue garden with predominantly blue flowering shrubs, then taper down with clumps of annuals and perennials. Preferably, alternate the perennials a bit so the garden still looks well furnished when the annuals die.

Choose from the following lists. Perennials and annuals are grouped separately.

Perennials

AJUGA. Carpet of bronze foliage; 6in. spikes of rich blue, spring.

AGAPANTHUS. Blue agapanthus flower early summer to midsummer. Roots are greedy, so better among shrubs or strong perennials than annuals.

AGATHEA. See Felecia.

ASTER. perennials. Flowers late summer; spirelike stems clustered with small daisies—Blue Gown, Blue Jacket, Gay-border Blue, The Archbishop among best blues to 3 or 4ft.; pale blue Tom Tit and lilac Nancy to only 6 to 8in.

BRUNFELSIA. Background shrub, 4 to 6ft.; spring flowers 2in. across change from pale lilac to violet-blue.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 304

CAMPANULA. Taller *C. persicifolia* has 3ft. spikes, graceful bell flowers. Dwarf types, best in partly shaded positions, include *C. poscharskyana* varieties.

CARYOPTERIS. blue spiraea. Semi-background shrub, to 4ft.; fluffy bright blue flowers, summer/autumn.

CEANOTHUS. Evergreen background shrub, to 6ft.; numerous small heads of blue flower, spring.

CERATOSTIGMA. Dwarf, deciduous, rounded shrub, 2-3ft. Masses small, deep blue flowers, summer.

FELECIA *augustifolia*. Small-foliaged, splayed shrub suitable for spillover; mass small lavender-blue daisies, spring. Cut back after flowering.

F. amelloides (also *Agatheia coelestis*). Rounded shrub, to 18in.; small, bright blue, yellow-centred daisies, most of year.

GERANIUM *incanum*. Spreading mound of dense, fernlike foliage, lin., saucer-shaped lilac flowers, spring/summer. Good spillover plant.

HARDENBERGIA. Showy native twining plant for stumps or fences; sprays of tiny, violet-blue flowers, early spring.

HELIOTROPE. Spreading shrub to 3ft.; heads deep heliotrope-blue, fragrant bloom, mostly summer.

H. aureum grows 1 to 2ft., with yellow-green foliage, lilac-blue flowers.

IRIS. The flag types are most attractive in growth for the blue garden. Spikes of handsomely hooded flowers, in spring.

KLEINEA *repens*, and *K. ficoides*. Hardy succulents; waxy, cylindrical, blue-green foliage, effective in clumps toward foreground, especially in dry, sunny positions. *K. ficoides* is the taller; to 18in.

LAVENDER (*lavandula*) *dentata* or French lavender. Rounded, soft, greyish shrub, to 3ft.; spikes of lavender, most of year. *L. spica*, English lavender, makes low clump, spikes bluish flowers, spring.

LESCHENAUTIA *biloba* or mirror of heaven. Beautiful Australian native, often short-lived, but probably richest of all blue flowers. Small, fine-foliaged, spring-flowering bush, prefers well-drained, light loam.

LITHOSPERMUM. Carpeting or semi-trailing; small, intense blue flowers. Best for wall or rockery.

NEPETA, cat mint. Small, bushy plant; crinkled, greyish foliage, dainty spikes, violet-blue flowers, spring.

NIEREMBERGIA *hippomanica*, blue

cup flower. Nine-inch, fine-foliaged, compact plants robed with purplish, cup-shaped flowers, summer.

PLUMBAGO *capensis*. Usually a 6ft. hedge, but if cut to ground level in early spring, and tip-pruned, makes beautiful 3ft. dome of pale blue flower.

POLYANTHUS. Several rich and pale blue shades available. Outstanding in late winter/spring for semi-shaded spots.

PHLOX, alpine. *P. subulata*. G. F. Wilson is soft mauve-blue.

PLATYCODON, Chinese balloon flower. Herbaceous perennial; buds opening to violet-blue cups, summer. To about 2ft.

SALVIA *farinacea*, perennial blue salvia. Quickly forms 4ft. clump soft blue spikes, summer/autumn. Or sow in spring, treat as annual.

STOKESIA, Stokes aster. Lavender, asterlike blooms, 4-5in. across. Long flowering season; about 2ft.

TWEEDIA. Small, sparse shrub, to 2ft.; clear, forget-me-not-blue flowers, summer. Needs frequent pruning after flowering.



• Blue salvia at Yates Trial Ground, Castle Hill, N.S.W. The petunias in the foreground are variety Confetti.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 305

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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VEAL....

Recipes from our

Leila Howard Test Kitchen

...cooks quickly to delicious tenderness, combines well with many flavors and a variety of seasonings

VEAL is a boon to the busy housewife or the businesswoman who has to prepare meals in a hurry. It takes only a short time to cook on top of the stove; and, for parties, dishes like the Veal Marengo on this page and the Veal and Mushroom Ragout overleaf can be prepared well beforehand.

Veal is versatile, and to its rather bland flavor can be added many types of flavorings and seasonings, so it can be made into a wide variety of different savory dishes.

VEAL WITH ROQUEFORT

1½ lb. veal steaks (cut thin as for schnitzel)	1 egg
4oz. butter	soft breadcrumbs
2oz. roquefort (or other blue cheese)	4 tablespoons oil
seasoned flour	lemon wedges
	salt, pepper

Pound veal, if necessary, until very thin. Cream together butter and blue cheese in warmed basin. Spread some of this mixture on one side of each steak; dip steaks in seasoned flour, then beaten egg; press on breadcrumbs. Refrigerate 1 hour. Heat oil in large frying pan, cook steaks until well browned and cooked through. Serve seasoned with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley, garnish with lemon wedges.

Serves 4 to 6.

SALTIMBOCCA, ROMAN STYLE

6 veal steaks (cut very thin)	6 thin slices ham
12 leaves fresh sage (or 1½ teaspoons dried sage)	2oz. butter
	salt, pepper

Pound steaks until thin, if necessary. Trim ham to size of steaks. Place a slice of ham on each steak, top each with 2 sage leaves or sprinkling of dried sage. Fold in half, secure with small wooden stick. Melt the butter in large frying pan and quickly fry the meat on both sides until cooked through. Season with salt and pepper.

Serves 3.

VEAL A LA CREME FLAMBE

1½ lb. veal steaks (cut very thin as for schnitzel)	1½oz. butter or substitute
salt, pepper	½ lb. mushrooms
1 tablespoon lemon juice	3 tablespoons brandy
	4 tablespoons cream

Pound steaks, if necessary, until very thin. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with a little lemon juice. Melt 1oz. butter in large frying pan, saute steaks until golden; remove from pan. Warm 2 tablespoons of the brandy, flame it, add to pan. When flames have died down, pour in cream and remaining lemon juice. Stir well to take up any residue from pan. Add veal, reheat. In separate pan melt remaining butter, saute sliced mushrooms until tender; add 1 tablespoon flaming brandy. Serve with the veal.

Serves 4 to 6.



VEAL MARENGO, richly flavored with tomato, wine, and garlic, has mushrooms and 12 small onions added.

VEAL MARENGO

2½ lb. veal steak	1 pint chicken stock
1oz. butter	1 tablespoon tomato paste
1 tablespoon oil	2 medium tomatoes
½ cup seasoned flour	12 small onions
1 clove garlic	½ lb. button mushrooms
½ pint white wine	chopped parsley

Cut steak into serving-size pieces, toss in seasoned flour. Heat butter and oil in large frying pan, fry meat until golden; remove, place in casserole. Fry crushed garlic a few minutes, add remaining flour; cook, stirring occasionally, until lightly browned. Gradually add wine and chicken stock, bring to boil, stirring; add tomato paste. Simmer gently until reduced by half. Pour over meat, cover, bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

Meanwhile, parboil onions 5 minutes; wash mushrooms; remove skin from tomatoes and chop coarsely. When meat is tender, add onions, mushrooms, and tomatoes; cook further 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with chopped parsley.

Serves 6.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

WIENER SCHNITZEL

1½ lb. veal steak	2oz. melted butter
lemon juice	1 tablespoon oil
seasoned flour	slices hard-boiled egg
1 egg	rolled anchovy fillets
fine dry breadcrumbs	lemon wedges

To prepare schnitzels: trim veal steaks, then place between several thicknesses of greaseproof paper; pound with mallet or flat blade of heavy knife. Continue pounding until schnitzels are about ¼ in. thick. (The butcher may do this for you.) This breaks down the fibres of the meat, making it very tender.

Place schnitzels on flat dish, squeeze over a little lemon juice; let stand about 1 hour, turning frequently. The schnitzels are now ready for cooking, as follows:

Toss schnitzels in seasoned flour, shake off excess, and dip in beaten egg. Roll in crumbs, press on firmly; refrigerate 1 hour. Heat butter and oil in frying pan, cook steaks until golden on each side. Drain, arrange on serving dish. Top each with slice of hard-boiled egg and rolled anchovy fillet. Serve with lemon wedges.

Serves 4 to 6.

Continued overleaf

VEAL . . . continued from previous page

VEAL CORDON BLEU

6 veal steaks (cut thin as for schnitzel)
6 thin slices ham
6 thin slices gruyere cheese
seasoned flour
1 egg
fine dry breadcrumbs
2oz. butter
2 tablespoons oil

Pound steaks, if necessary, until very thin. Top each steak with slice of ham and slice of gruyere cheese. Fold steak in half, secure with small wooden stick. Dip in

seasoned flour and beaten egg, then press on fine dry breadcrumbs. Refrigerate 1 hour. Heat butter and oil in large frying-pan. Cook steaks, turning occasionally, until cooked through. Drain well, remove small wooden sticks, serve at once.

Serves 3.

VEAL AND MUSHROOM RAGOUT

1½lb. veal steak
2 onions
2oz. butter

1 large can cream of mushroom or cream of tomato soup
2 cups chicken stock
1 tablespoon paprika
2 green peppers
4oz. small mushrooms
salt, pepper

Cut veal into lin. cubes. Melt butter in frying pan, saute sliced onions and veal until onions are transparent. Combine soup, stock, and paprika; stir into veal, season to taste; cover, simmer gently approximately 1 hour or until veal is tender. Add sliced peppers

and whole small mushrooms, cook gently until mushrooms are tender.

Serves 4.

For an economical dish, stewing veal can be substituted for the veal steak.

VEAL PAPRIKA

3lb. lean veal
¼ cup oil
3 tablespoons paprika
1 tablespoon tomato paste
2 chopped onions

¾ cup red wine
¼ cup stock
½ pint sour cream
salt, pepper

Cut veal into lin. cubes. Heat oil in heavy saucepan, add paprika and tomato paste; cook, stirring, 1 minute. Add the veal, cook until the meat is lightly brown and well coated with paprika mixture. Add the chopped onions, cook a few minutes longer. Pour in the wine and stock; cover and simmer, stirring occasionally, approximately 1 hour or until veal is tender. Season to taste; stir in sour cream, reheat, but do not boil. Serves 6.

VEAL PARMESAN

1½lb. veal steaks (cut thin as for schnitzel)
1 cup breadcrumbs
½ cup grated parmesan cheese
seasoned flour
1 egg
2oz. butter
2 tablespoons oil

MUSHROOM SAUCE

1 tablespoon oil
1 large onion, chopped
1½ cups tomato puree
½lb. mushrooms, sliced
1-3rd cup dry sherry
salt, pepper

Mix together the breadcrumbs and parmesan cheese. Pound steaks, if necessary, until thin. Dip in seasoned flour, then beaten egg; press on crumb mixture. Refrigerate 1 hour. Heat butter and oil in large frying pan, cook steaks until golden on each side and cooked through. Remove to hot serving plates. Pour Mushroom Sauce over steaks.

Serves 4.

Mushroom Sauce: Heat oil in medium saucepan, saute onion until transparent. Add mushrooms and saute until tender; add tomato puree and sherry, season with salt and pepper. Simmer, uncovered, 5 minutes or until thickened.

VEAL ITALIAN

1½lb. veal steaks (cut thin as for schnitzel)
seasoned flour
1 beaten egg
fine dry breadcrumbs
2oz. butter
2 tablespoons oil
½lb. spaghetti

SAUCE

1 tablespoon butter
1 large onion
1 clove garlic
1 medium carrot
pinch thyme
1 bayleaf
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
15oz. can whole tomatoes
1½ cups chicken stock
1 tablespoon butter, extra
2oz. mushrooms

Pound steaks, if necessary, until very thin. Dip in seasoned flour, beaten egg, press on fine crumbs. Refrigerate 1 hour.

Meanwhile, prepare sauce:

Melt butter in saucepan, add chopped onion, crushed garlic, finely chopped carrot, thyme, and bayleaf; saute until onion is transparent. Add contents of can of tomatoes, parsley, and chicken stock; simmer, uncovered, until sauce thickens nicely. Remove bayleaf, season to taste. Melt extra butter in small frying pan, saute sliced mushrooms until tender; add to sauce mixture. Boil spaghetti in large quantity of boiling salted water until tender (approximately 20 minutes).

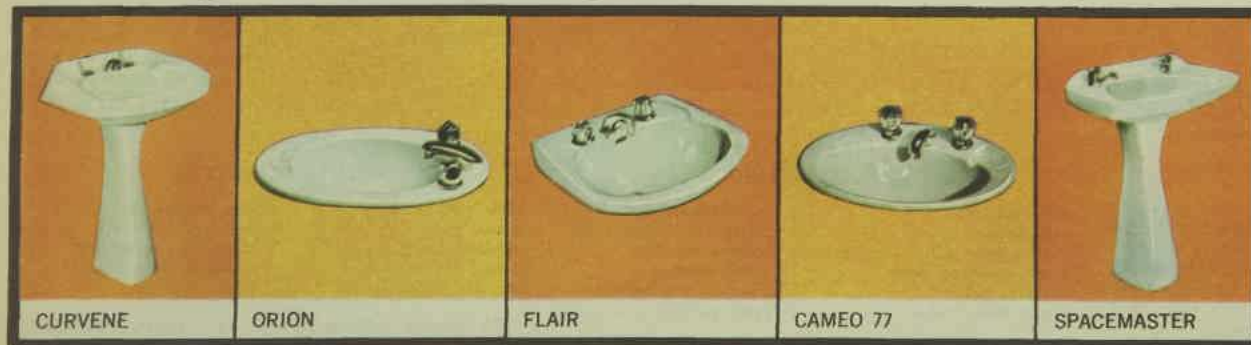
Cook steaks in pan in the butter and oil. Serve with the hot, well-drained spaghetti; spoon sauce over.

Serves 4.



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RD46

GOURMET VEAL

1½ lb. veal steaks (cut very thin as for schnitzel)
 ¼ lb. mushrooms
 6 to 8 shallots
 salt, pepper
 2oz. butter
 2 tablespoons oil
 ½ pint cream
 long-grain rice
 parsley
 cayenne pepper

Pound steaks until very thin, if necessary. Slice mushrooms, chop shallots. Heat butter and oil in large frying pan, fry steaks quickly. Remove from pan and keep warm. Add mushrooms to pan and saute until tender, add the chopped shallots, cook a few minutes. Add cream and allow to heat through (do not boil). Season to taste. Pour over the cooked veal steaks. Serve with fluffy boiled long-grain rice sprinkled with parsley and cayenne.

Serves 4.

SHREDDED VEAL AND CELERY

1½ lb. veal steaks (cut thin)
 1 dessertspoon soy sauce
 1 tablespoon dry sherry
 ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
 ½ cup chicken stock
 cornflour
 salt, pepper
 pinch bicarb. soda
 6 stalks celery
 oil for frying
 1 dessertspoon cornflour, extra
 1 tablespoon water

Cut meat into thin strips 2 in. long. In basin combine soy sauce, dry sherry, chicken stock, and monosodium glutamate; add meat, cover, stand overnight.

Next day, remove meat from marinade, drain well, reserve marinade. Add salt, pepper, and bicarbonate of soda to cornflour; toss meat in this mixture. Wash celery, cut into diagonal strips ¼ in. wide. Heat some oil in frying pan. Saute veal quickly in the hot oil, remove from pan; add celery and cook quickly. Pour off excess oil. Return meat to pan with marinade. Blend cornflour with the water, add to pan, stirring until sauce thickens.

Serves 3 to 4.

VEAL CHOPS A LA CREME

6 veal chops
 4-6oz. small mushrooms
 4oz. butter
 12 small onions
 ½ cup cream
 1 cup dry white wine
 chopped parsley
 salt, pepper

Peel the onions, keeping them whole; cook in boiling salted water 10 minutes. Heat butter in pan, add chops, and cook until golden brown on one side. Turn and cook other side. When done, remove and keep warm on serving dish.

Add the small whole mushrooms and parboiled onions to pan, season, and cook until tender and golden in color. Stir in white wine, then add cream. Cook a few minutes, stirring frequently (do not allow to boil). Taste and correct seasoning. Pour sauce over chops, sprinkle with parsley.

Serves 3.

HERBED SHOULDER OF VEAL

1 boned shoulder of veal
 salt, pepper
 1 cup chicken stock
 1oz. butter

STUFFING

3 cups fresh breadcrumbs
 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley

finely grated rind 1 lemon
 pinch salt
 pepper
 1 teaspoon mixed herbs
 1 egg
 1oz. butter
 1 small chopped onion

Fill shoulder with herbed breadcrumb stuffing; tie firmly into shape. Place in baking dish with stock, salt, pepper, and butter. Bake in moderate oven, basting frequently, allowing 30 minutes per lb.

Serves 6 to 8.

Herbed Breadcrumb Stuffing: Saute chopped onion in melted butter; mix with breadcrumbs, parsley, grated lemon rind, herbs, salt and pepper. Beat egg, add

to the mixture, and stir until it binds together.

DELICIOUS MILK-BAKED VEAL

3-4 lb. boned rolled shoulder of veal

1 pint milk
 1 cup chicken stock
 2 small chopped onions
 2 bayleaves
 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 1 teaspoon garam masala
 salt, pepper

Place veal in large basin, pour over milk; cover, refrigerate overnight. Next day, drain, reserving half the milk. Put veal into small baking dish with reserved milk, chicken stock, onions, bayleaves,

cinnamon, garam masala, salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven, basting frequently, until tender, approximately 2 hours. Serve hot, with gravy made from the pan drippings; or cold, with salad vegetables.

This is a delicious way to cook veal, making it beautifully tender, full of flavor.

Serves 6 to 8.

VEAL MARSALA

1½ lb. veal steak (cut very thin as for schnitzel)
 1 cup fine dry breadcrumbs
 ½ cup grated parmesan cheese
 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
 seasoned flour
 1 egg
 2oz. butter

2 tablespoons oil
 6-8 tablespoons marsala
 4 tablespoons brandy
 pinch dry oregano
 salt, pepper

Mix together the breadcrumbs, parmesan cheese, and chopped parsley. Pound steaks, if necessary, until very thin. Dip in seasoned flour and beaten egg, press on breadcrumb mixture. Refrigerate 1 hour. Heat butter and oil in large frying pan; cook steaks until golden brown and cooked through. Remove, keep warm. Remove excess oil from pan, add marsala, brandy, oregano, salt and pepper, simmer until sauce is reduced a little. Pour over veal steaks.

Serves 4.



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**Just one can of juicy pears
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What a sweet maker you turned out to be. Taking one basic recipe and making three types of parfait delights – eight serves each time!

Gala Pear Parfaits

Ingredients:

Gelatine Cream: 1 14½ oz. can undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk, 1 large can pear halves, 3 level tablespoons castor sugar, 1 level tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup halved cherries, ½ cup chopped walnuts or toasted almond slivers.

Chocolate Sauce: ¼ lb. dark cooking chocolate broken into pieces, 1 oz. shortening.

Method:

Drain pear halves well. Reserve juice. Melt chocolate in ½ cup pear juice over hot water. Stir in shortening, beat till smooth. Cool thoroughly. Soften gelatine in ¼ cup pear juice. Chill 1 cup Carnation milk till icy cold. Dilute remainder with 2/3rds cup pear juice. Add sugar and softened gelatine. Stir over gentle heat till dissolved – do not boil. Cool, but do not set. Whip Carnation milk to soft peaks, add lemon juice, whip till stiff beating in gelatine mixture. Fold in cherries and nuts.

Then:

(a) Spoon alternately with chocolate sauce into 8 tall parfait glasses. Set, decorate with sliced pear half on each, whipped cream and cherries.

(b) Stir a little yellow colouring into gelatine cream if desired. Spoon into 8 parfait glasses. Top each with chocolate sauce. Set, decorate with sliced pear half on each, whipped cream and walnuts.

(c) Omit chocolate sauce from basic recipe. Dice or slice the pears. Fold in with cherries and nuts. Stir in a little red colouring if desired. Spoon into 8 dishes. Set, decorate with extra pear halves or as desired.



**Sweet partners
Carnation Milk and canned pears.**

He was bewitched by this lovely girl who conveyed such feeling in her music and still remained so remote and impersonal



THE FOOD OF LOVE

By ROBERT TIBBER

I HAVE always loved Alexandra. Always, that is, from the moment the lights changed to red in the Bayswater Road and I was halted, frozen-lashed in the traffic, not five yards from where she stood. She wore long black boots and earmuffs, and changed her weight from one foot to the other, peering up the road for the bus. She was far too beautiful to have to work, yet I supposed she must; why else shiver in line for the bus so early in the morning? I wondered had my motor-scooter been pumped into a sedan would I offer her a lift.

The lights turned amber, green, and the moment of speculation passed; or should have. All day it remained, although the color of her hair evaded me; all night the brief glimpse I had had of her kept me turning in my bed.

She was there next morning. It was snowing slowly and the signals were green. I tried to idle past, but a taxi honked. Not much of a ration to nourish an entire day. By the end of the week there was little more; one morning she was obscured by the bus, another her back was turned against the nasty wind that knifed over from the park. I spent Saturday and Sunday waiting for Monday.

On Monday the lights were red once

more, but a lorry driver blocked my view of her; on Wednesday, too. By 8.15 my day was finished. On Friday I did not think I could endure the weekend. My mind works slowly; a third week passed before the solution came. I would travel by bus; stand behind . . . excuse me, I'm so sorry — a smile — may I introduce myself . . .

The motor-scooter, left behind, chided silently. The Bayswater Road extended itself. My heart chirruped; not the spring.

She wasn't there. Not then. Not any day. Disappeared. Gone. I languished. Could not work. How could you lose a beautiful girl in the Bayswater Road?

I conceived a plan. An orderly plan; fruit of my orderly mind. I used my drawing-board to sketch a map embracing every street within a ten-minute walking radius of where she had stood. Must she not live somewhere within it? I combed each pavement, eliminating windows, passersby.

Within a week I found her. On the steps in Chester Street with a bag of groceries; number four. Finding was one thing, I appealed to my orderly mind; nothing. To my mother's knee . . . if you want a thing badly enough . . .

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1968

When your
doctor recommends
a soluble
pain reliever,
remember...



If you or your family prefer to take pain relievers in soluble form, new 'ASPRO' Soluble overpowers pain $2\frac{1}{4}$ times faster. Smooth to take with a pleasant neutral flavour, 'ASPRO' Soluble is years ahead in effectiveness.

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THE FOOD OF LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

Badly enough; I had lost weight, was vague, irritable. The next night I bathed, changed again, stood ten minutes limping on the step of number four, chic with window-box; rang the bell.

Footsteps. I opened my mouth and she the door—wide.

"I —"

"I'm so glad you've come. I thought no one was going to."

My luck, I thought, a party and no one has turned up. I followed her, and indeed no one was there. It did not look as if she was expecting anyone. She took my coat. I did not protest. Unmanned, I could not. Without the boots she was . . . I don't know. A scent, an essence turning

your head, ingredients unidentifiable. She said sit down. I sat. Would have stood, on my head, in the fire . . .

There was infinity in her eyes, unhappiness. "I was so afraid no one would come . . ."

I have come from the ends of the earth. The Bayswater Road. " . . . where did you see the advertisement?"

Advertisement. What was it I was to be? Butler, valet, lodger, chef? I would be all or any. Lie down at her feet if necessary, die.

There was a ring on her wedding finger; not plain. I could

not be sure. About the room no sign of a man; widowed, separated, divorced?

She sat down opposite and leaned forward.

"I did not know," she said, "which newspaper would bring the best results."

A gardener perhaps, I could manage that . . .

"So few people," she went on, "seem to care for the violin."

The violin!

If there is one sound calculated to arouse in me a combination of fury, anguish, and hysteria it is that of bow upon string.

That is not all. I am tone deaf. "One has, of course, to have the physiological qualities in addition to the talent . . ."

The chair and I became as one.

" . . . a left hand suited to the instrument, flexibility of both arms, and the ability to sol-fa with perfect precision. You have a violin?"

I was as likely to have in my possession a stuffed elephant.

I breathed a deep breath.

"No," I said. "I have no violin."

"I have one you can use until we see how you progress. The outlay"—she was looking at my shoes—"for any worthwhile instrument is quite considerable."

RIVETS



Men have done many things for love; raced time, endured, slain dragons. I wished there had been a dragon.

For Alexandra I kept the appointment for my first lesson.

She was more beautiful, a shade, perhaps, more sad. I sat as one transfixed and watched her as she laid a violin case upon the table as tenderly as if it were a newborn babe. She opened the lid, removed a swath of cloth in which it was encased, and lifted the instrument from its velvet crib with love.

"The violin," she said, "is the smallest and highest-pitched of one of the most important families of stringed musical instruments, to which it gives its name. Perhaps I go back too far?" She looked at me questioningly. "You are familiar with the rudimentary principles?"

"I know nothing. Nothing."

"It consists essentially of a resonant box of peculiar form, over which four strings of different thickness are stretched across a bridge standing on the box in such a way that the tension of the strings can be adjusted by means of revolving pegs . . ."

IT WAS not the construction of the violin she held with such obvious pleasure at which I looked.

"The excellence of an instrument, according to the best authorities, is dependent upon its varnish and the method of application. In this respect there can be no doubt that the southern climate placed the makers whose work lies in higher latitudes at a disadvantage. In a letter to Galileo in 1638 concerning a violin which he had ordered from Cremona a writer states that 'it cannot be brought to perfection without the strong heat of the sun' . . ."

. . . not violins perhaps but teachers . . .

"The violin, I must tell you, is not an easy instrument to master. The beginning is thankless."

I prayed silently for its delay. "One has to acquire precision and tone and learn the necessity of going slowly at first . . ."

I would be a very paragon of slowness.

" . . . in order eventually to acquire a sure technique. These are the parts of which the violin is composed. I do not expect you to remember them all at once."

Her perfume convinced me I should not remember even one.

"First, the violin itself. The scroll, the pegs, the nut, the neck, the strings, the fingerboard . . ."

I shut my eyes.

" . . . the button and the chinrest. Now for the bow."

The bow.

To page 86

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 23, 1968

Shepparton Preserving Company Limited

Page 85

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"The magic wand that does the trick."

I needed no magic wand. "It is nothing more than a modification of an archer's bow, having instead of a string many dozens of fine white horsehairs that are coated with resin to give their surface some friction."

The lessons took place twice a week. I would not have believed such exquisite torture existed. I, whom a thousand Menuhins could not educate in as many years to distinguish note from note, learned with pain to up-bow, down-bow, to execute the minor sixth and the augmented fourth.

OUR relationship made less progress than our lessons, which by any standards was little enough. Between the solfeggio and the manipulation of the left hand I told her about myself, my life and aspirations; she countered always with an exposition of the change on strings or the importance of the left elbow, which must, she emphasised, fall under the centre of the violin.

It became urgent to clarify what was fast becoming an intolerable situation. I was willing to woo her, win her slowly, tolerate the perfect pain of Tuesdays and Fridays, but only if she was free, ultimately, to be mine.

Each direct question, however delicately put, was met with evasion; or, infinitely worse, the sound of bow upon string.

I began to look for clues. There was never anyone in the hall or sitting-room when I called, no sign of another person in the house; no photographs, no mention of a past.

Had she a husband, perhaps, who worked late on Tuesdays and Fridays? I begged to change the nights of the lessons. She agreed. I came on Mondays; on Wednesdays, and Saturdays; once, cunningly, on Sunday. She was always alone, impersonal. Sometimes I thought the hour passed without her seeing me at all. She looked often at the ceiling, her mind seemingly on something else. The more remote she became, and as the weeks went on she did, the more distracted I.

I could not go on for very

THE FOOD OF LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

long without declaring the reason for my visits, which, had she not been so pre-occupied, she must have guessed. Listening to my own cacophony, I often wondered why she persevered with so inept a pupil.

It was almost summer, and myself at breaking point, when I discovered.

One unsuspecting Tuesday I rang the bell, which must be worn with imprints on my finger. She always opened the door immediately, but not today. When she did, I could see she had been crying. It had not made her ugly.

She wore a sleeveless dress. I followed her into the sitting-room, where she told me to sit down as I had on the first occasion. Usually I went straight to the music

given, to distinguish note from note, knew this was music.

She played for twenty minutes, although it seemed no more than five. As she played, the tears slid down her lovely face to land, slow-rolling, on the violin. If I had muscles, they did not twitch, afraid with so much sadness all around I, too, might weep.

When the music was finished she stood, quite still, as if it still continued, in the soundlessness. If, before, I had not dared to move, now I was stone. She seemed to wait for the last echoing notes to return from the corners of the room into which she had released them.

Then it was over. She put the violin, which must have been damp, away in its case, loosened the bow, packed all away, and fastened the clasp with finality. There was obviously to be no lesson.

She dried her eyes, more red than previously, and sat beside me. What would we speak of? My pitiful scrapings? The reason for her tears?

"I have not been honest with you," she said.

"Nor I with you." "It was obvious from the first that you would never master the violin. You have no ear."

"It was not proficiency on the violin I was after."

"I needed the money." I looked round the tranquil, elegant room, not having considered her desperate for funds.

"My husband was a barrister."

Was. "Barristers don't earn much when recently called, not even when they're working. It's a year since Basil worked. He's been ill. We knew there was nothing ... At first I went out to work ..."

It seemed a lifetime since the Bayswater Road.

"... then I didn't want to leave him for so long. I put the advertisement in. You were my only pupil."

"Yesterday he died. That was his favorite concerto. I've taken your money under false pretences."

FROM THE BIBLE

● Jesus said, If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed; And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

— St. John 8: 31, 32.

stand and examined with sinking heart what was to be the torment of the day.

I did as she asked, preferring to take her in my arms and soothe with my lips her reddened eyes. I waited. What was to be? She could no longer dedicate herself to so incompetent a performer? The lessons were to end?

But no; she took the violin from the table, tightened the bow, and tuned the strings, an accomplishment she had admitted I would never master. I was about to stand up to take the hated instrument from her when to my surprise she tucked it beneath her own chin. I say surprise because, although until this moment I had not realised it, I had never heard her play.

She looked at me just once, straight at me, shook the hair back from her eyes, inclined her head, then applied herself to the sounds she gradually released into the room. Even I, unable after countless lessons, diligently

Her secret was out. Mine, fortunately, she seemed not to have heard.

We live in Sussex now, in a little house from the back of which you have a clear view of the downs. In our sitting-room there are real chairs and rugs, books and busts: Bach, the master of counterpoint; Chopin, who knew the precise meaning of the piano; Beethoven, with his prodigal architectural sense; Wagner, his genius for orchestration.

They have mellowed with the years; I, too, though not my love for Alexandra.

We do not talk of music much, nor of the Bayswater Road, but sometimes Alexandra takes out her violin and plays.

She looks at me, and we do not know whether to laugh or cry.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1968

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Why Singapore?

Instant Asia Many Asian worlds blend here.

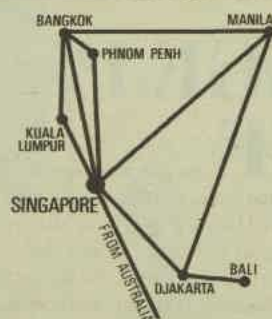
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1968 Butter-White Wings Bake-Off—

MRS. A. McQUITTY

6 Leonard Court, Burnie, Tas.

Her recipe for PEACH KUCHEN also won Section 5 — The Busy Lady.

SECTION 1 — CAKES: Mrs. W. Hoy, 51 North Rd., Oakleigh, Vic. (Hazelnut Rumcake.)

SECTION 2 — DESSERTS: Mrs. V. L. Price, 556 Waterworks Rd., Ashgrove, Qld. (Golden Crown Dessert.)

SECTION 3 — PIES AND BISCUITS: Mrs. B. J. McDonald, c/o Point Vernon P.O., Hervey Bay, Qld. (Party Patties.)

SECTION 4 — MAIN DISH: Mrs. D. Fisher, 9 May St., Inverell, N.S.W. (Kidney Savory Inverell.)

BEST JUNIOR AWARD: Miss Robyn King, The Pines, Kingsvale, N.S.W. (Stuffed Chicken Breasts with Orange Salad.)

HERE are the main prize-winning recipes.

GRAND CHAMPION

(\$4000 cash plus section prize of \$750 cash and \$300 Metters range.)

Winner: Mrs. A. McQuitty, 6 Leonard Court, Burnie, Tas.

PEACH KUCHEN

1 packet White Wings Buttercake
4oz. butter

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted shredded coconut

FILLING

26oz. can sliced peaches, drained

2 tablespoons sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon

TOPPING

1 cup sour cream

1 egg, beaten

Combine Buttercake mix and coconut in a basin. Cut in butter until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Lightly press into base and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. up sides of well-greased 13 in. by 9 in. by 2 in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven for 10 to 15 minutes.

Filling: Arrange peach slices evenly over pastry. Combine sugar and cinnamon; sprinkle evenly over peaches.

Topping: Blend sour cream and egg, pour over peaches. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes, or until cream is set.

Serves 6 to 8.
This recipe also won Section 5 of the contest.

SECTION 1

(\$750 cash and \$300 Metters range.)

Winner: Mrs. W. Hoy, 51 North Rd., Oakleigh, Vic.

HAZELNUT RUMCAKE

8oz. butter
8oz. castor sugar
4 eggs, separated
finely grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ground hazelnuts
2 tablespoons rum
2 cups White Wings self-raising flour

ICING

3oz. dark chocolate, melted
few whole hazelnuts

Cream butter and castor sugar. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating after each addition. Add lemon rind, ground hazelnuts, and rum. Fold in sifted flour. Beat egg-whites till stiff; fold into flour mixture. Pour into greased 8 in. Rum Baba tin. Bake in moderate oven approx. 1 hour.

Icing: When cake is cold, pour melted chocolate over top and allow to trickle unevenly down sides. Decorate with the whole hazelnuts.

SECTION 2

(\$750 cash and \$300 Metters range.)

Winner: Mrs. V. L. Price, 556 Waterworks Rd., Ashgrove, Qld.

GOLDEN CROWN DESSERT

15oz. can pineapple rings
15oz. can apricots

CAKE

3 large eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup White Wings plain flour

2oz. ghee or butter, melted
1 teaspoon brandy
whipped cream for piping

CHEESE FILLING

10oz. cream cheese
1 cup condensed milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange rind
1 dessertspoon brandy
1-3rd cup lemon juice

PIE JEL

1 dessertspoon gelatine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup apricot juice
1 teaspoon brandy

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Drain pineapple and apricots, reserve juice. Drain fruit on absorbent kitchen paper until quite dry.

Cake: Beat eggs and gradually add sugar, beating until pale and thick. Fold in sifted flour, then ghee or butter. Bake in greased and floured 8 in. tin in moderate oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool. Split horizontally, sprinkle top half with brandy.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1968

D CHAMPION ANNOUNCED

Cheese Filling: Beat cheese, add milk and beat until smooth. Beat in lemon and orange rind, brandy, and, lastly, lemon juice. Leave to stand for 5 minutes to thicken.

Sandwich cake with half cheese filling. Cover top and sides with rest of filling. Cut 5 pineapple rings in halves, press these, rounded sides up, round side of the cake. Put whole pineapple ring in centre of cake and a closely set ring of apricots, cut-side down, round top edge. Chill for 30 minutes. Spoon pie jel on cake between pineapple ring and apricots.

Pie Jel: Soak gelatine for 5 minutes in apricot and pineapple juice. Place in pan, stir, bring to boil. Remove from heat, add lemon juice and brandy. Stir until beginning to thicken. Carefully spoon over top of cake inside apricot circle. Chill.

Pipe whipped cream round base of cake and a rosette on top. Chill well; serve.

SECTION 3

(\$750 cash and \$300 Metters range.)

Winner: Mrs. B. J. McDonald, c/o Point Vernon P.O., Hervey Bay, Qld.

PARTY PATTIES

FILLING

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 3oz. butter | 1/2 medium onion, sliced | 1/2 medium cauliflower, cooked |
| 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped | 2 medium potatoes, cooked | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1 green chilli, finely sliced | 6 tablespoons cooked green peas | |
| 2 teaspoons turmeric | | |
| 1 cup water | | |

PASTRY

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 2 cups White Wings self-raising flour | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| | 5oz. butter |
| | 5 tablespoons milk |

Filling: Heat butter, brown onions lightly. Add garlic and chilli, brown. Reduce heat. Add turmeric, cook 1 to 2 minutes. Add water, chopped cauliflower, cubed potatoes, and salt. Bring to boil, reduce heat, and simmer gently 30 minutes. Stir in peas. Cool. Mash slightly.

Pastry: Sift flour and salt, cut in butter until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add milk gradually until ingredients adhere together. Turn on to floured board. Roll out thinly and cut into 3in. rounds. Place a dessertspoon vegetable mixture on centre of each pastry round. Wet edges of pastry with a little milk, fold over to form semi-circles and press down edges to seal with a fork. Place patties on greased slide. Bake in very hot oven for 30 minutes.

Makes 20 patties.

SECTION 4

(\$750 cash and \$300 Metters range.)

Winner: Mrs. D. Fisher, 9 May St., Inverell, N.S.W.

KIDNEY SAVORY INVERELL

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 1 ox kidney or 4 sheep kidneys | 1 teaspoon sugar |
| 1oz. butter | 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce |
| 2 bacon rashers, finely chopped | 1 teaspoon vinegar or lemon juice |
| 1 dessertspoon grated onion | 1 dessertspoon White Wings plain flour |
| 1 tomato, skinned and chopped | 1 tablespoon chopped parsley |
| cup water | 1 tablespoon tomato sauce |
| teaspoon salt | |
| teaspoon black pepper | |

Remove skin and core from kidney and chop finely. Melt butter; cook bacon and onion in pan till nicely browned. Add tomato, water, and kidney. Season with salt, pepper, and sugar. Simmer slowly for

20 minutes or till tender. Blend sauces, vinegar or lemon juice, and flour together. Stir into mixture with parsley. Stir gently till thickened.

This savory is delicious as a filling for luncheon omelets or waffles.

Serves 2.

BEST JUNIOR AWARD

(\$250 cash and \$300 Metters range.)

Winner: Miss Robyn King, The Pines, Kingsvale, N.S.W.

STUFFED CHICKEN BREASTS WITH ORANGE SALAD

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 6 large chicken breasts, boned | 1/2 pint chicken broth |
| 2 tablespoons White Wings plain flour | 1 small onion, finely chopped |
| 1 teaspoon paprika | salt and pepper |
| 1/2 teaspoon garlic salt | 1 2in. stick cinnamon |
| 2oz. butter | 1 teaspoon cornflour |
| juice 1 large orange | 6 slices orange |

STUFFING

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 3 1/2oz. seedless raisins | 1 tablespoon parsley |
| 2 tablespoons sherry | grated rind 1/2 orange |
| 1oz. butter | 4 tablespoons fine breadcrumbs |
| 1oz. cooked, finely diced ham | |

Soak raisins in sherry for 1/2 hour. Chop half raisins, add to softened butter, ham, parsley, orange rind, and breadcrumbs. Mix well. Lay chicken breasts on board, skin side down. Divide stuffing into 6 equal portions. Place a portion on centre of each chicken breast. Fold over chicken to enclose stuffing, secure with cocktail sticks. Mix flour, paprika, and garlic salt, coat each piece of chicken thoroughly. Fry chicken in hot butter, turning to brown both sides. Drain off excess butter and pour orange juice and broth over chicken. Add onion, seasoning, and cinnamon.

Cover and simmer gently till chicken is tender, about 30 to 40 minutes. Remove cinnamon, add remaining raisins, mix cornflour with little cold water, stir into sauce; simmer further 3 to 4 minutes, stirring frequently.

Remove cocktail sticks; place each chicken breast on slice of orange and pour over sauce.

ORANGE SALAD

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon seedless raisins | 1/2 cup chopped walnuts |
| 2 medium-sized oranges | 1 medium-sized lettuce |
| 1/2 medium-sized cucumber | good squeeze lemon juice |
| 4 white stalks celery | salt and pepper |

Put raisins into boiling water for 2 minutes to soften, drain well. Peel oranges, remove all white pith, cut into sections. Peel cucumber, cut into small strips. Slice celery thinly.

Place lettuce, torn into pieces, in serving bowl, add celery and half cucumber strips, toss lightly. Add raisins sprinkled with lemon juice, salt and pepper. Add orange sections, walnuts, and remaining cucumber strips. Garnish with tomato if liked.

Serves 6.

TURN TO PAGE 91
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His world was an attic room
where time ceased to matter

The Hideaway

By JACK RITCHIE

THE intravenous feeding had been completed and the nurses' aides had given him a haircut and a shave. Now he seemed to be sleeping.

I turned to Detective-Sergeant Jackson. "Who is he?"
"We don't know yet. He was in pretty bad shape when he was brought in. Kept calling for somebody named Charley."

"How long was he without food?"
"About 30 days, the doctors estimate. Evidently he finally got desperate, broke the attic window and got the attention of one of the gardeners below."

"Why didn't he just walk down?"

"His room was sealed."

"And nobody knew he was up there?"

Jackson smiled tightly. "Somebody had to. It's one of those great big houses set in about five acres of grounds. Belongs to the estate of the late Charles Cooper. The only communication from the room to the outside world was through the dumbwaiter to a locked room below. According to the servants, Charles Cooper himself was the only one who had the key."

The man on the bed stirred slightly and Jackson waited a moment before he continued. "His attic hideaway was nice and cosy. All the comforts of home. But don't get the idea he pampered himself. Far from it. He had what amounted to a miniature gym up there. Of course, there was one of those wrestlers' mats on the floor to muffle the sounds when he worked out."

"One of those health nuts, eh?" I ventured.

"Not exactly. There were lots of books around, too—mainly classics. Most of them had been handled so much they were in shreds."

"I suppose he had a hi-fi, or something like that?" I said.

"No. I guess he didn't want to make any unnecessary noise that might give him away."

The little man's breathing changed and his eyes fluttered



open. He stared at us with childlike curiosity and, when he spoke, his voice was hardly more than a whisper. "Why didn't Charley send up food and water?"

"Who is Charley?" I asked.

"My cousin, Charley Cooper."

"And who are you?"

"Henry Cooper."

I hesitated a moment and then said, "Your cousin died of a heart attack in Florida two months ago."

Henry Cooper's eyes closed again. "That explains it. Charley always left me with plenty of water and about a 30-day supply of food whenever he had to go off some place. But this time he didn't come back. Five days ago I drank the last of the water." He looked at me steadily. "It's all over, isn't it?"

"Sure," I said. "It's all over."

"And now you'll send me to jail?"

"Jail? Why jail?"

Henry Cooper sighed. "Because of the war, you know. When the draft notice came, my mother and I talked it over and we decided that I just wasn't the type who should be in the Army. And so we fixed up the attic room for me. Nobody but Mother knew I was there. Then later, when she wasn't feeling well, she had to tell cousin Charley. And when she died, cousin Charley took care of me."

Jackson frowned. "But you do know that the war is over, don't you?"

"Of course," Henry said. "Mother told me the day it ended. But I couldn't leave my room even then. I would still have been sent to prison for draft evasion."

"How long did you expect to stay in your room?" Jackson asked. "For ever?"

"Oh, no. Just until some sort of amnesty for draft evaders was declared. We knew that it would take time, but Charley was going to tell me just as soon as it happened."

Sergeant Nelson appeared in the hall outside the doorway. Jackson and I slipped out and joined him.

"What have you got?" I asked.

"Well," Nelson said, "this Charley Cooper who died in Florida owned the big house and a couple of million dollars besides. He got it all from his widowed Aunt Mildred. When she died, she left all the loot to her only son, Henry. The trouble was that Henry had disappeared three years earlier and he never did show up."

"So how did Charley get hold of the money?"

"He stepped forward as Aunt Mildred's only living relative. And to tie up any loose ends a few years later he had Henry Cooper declared legally dead."

Jackson whistled softly. "So Charley had Henry sealed up in the little room while he ran wild with the inheritance? Why didn't he just kill Henry off? Or did his conscience stop just short of murder?"

Back in Henry's room, Jackson regarded the little man more sympathetically now. "So you stayed up in the room all those years and never left? What did you do to pass the time away?"

"I read," Henry said. "And worked out. And slept a lot."

Jackson shook his head unbelievably. "If it should happen to me, I'd at least have a TV put in and keep the sound low."

I studied Henry. Yes, I thought, 30 days without food, and the dehydration can do a lot to change a man. I took out my notebook. "All right, Henry, let's get some order to this. When did you say your mother died?"

Henry thought a moment. "Three years after I went up to the room." He nodded to himself. "Yes, that's it. Three years. She died in 1921."

He turned to Jackson, his face puzzled. "What's TV?" he asked plaintively.

(Copyright)

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your breakfast
menu most
impressive'

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Milk
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Continued from page 89

1968 BAKE-OFF GRAND CHAMPION ANNOUNCED

SPECIAL MERIT AWARDS

The following entrants each win a \$50 Special Merit Award.

SECTION 1 — CAKES

Mrs. R. D. Blake, Gilmour Crescent, Somerset, Tas. (Arabian Cream Cake.)

Miss C. Crawford, 62 Lyons Rd., Holden Hill, S.A. (Spiced Honey Raisin Cake.)

Mrs. M. McCarthy, RMB 943, Tarce, N.S.W. (Marsh-mallow Cherry Cake.)

Mrs. F. Ricetti, 69a McKimmie St., Palmyra, W.A. (Apricot Brandy Cheesecake.)

Miss J. Shoolbridge, Browns Rd., Kingston, Tas. (Chocolate Gold Layer Cake.)

SECTION 2 — DESSERTS

Mrs. V. Douglas, 1 Chiplin St., New Lambton, N.S.W. (Apricot Dessert Cake.)

Mrs. K. Kircher, 402 Kothoff St., Lavington, N.S.W. (Zitronenauffauf-Lemon Souffle.)

Miss D. Manning, 73 Oxford St., Collingwood, Vic. (Marsala Cassata Delight.)

Mrs. F. Ricetti, 69a McKimmie St., Palmyra, W.A. (Pumpkin Cheesecake.)

Mrs. A. C. Wilson, P.O. Box 118, New Norfolk, Tas. (Gala Macaroon Flan.)

SECTION 3 — PIES AND BISCUITS

Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Rogers St., Goodwood, S.A. (Tuna Pie with Horseradish and Cashew Cheese Sauce.)

Mrs. D. M. Bogue, 36 Oxcliffe Rd., Doubleview, W.A. (Orange Date Cheese Squares.)

Mrs. H. Custance, 38 King Albert Rd., Trigg, W.A. (Apricot Cheese Tartlets.)

Mrs. E. Duniam, Mawbanna, North West Coast, Tas. (Fruit and Cheese Tart).

Mrs. M. Robinson, 17 Esk St., Rowes Bay, Townsville, Qld. (Cherry Slices).

SECTION 4 — MAIN DISH

Mrs. Iris Currie, Sennits Road, Monbulk, Vic. (Tournedos Australian.)

Mrs. R. I. Glaser, 81 Bruce St., Nedlands, W.A. (Pork Fillet.)

Miss Carol Mason, "Fairholm College," Toowoomba, Qld. (Beef Casserole Continental.)

Mrs. R. J. Merrick, Post Office Box 49, Broadway Valley, Qld. (Governor's Lady Devilled Crab.)

Mrs. K. Robins, Mitta Mitta, Vic. (Bacon and Sausage Plat.)

SECTION 5 — BUSY LADY

Mrs. H. Andersen, 9 Braeside Cres., Earlwood, N.S.W. (Pizza Pie.)

Mrs. Maureen France, 35 Hibiscus St., Block 35, Kingston, Qld. (Apple Cheese Ring.)

Mrs. K. Hilton, 42 Peter St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W. (Orange Marmalade Roly Poly.)

Mrs. A. L. McClare, 208 Wiumalee Drive, Glen Waverley, Vic. (Italian Scones.)

Mrs. J. McKillop, 6 Gem Road, Kenmore, Qld. (Family Open House Pie.)

BAKE-OFF PRINCESS 1968

Helen-Maria Junker
from Victoria.

HER PRIZE:

- Two weeks' holiday on Hayman Island flown there and back by Ansett-ANA.
- A wardrobe of Bradmill fashion garments.
- \$100 spending money.
- \$350 Metters range.

Runner-up in the contest, ROBYN FEATHERSTONE, from Sydney, receives a consolation prize of \$100 cash.



MRS. HELEN-MARIA JUNKER, from East Malvern, Melbourne, winner of the 1968 Bake-Off Princess contest.



'That's the sort of meal a man needs to get him started.'

EXTRA PRIZES FOR OUR READERS

- One of your favorite recipes for a holiday party dish, either sweet or savory, could win you a special gift for Christmas.

Winners of our weekly readers' recipe prizes will receive additional prizes for recipes published in our issues of December 4, 11, 18, and 25.

The first prizewinner in each of these four issues will receive, in addition to the usual \$10 prize, a copy of Robert Carrier's superb cookery book "Great Dishes of the World."

Consolation prizewinners will receive in addition to the usual \$2 prize a set of Robert Carrier cookery cards.

All recipes for holiday party dishes received from October 14 to November 11 will be eligible for these extra prizes.

Dessert pikelets are light as a feather

- The pikelets which win this week's prize of \$10 in our recipe contest are high-rising, light as a feather. It is a simple recipe, but one you'll make often — they're so delicious.

CONSOLATION prize of \$2 is awarded for a savory souffle flavored with asparagus. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce standard cup measure are used in the recipes.

DELICIOUS CREAM PIKELETS

- 1 cup self-raising flour
- 2½ teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1oz. melted butter
- ½ cup milk
- 2 tablespoons cream

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt; stir in sugar. Beat egg lightly, add milk, butter, and cream. Beat liquid into flour mixture until smooth. Heat frying pan or griddle; spoon 1 tablespoon mixture on to greased heated griddle. Cook until bubbly and browned at edges, turn and cook on other side.

Serve warm, buttered, with honey or lemon juice and sifted icing sugar. Makes 12.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. D. M. Duncan, Unit 6, 15 Ray Rd., Epping, N.S.W. 2121.

ASPARAGUS SOUFFLE

- 2oz. butter
- 2 tablespoons plain flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- pinch pepper
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 cup milk
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup mature cheese, grated
- 1 cup drained asparagus cuts
- ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar

Melt butter in heavy saucepan, add flour, salt, pepper, mustard, and nutmeg. Cook, stirring 1 minute. Add milk gradually, stirring until mixture boils and thickens, remove from heat.

Separate eggs, add egg-yolks to hot sauce one at a time; beat well with wooden spoon after each addition. Stir in cheese, allow to cool a little. Beat egg-whites with cream of tartar until stiff but not dry. Fold egg-whites very carefully into cooled sauce. Pour half the mixture into 7in. ungreased souffle dish which has had a collar of greased waxed paper or aluminium foil tied round top of dish.

Add a layer of asparagus, then remainder of souffle mixture. Bake in moderate oven approximately 40 minutes, or until golden brown and fairly firm to touch. Serve immediately.

Serves 6.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. A. J. Thompson, 427 Esplanade, Grange, S.A. 5022.

- Please address all recipes entered in our weekly recipe contest to—
The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

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It promised to be
such an exciting day
and little Billy
felt sure nothing
could spoil the fun

BILLY had a feeling as soon as he woke that the day was going to be just a little different from the usual routine Saturday. Not that you would have known it from the way it started. There was the kindling to chop, the shoes to clean, and his share of the lawn to cut, but over and above the flying chips, the smell of shoe polish, and the spinning grass there was a certain something in the air.

It followed him around all morning, and didn't crystallise into anything real until halfway through breakfast. And then Tom, spooning up the last of his cornflakes, said casually, "Maybe we'll have rabbit for tea tonight."

The feeling bubbled up and spilled over as Billy looked up with shining eyes. "Gee, Tom, can I come, too?"

His older brother hesitated. "We-ell, I dunno." He pushed his bowl away and sat there rubbing his chin. "I reckon there won't be that much room. George is coming along, an' so is Bluey Baxter."

"I could sit in the dickey," urged Billy plaintively. "Go on, Tom. Please!"

"Now then, son," his father interrupted. "Don't go making a nuisance of yourself. The boys don't want a nipper like you scaring off the bunnies."

"I won't! Cross my heart I won't, Tom! You said last week you'd take me soon, you know you did."

"Yeah, I know." Tom grinned, weakening. "Well, all right then. If it's OK with Mum you can hop in the dickey."

The eager eyes turned anxiously. "I can go, can't I, Mum?"

"Yes. If you promise me you'll keep behind the boys and not get in the way." His mother's smile was slightly forced. Maybe it was because she didn't eat rabbit.

"I promise, Mum. Gosh, I'm nine, aren't I? I know how to look after myself."

Tom went off to get his gun, and Billy sped round to his favorite haunt behind the woodshed. Wonderful day, that was what this feeling had meant. He hugged himself joyfully, danced a brief jig, and then stood very still, his arms spread wide as though to embrace all the loveliness of the bright, hot summer's day. Then the stuttering roar from the lean-to that served Tom as a garage sent him rushing eagerly back to the house.

George was propping his bicycle against the trellis, strolling over to Tom and the car, and coming fast up the road Billy could see the red-dish flame of Bluey Baxter's hair.

It was good in the dickey, like being in a private little world of your own. The wind lifted Billy's hair and flapped the loose pieces on the back of the hood, and the dust feathered away from their wheels in the golden air. It was good, all right. Billy saw the kids on their way to the pictures and lifted his hand with a lordly air. Fancy wasting your time in a stuffy theatre when you could be out in the open following a man's sport.



THE HUNTERS

By JEAN AGER

The rifles rattled on the bottom of the dickey as they swung around the corners, and he put out a hand and touched them reverently. They wouldn't let him have a go, of course, but he could watch how they did it, ready for the time when his turn would come.

They followed the road along the river and swung up the steep curve that led back off the main road. The car bumped and rattled over the ruts, and the blackberries by the side of the road were grey with dust. Billy took a long, deep breath of happiness and wriggled his bare toes inside his sandals.

The road grew narrow now, winding away through the tufty grass. Tom was slowing down, poking his head out to call back.

"Gate ahead, young 'un. Hop out an' open it."

Billy hopped. Over the side he went and swung wide open the big wooden gate, pushing the bar back into place when the car came bumping through. Scrambling back in again, he looked around him eagerly. Still the road went on, running through a patch of scrub and out again into clear country that sloped up to a long, high ridge against the sky.

Tom brought the car to a standstill, and the three in front got out. But Billy was down before them, waiting impatiently, his blue eyes shining with excitement.

The rifles were handed out in silence, and the three boys tramped away through the grass, skirting the thick patches of scrub and bearing up toward the slope. Billy followed eagerly, feeling the long grass whip around his ankles. This was it! This was a man's world and he was part of it!

Maybe they were only after rabbits today, but one day he'd go with them into the hills after bigger game, the roos and the wallabies. He felt that life had little more to offer.

He stayed with Tom when they

separated, and watched George and Bluey strike out in different directions. The air was very still. Somewhere so high in the blue that you couldn't see it, a lark was singing fit to burst. Billy thought he knew how it felt.

He was a little disappointed that Tom wasn't crouching down like the hunters in his comics. Certainly he was still enough, only his eyes moving watchfully, but Billy had thought that they would lie flat, with Tom cuddling his rifle and himself lying beside him, hardly daring to breathe. Well, maybe the rabbits weren't as shy as other game. He sat in a patch of sandy ground with his hands clasped round his knees and waited.

Suddenly, somewhere to the right, they heard a sharp crack, like a whip being flicked, and a long, low whine. Tom turned his head, glancing at Billy.

"Sounds like George got something, kid. Watch that slope over there an' see if anything moves."

Billy watched, screwing up his eyes. He looked very hard at the slope, staring at it till his eyes ached, but when the rabbit moved he didn't even see it until Tom's bullet had flung it down. Ears ringing, eyes shining, he got up and followed his brother, and as they went downhill a rifle cracked again in the distance.

Billy gave a little skip. "Gosh, I bet that's another one."

"Maybe," said Tom drily. "Sometimes you miss, you know."

Looking down at the rabbit when they reached it, Billy had a sudden curious feeling that he wished his brother had missed. "Hub," he said to himself, "old soft-heart, the hunter!" And he picked up the rabbit and swung it by the legs, just to show that he didn't care. The rabbit felt warm and limp, and his heart gave a sudden jolt inside him, but he walked on after Tom, swinging the rabbit and whistling.

To page 96



General Electric 'no-frost' 15 cu. ft. the big one you can push around



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1968

Page 95

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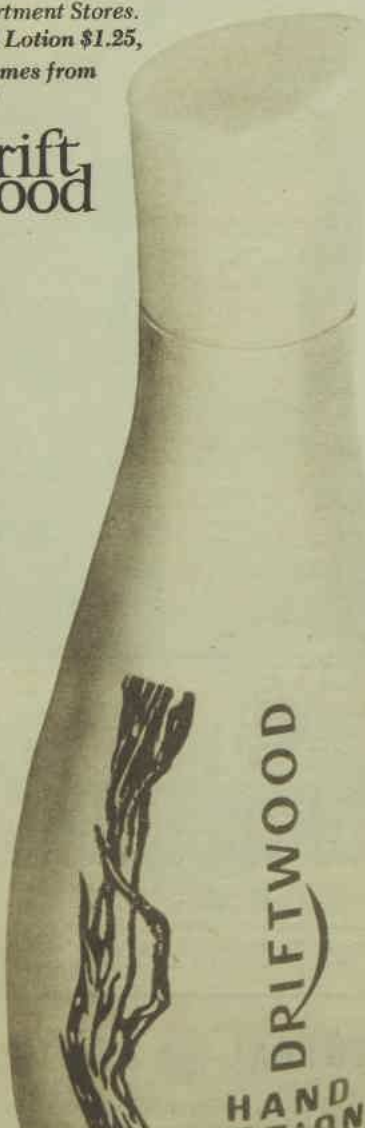
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THE HUNTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

Tom looked around. "Pat it in the bag, young 'un. An' don't make so much noise." Billy took the sugar bag from under his arm and put the rabbit in. He felt thankful when its warm fur wasn't touching his fingers, and he gathered up the neck of the bag and trailed behind his brother.

Tom shot the next rabbit just over the ridge. This time Billy saw it, sitting there for what seemed an eternity before the rifle cracked and the rabbit spun backward. He grasped the sugar bag and followed Tom less eagerly, conscious of the thistles stabbing through the cut-out sides of his sandals. If the lark was still singing, he couldn't hear it now. The sky was as bright as ever, but Billy felt a sudden chill as though the sun had set. He walked on, reluctantly, scuffing his toes in the sandy patches.

THE evening wore on. It was almost time to return to the meeting-place, when Tom shot his last rabbit. The light was beginning to fade and the sugar bag was a whole lot heavier than it had been. But the rabbit was there by a patch of scrub, and Tom's rifle swung up quickly.

"Got him! You Beaut!" He lowered the gun and grinned at Billy. "The lucky last, kid!"

Billy grinned back. He was feeling better now, he could put the rabbits in the bag almost without a quiver. But he had to be careful not to look at their eyes.

When they reached the bushes Tom stopped dead with a sudden exclamation. "Well, I'll be blowed! Got the baby, too!"

With a slow surge of horror rising inside him, Billy looked down at the grass where the rabbit lay. Close beside its body was another smaller one, a black miniature rabbit as soft as a kitten. It was also quite dead.

Tom stirred it with his foot. "It must've been lyin' near its mother, an' the bullet got 'em both." He moved away, slinging his rifle over his shoulder. "Bring 'em along, young 'un. Rusty can have the little one."

Billy dropped to his knees beside the rabbits, staring at them with tear-filled eyes. That little soft, black thing lying there dead before it had scarcely begun to live.

Well, it wasn't going to be for Rusty or any other dog. Swiftly, he scraped a hollow under the bush and laid the baby rabbit in it, covering the body with scooped-up grass and sand. Then he lifted the bigger one and put it in the bag, rubbing his eyes on the back of his hand.

The dickey was a different place going home. The wind was rather cold, and it seemed to wait through the loose flaps on the hood. They bumped through the wooden gate and down the twisting ruts of the narrow road.

The rifles lay on the bottom of the dickey with the sugar bag beside them, but on top of it were piled the spoils of George and Blucy, who hadn't taken sugar bags. Bill sat with his face averted, staring at the road, trying not to look at the furry bodies close to him.

The one on top seemed to stare at him whenever he turned his head. He could see its eyes, looking at him reproachfully, and he thought of the little black rabbit in its grave beneath the bush and was fiercely glad that he'd buried it there.

Rabbit for tea! Billy shivered at the thought. Crouching down low in the dickey, he began to pray desperately. Let the power go off, so that they couldn't be cooked. Let Uncle Dick call in with some wild ducks that he'd shot. But they wouldn't have them for tea even if he did, and if the power went off, there was still the coal range. Let—oh, let anything happen, just so that he wouldn't have to sit at the table and—

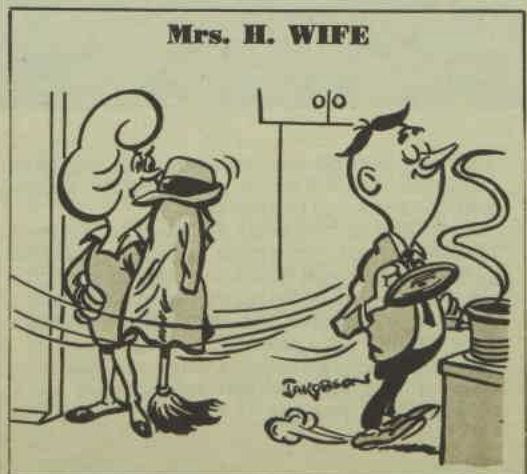
The power was on. There was no Uncle Dick, no wild ducks. The big iron pot was out, ready for the rabbits. Mum was standing at the table, patting rissoles into shape. She looked up as he entered, smiling at him.

"I'm afraid I've done too many, Billy, you'll have to help me eat them. The boys can have the rabbits."

Billy's white face quivered, the tide of relief choked him so that no words would come. He could only give Mum a strangling hug. But—but how could she have known?

His mother kissed him gently. "Long ago when I was young" she said, and her voice was very low, "I went rabbiting once with Uncle Dick."

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— "NEW AUSTRALIAN," Tully, Qld.



"Tom is frightfully jealous, I'm just warning you, aren't you, Tom? Tom! Tom!"

Banner-waver

STUDENT demonstrations are held to make the apathetic public sit up and take notice of the injustice of the world. They make the public form opinions and help them to see the problems on both sides of an issue. The people who condemn demonstrations are usually those who feel students are stirring up trouble. They would rather not face the fact that outside their small world life isn't so easy, straight-cut, and full of justice as they may wish to believe. — E. Christie, City Beach, W.A.

'Love' token

ARE hippies really so loving after all? A friend of mine recently travelled to the hippies' birthplace and mecca, San Francisco, to visit her brother. She sent an interesting report of her sojourn, which concluded with the following words: "We couldn't get into the hippie section because the hippies had a nasty habit of turning over buses to show how much they loved the people inside!" — "Ann," Lillimur, Vic.

Underrated

AT the age of 15 I have come to realise what a high standard of living means to the students of our community. It means paying adult fares to attend films, fairs, and even football matches, while pensioners, who have a regular though meagre income, are admitted for the same price as children. Although we are charged the same prices as adults, how often are we given the same benefits? If our Government expects more teenagers to further their education they could give some encouragement in the form of concession rates for students. — B. Templeton, Welshpool, W.A.

Out of tune

SOME people criticise the words of modern songs, with their references to sex and drugs, as harmful to teenagers' minds and morals. I don't think teenagers take that much notice of the words. A song becomes popular because of the tune and the beat. In my opinion most of the words are rubbish, and I wouldn't think of taking them seriously. I

For teenagers



LETTERS

sing them because a catchy tune seems to demand it, not because I feel the words contain a message that the world must hear. — "Student," Sydney.

Teen homily

IT is time something was done about the high cost of houses and land. People protest about the Vietnam War, but no one has given thought to the fact that by the time the younger generation want to marry they won't be able to afford a house to live in. Even now people are having to work for five years after marriage before they can afford a house. Australia needs more people, but how can the young populate the country if they haven't a house to keep their children in? — Glynis Lovell, Stanwell Tops, N.S.W.

Is it true?

TODAY many people pride themselves on being broadminded, free-thinking, and anti-prejudice. Yet many of us are prejudiced without really knowing it. A definition of prejudice is "a preconceived opinion on a matter." Many of us say blithely, "The Irish are like that!"—unaware of our deep prejudice. So before any of you roll out a similar quip think twice. Is it true, or are you really generalising and being prejudiced? — Michele Haniotis, Kingsford, N.S.W.

Before the house

WHY is it that, though most men are forced to retire at 65 because they are considered too "senile" to continue at their jobs, Members of Parliament, in whose hands lies the fate of our country, can continue working as long as they wish? — A. Kappler, Glenourie, S.A.

AGE-OLD

■ We were given this poem about youth in an English lesson:
"Our youth now love luxury,
They have had manners,
Contempt for authority,
Disrespect for elder people.
Children nowadays are tyrants,
They no longer rise when their elders enter the room,
They contradict their parents,
Chatter before company,
Gobble their food,
And tyrannise their teachers."
Guess who wrote this?
Socrates, in the fifth century B.C.—K. Briedis, Clayton, Vic.

Sweet summer say Dominex
Cool and smooth in pure, beautiful silk.
A blaze of white, a-swirl with black and honey brown.
A silken mover, just shaped with a soft tie lingering at the waist.
So unfussed.
So Dominex.



Softly, softly gentle silks.

dominex

Share my secret!
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PICK UP THY WIGLET, SAM

ROUND
ROBIN



Adair

For teenagers

I SEE that some young English soldiers are facing up to a romance problem in a very ingenious manner. It seems that girls in a Devonshire city refuse to go

out with young soldiers from a nearby camp because the lads have close-cropped Army haircuts. The soldiers got tired of being jeered at by the girls

(and long-haired blokes) and went to a local barber with an unusual request. Thirty of them asked the barber to supply long-haired wigs.

An officer said the wigs would not be against regulations as long as the soldiers were not in uniform.

"But," the officer added, "I cannot believe anyone would go to these lengths."

Many other spit-and-polish soldiers would find the young men's idea distasteful.

A balding soldier, strict disciplinarians would doubtless decree, should not even wear a short toupee.

Lost locks could simply be regarded as *hairs de combat*.

And vanity should never allow a soldier, whose hair is greying, to tint.

An old military expression makes this clear.

You know, the one that goes: "Old soldiers never dye, they merely fade away."

There has been, of course, at least one precedent for soldiers to wear beauty aids affected mainly by women.

Clearly, cosmetics were once used by one of England's toughest armies.

You will recall the proof of this — when Oliver Cromwell told his troops: "Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry."

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GO-MANGO



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4781.—Semi-fitted dress has yoke with wide V-neckline. Centre front inverted pleat. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 80 cents includes postage.

4693.—High fitted A-line dress with soft pleats front and back. Optional purchased belt. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36in. bust. Price 80 cents includes postage.



4820.—High-waisted A-line dress has double-breasted back interest and is softly gathered on to yoke. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 80 cents includes postage.

4102.—Semi-fitted A-line dress has elbow-length bell sleeves; long sleeves also included. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

3014.—Front-buttoned shirt shift has self-tie belt. Sizes 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43in. bust. Price 62 cents includes postage.

4826.—Slightly fitted dress has mock front closing with button trim. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 80 cents includes postage.



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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

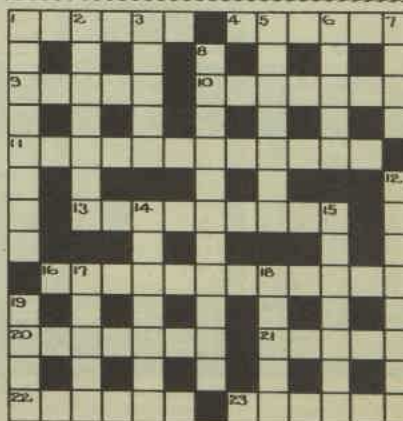
MAGNON'S space fleet has met up with the Baboo fleet. There is a great space fight. Meanwhile, Lothar has knocked out the Baboos on Earth. READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- One who imitates a company landing-stage (6).
- Sounds of grief for broken organs (6).
- Little animals have dark growths on the skin (5).
- Tatter tempo for syncopated music (7).
- Changeable is in constant change (12).
- Horrible dream about dark horse (9).
- Introduction to public now at one on (12).
- Majestic warship with fruit (7).
- A place of contest an age back (5).
- A thoroughly soaked turf lair (6).
- Ceased from action (6).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Arrives around a receptacle and joins together (8).
- A nut about 51 water-fowl (7).
- Two letters for a German city (5).
- Tag rate confused a boat-race meeting (7).
- False belief in an outsider (5).
- Killed to swing around (4).
- Coach gentle railway coal-carrier (5-6).
- A flag in a little street and a short road (8).
- Flame under empty talk for heating stove (3-4).
- Distinguished nine met in different order (7).
- Dressed with a decoration in the road (5).
- A ship's track to rouse from inaction (5).
- An Egyptian goddess is repeated (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

MANFRED MANN <i>As Is</i> Autumn Leaves Another Kind of Music 10 More	CAMELOT ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK RECORDING starring Richard Harris Vanessa Redgrave	MONK STRAIGHT, NO CHASER Between The Devil & The Deep Blue Sea Locomotive • 4 More	FRANK SINATRA DON'T FREE THE WORLD WE KNEW (Over & Over) THIS TOWN 7 More	VERDI LA TRAVIATA sung in Italian RENATA SCOTTO GIANNI RAIMONDI & Others	THE ELECTRIC PRUNES UNDERGROUND The Great Banana Hoax Big City • 9 More	DOCTOR ZHIVAGO Original Soundtrack Album starring Julie Christie Omar Sharif	TODAY'S THEMES FOR YOUNG LOVERS <i>PERCY FAITH</i> Release Me Windy 9 More	SOMEWHERE THERE'S A SOMEONE Dean Martin I Can't Help It • 11 More
1080 — Trouble and Tea; You're My Girl; Box Office Draw.	1079 — Complete soundtrack from current movie hit.	1086 — Japanese Folk Song; Locomotive; many more.	1070 — Something Stupid; This Is My Song; others.	1040 — Star studded cast sings popular opera selections.	1061 — Dr. Dogood; It's Not Fair; Wind Up Toys; Others.	1060 — Musical score of unforgettable movie epic.	1027 — Yellow Days; Release Me; Windy; Somethin' Stupid.	801 — I Could Cry; Blue Blue Day; Any Time; 12 in All.
BASSEY SPECTACULAR The Wayward Wind Burn To Sing The Blues Wabash Blues 5 More	HERB ELLIS CHARLIE BYRD GUITAR GUITAR	BEETHOVEN PIANO CONCERTO No. 5 "EMPEROR" GLENN GOULD LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI	Recorded Live THE CLANCY BROTHERS AND TOMMY MAKEM IN IRELAND Wild Rover • Maid of Fife Beggar Man 9 More	THE VERY BEST OF THE EBBELLY BROTHERS Walk Right Back • So Sad Cathy's Clown • 9 More	BOOTS NANCY SINATRA These Boots Are Made For Walking As Tears Go By • 9 More	MAHLER SYMPHONY No. 4 GEORGE SZELL Cleveland Orchestra JUDITH RASKIN Soprano	PATTI PAGE SAY WONDERFUL THINGS The Good Life Love Letters It and When Moon River 8 More	TIME OUT DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
1124 — Take My Love; Hands Across The Sea; etc.	523 — Take Care of Yourself; Three Quarter Blues; etc.	897 — A masterful performance by brilliant artists.	245 — Butcher Boy; The Curlew's Song; Maid of Fife; etc.	373 — Bye Bye Love; Wake Up Little Suzie; many more.	771 — Day Tripper; As Tears Go By; In My Room; Others.	1153 — A magnificent performance with artistry.	5 — Our Day Will Come; Days of Wine & Roses; 12 in all.	44 — Blue Rondo A La Turk; Take Five; Pick up Sticks; etc.

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1062 — Big Man In Town; Save It For Me; Ronnie; etc.	527 — Unchain My Heart; Down By The Riverside; Others.	429 — Movie soundtrack features all the favourite songs.	1071 — The Boy Next Door; Stouthearted Men; Lover Man.		642 — Love's Sorrow; Claire de Lune; Ave Maria; Exquisite.	1157 — The Shadow Of Your Smile; A Taste of Honey.	1087 — Mozart's greatest hits in Jazz vocals! So hot!	436 — Features 14 masterpieces by Debussy. Classic must.
HANDEL WATER MUSIC (complete) RAFAEL KUDELKE Berlin Philharmonic	BOBBY VINTON sings the NEWEST HITS (Best Free Country Gift Ever) • 7 More	Hello, Dolly! LOUIS ARMSTRONG A Lot of Love to Be Had Let's Make Love Blueberry Hill 8 more	ANDRE KOSTELANETZ TODAY'S GOLDEN HITS Michelle • Mame Help • Yesterday A Taste Of Honey 6 More	ANDY WILLIAMS MOON RIVER AND OTHER GREAT HITS THEMES	ALLAN SHERMAN MY SON, THE MIT I See Dances Belle Fiddlers! 10 More	THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS GREATEST HITS Unchained Melody 11 More	Man of La Mancha ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING	THE DYNAMIC O. C. SMITH RECORDED LIVE On A Clear Day You Can See Forever Georgia Rose • 9 More
1063 — Gay, festive music which is a delight to the ear.	966 — Sunrise Sunset; This Is My Song; many more.	290 — A Kiss to Build a Dream on; Moon River; others.	1154 — Unchained Melody; If I Were a Rich Man; others.	156 — A Summer Place; Maria; Tonight; Exodus Song.	579 — You Went The Wrong Way Old King Louis; etc.	1127 — Guess Who; See That Girl; Hang on You; Mono only.	950 — The Impossible Dream; It's All The Same; 16 in all.	1037 — My Romance; Work Long; What Now My Love; etc.
GOLDEN GREATS GENE PITNEY Lovin' Feelin' Grass of Home; Bus Stop; Cara Mia; etc.	THE GROOP WOMAN YOU'RE BREAKING ME plus Baby Blue • Sorry Mad Over You • 8 More	BOB DYLAN HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED Like A Rolling Stone 5 More	HAWAII FABULOUS 50th STATE Sam Moka and the Makapuu Beach Boys	CHUCK BERRY'S GOLDEN HITS Sweet Little 16 • Carol Memphis 8 More	GROFE GRAND CANYON SUITE Leonard Bernstein New York Philharmonic	FRANKIE LAINE HELL BENT FOR LEATHER HIGH MOON WILD ROSE MAKE TRUTH 8 MORE	SLATER HENDERSON NO PIANO AND ORCHESTRA THE EYES OF LOVE plus Georgia Girl 10 • 3 More	MILES SMILES MILES DAVIS QUINTET Orbits • Footprints Freedom Jazz Dance Dolores • 2 More
1078 — Green, Green Grass of Home; Bus Stop; Cara Mia; etc.	1001 — Reach for the Sun; Good Time Baby; Baby Blue.	879 — Desolation Row; Ballad of a Thin Man; Others.	406 — Hawaiian War Chant; Across The Sea; 15 in all.	1123 — Memphis; Maybelline; School Days; Many more.	581 — "One of the most convincing performances yet".	82 — Bowie Knife; The Cry of The Wild Goose; Many More.	1088 — Strangers in the Night; Sweet Maria; many others.	1067 — Ginger Bread Boy; Circle jazz record, a gas!
THE BEST OF PETER, PAUL & MARY Puff, The Magic Dragon 11 More	DUANE EDDY THE ROARIN' TWANGIES Roarin' Born Free American Patrol Goofus • 8 More	The Sound of Music Original Broadway Cast	CHAIKOVSKY THE NUTCRACKER SWAN LAKE EUGENE OMANOV THE PHILADELPHIA ORCH.	Elgart au Go-Go LES & LARRY ELGART King Of The Road I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues 10 More	SECOMBE'S PERSONAL CHOICE This Is My Song Domino • 10 More	THE BYRDS MRS. TAMBORINE MAN plus We'll Meet Again It's No Use • 9 More	BRAILOWSKY CHOPIN: THE 14 WALTZES	A GIRL CALLED DUSTY Mama Said "Washin' and Hopin'" Nothing 9 More
829 — Early in the Morning; This Land is Your Land; etc.	868 — Bye, Bye Blue; St. Louis Blues March; etc.	209 — De-Re-Me; How Can Love Survive; Many More.	866 — Two well-loved ballets on the one record.	537 — La Bostella; St. James Infirmary; Jerkin' Around; etc.	1126 — If I Ruled The World; Be My Love; Mono only.	598 — Spanish Harlem Incident; All I Really Want To Do.	1082 — Brailowsky plays the popular Chopin Waltzes.	1026 — Do Re Mi; You Don't Own Me; Mockingbird; etc.

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PLEASE FORWARD IN: ☐ MONO ☐ STEREO

The Australian
Women's

Weekly Fashion News

Great fashion look for summer in a culotte dress of broadly patterned black-and-white paisley fabric banded in black satin. There's a high front neckline and a deep cowl plunge at the back. The fabric is washable. In green and blue print also. 10-16 About \$18. (Farmer's, Sportswear, 2nd floor.)





INFORMAL PARTIES



INDOORS OR OUTDOORS



Above: Swirling pure silk patio dresses for a pool party or gala gathering are by Shannon. Style, on left, with ruffled bodice, stand-up collar, and bow tie, about \$38.50. Bare-top design, with shirring detail and scalloped hem, about \$30. Both XSSW-SW. (Mark Foy's Sportswear Dept.)

At right: Exotic black-and-white cotton print is square cut for a bare-shoulder look and frilled at neck and hemline. Slight A-line design allows for ease of movement. XSSW-SW. About \$49. (From Prevue Fashions, Chatswood.)





At left: New, ruffled bra-dress, at left, in washable, crimped arnel is fully lined. In candy-pink, powder-blue. About \$15.99. Polished cotton bra-dress, at right, has ruffle trim that conceals zip front. In gold, turquoise, aqua, orange, pink. About \$14. Both XXSSW-SSW. (Mark Foy's, Young Look Shop.)



At right: Fashionable again, the Scarlet O'Hara look in black-and-white cotton voile with deep frills narrowly edged with black. The high waist is accented with red velvet ribbon tied in long-end bow. XSSW-SW. About \$52.50. (Prevue Fashions, Chatswood.)

PARTY DRESSES SHORT



At left: Printed cotton in a pretty all-over rose design has a scooped neck, short puffed sleeves, and a high waist. In pink, blue. XXSSW-SSW. About \$12.50. (Grace Bros., Seventeen Depts. at Broadway, Bondi, Chatswood, Parramatta, Roselands.)

Below: Smart as paint maternity dress in white dacron voile with tiny navy spots. The style is fashionably tiered with navy edging on hem and sleeves and there's a soft bow for trimming. In brown-and-white, red-and-white spots also. XSSW-SW. About \$17.50. (Grace Bros., Maternity Wear Depts., Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands, Parramatta.)



Above: Superbly simple dress of sky-blue estacel crepe has crossover bodice, a wide swathed belt drawn through a silver buckle, slit pockets in the A-line skirt. By Ricki Reed. In bone, black, white also. 10-14. About \$27.75. (From Sportsgirl, 77 Castlereagh Street.)

At left: Washable crinkle fabric is a fashion detail of this long-sleeved dress with scoop neck, button trim, and wide self-tie under the bust. In pink, blue, cream, and range of sizes. About \$14. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt Street.)



and LONG

Paris creates the Infanta look in white organza, the deep frills edged with vivid contrast color, the waist cinched with a satin band and bow. XSSW-SSW. About \$70. (Prevue Fashions, Chatswood.)



At left: Pretty, full-skirted dress in multi-stripe, silky finish fabric is informal enough for home entertaining. In orange/green, pink/orange, shocking-green. Sizes 10-18. About \$28. (Farmer's, Party Shop, 2nd floor.)

Below: Glamorous long-skirted dress has a pintucked and buttoned organza top with a deep roll collar and shirred lace skirt with attached belt of satin-backed moire. Colors available are lime top, pink belt with white skirt, and gold top and belt with white skirt. XSSW-SSW. About \$32. (Grace Bros., Showcase Depts., Broadway, Bondi, Chatswood, Parramatta, Roselands.)



For the OLDER WOMAN



Above: Cool, full-skirted cotton dress is equally effective for casual terrace parties and elegant evening occasions. In citrus, blue, and pink broad stripes, the design shows a large, open-collared neckline and a broad, buckled belt. By Richard Allen. XSSW-SW. About \$25. (Grace Bros. Broadway, Bondi, Chatswood, Parramatta, Roselands, Showcase Depts.)

At right: Figure-flattering patio dress in black-and-white printed semi-sheer cotton voile. The high bustline is accented with a narrow self tie. Fully lined. XSSW-W. About \$18.50. (Mark Foy's, Sportswear.)



Above: Exotic hostess culottes are satin-finished cotton in a rich color combination of black, tan, cream. A jet tie cinches the waist. 12-16. About \$18. (Prevue Fashions, Chatswood.)

**FASHIONS
IN THE
SHOPS**



PRETTY COVER-UPS



Glamor at the top from Honolulu and just perfect for popping on a less-than-perfect hairdo, a nylon petal wig and scarf. Both are washable and packable. In fiesta-blue, white, vanilla, pink (dark and pale). Wig \$5.50. Scarf \$2. (Farmer's, Millinery Dept., 3rd floor.)

Above: Casual elegance in a long cotton terrace dress in broad and narrow stripes of citrus, blue, and pink. Other details: an open collar, cuffed sleeves, a hip-length buttoned front. XSSW-SW. About \$25. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Bondi, Parramatta, Chatswood, Roselands, Showcase Depts.)



At right: Cool appeal of a patio gown in crisp white terry-towelling printed in a black paisley design. XSSW-W. About \$28. (Mark Foy's, Sportswear Dept.)

What people are wearing

AT A CHARITY PARTY

At right: Contrasting fashions were worn by Miss Anna McLachlan and Miss Carolyn Boyd to the Spring Fever party organised by the RPAH King George V Appeals Committee. Anna wore a mini-suit of cream silk and Carolyn was in a long black silk shift with a plunging backline edged with jet beading.



Above: Mrs. Philip Jeffrey looked charming in a Victorian dress of white robia voile, highlighted by a gold satin underslip and gold ribbon tied loosely above the waistline, at the Spring Fever party which was held at the Queen Mary Nurses' Home, Camperdown.



Above: Turquoise ostrich feathers were an effective trim for the turquoise wool crepe dress worn by Mrs. Amiel Christie. The neckline was gathered slightly into a rouleau band and the long sleeves were slit to the elbow.



At right: The full-length gown of heavy white linen worn by Mrs. K. Mulqueeney featured a plunging, scalloped neckline trimmed with fine black piping defining the scallops and the above-the-waist belt.



At right: Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere at the Spring Fever party. Mrs. Dekyvere, who is the president of the RPAH King George V Appeals Committee, wore a grey-blue satin dress and jacket by Le Louvre. The sleeveless dress had a deep inverted pleat in the centre front and was trimmed with large black buttons matching the jacket.



IN SYDNEY

At the Spring Races

At left: Honey-gold silk dress and coat by Beril Jents worn by Mrs. Shirley McDonald featured a high neck on the dress and interesting rounded cuffs and side seams. Her white beret, by Bill McCowage, was trimmed with the same material.



At right: Chatting between races was Mrs. Brian Ettelson, left, who teamed a sand-colored Valentine-inspired dress and jacket with bone accessories and a scarf hat of green, yellow, navy, and white silk, and Prue Watson, in a gold gabardine suit by Victoria and Albert, and a white felt hat trimmed with gold and brown jersey.



At right: Smart seven-eighth-length navy-and-white jersey suit was worn by Mrs. John Sparrow, with white accessories and a large stitched white pique hat which had a navy crepe crown, to the first day of the Spring Racing Carnival at Randwick.



At left: One of the smartest outfits at the first day of the Spring Racing Carnival was Mrs. Edward Esdaile's Yves St. Laurent-inspired three-piece suit in red, white, and navy. The hip-length jacket and softly folded skirt were in navy silk, and the white collared and cuffed weskit in red silk. Her white felt bowler was swathed in red chiffon.

Above: Among the interesting hat fashions seen at Randwick on the first day of the Spring Racing Carnival were those worn by Diane Selby-Davidson, left, and Brisbane visitor Denise Neilsen. Miss Selby-Davidson's silk turban was in shades of orange, gold, and green, and Miss Neilsen's Digger's hat was a paisley-patterned jersey.



Above: Czechoslovakian director Jiri Menzel and actress Jitka Bendova at the screening of Menzel's film "Capricious Summer," which opened the sixth annual New York Film Festival at the Philharmonic Hall.

At right: At the party before the screening of "Charly" (starring Cliff Robertson and Claire Bloom) are, from left, Rod Steiger and his wife, Claire Bloom, and Cliff Robertson and his wife, actress Dina Merrill. Mrs. Robertson wore a Pucci dress and Mrs. Steiger was in white trimmed with black-and-white diamond-patterned silk.

Below: At a Sunday brunch party in New York before going to see a preview of the film "Charly" are, from left, socialites Mrs. William Hutton, Mrs. Clyde Newhouse, and Mrs. Edwin Hilson, who wore a chic black skirt and sleeveless waistcoat-style jacket over a white turtlenecked jumper.



WHAT PEOPLE

New York Film Festival...



Above: Actress Tammy Grimes was escorted to the showing of "Capricious Summer" by actor Roddy McDowall. She wore a short, glittering shift dress featuring cut-outs on the sleeves.

ARE WEARING OVERSEAS

London weddings



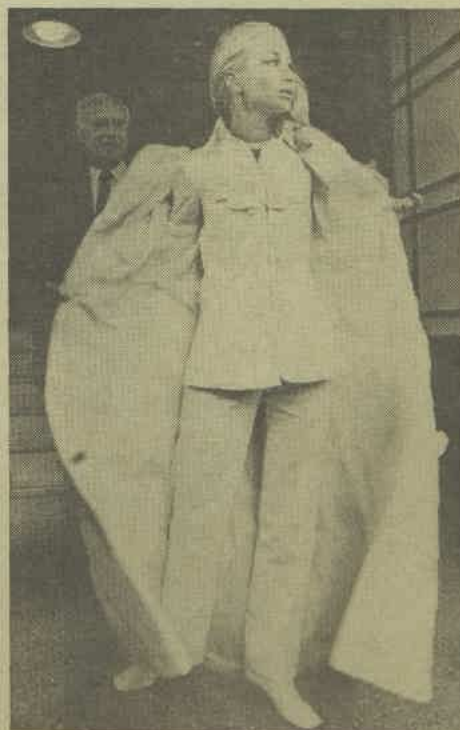
Above: London broker David Metcalfe and his bride, French Countess Anne de Chauvigny, outside Caxton Hall, London, after their marriage ceremony. With them are the bridegroom's three children from a previous marriage. The bride wore a mini-dress of white organza embroidered with flowers and a matching headscarf.



Clare St. John, a member of the Guinness family, was the happy bride at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, and the bridegroom was David Astor, son of former MP Michael Astor, pictured here with the bride's 12 attendants — six bridesmaids, four flowergirls, and two pageboys.



At right: French actress Lyne Chardonnet kept the photographers busy when she married Paul Sulitzer at Caxton Hall in London. When she arrived for the ceremony with Mr. Sulitzer (right), she wore a full-length white ermine coat and hood and carried a muff. She left the Registry Office looking just as beautiful, but she had taken off the coat to reveal a glamorous embroidered white trouser-suit (far right). Her bridegroom wore an exotic brocaded caftan.



OUR BUDGET BUYS OF THE WEEK

● These three attractive budget styles in fashionable lace and linen-look fabrics are special offers from the stores to our readers this week. Stocks are being held for interested shoppers, so make your choice early.



Soft all-over lace dress, at left, with high neckline, extended sleeves, and pointed waistband. SSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -OS $\frac{1}{2}$. \$9. Bone lace ensemble, at right, has a coat with mandarin neckline and a sleeveless frock with button trim. XSSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -XW $\frac{1}{2}$. \$22. In pink, white, aqua, blue. (Grace Bros., Proportionate Fitting Depts., Broadway, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Parramatta, Roselands.)



Attractive and very useful dress is linen-look fabric patterned in beige and orange tonings. Other colors available. 12-16. \$10.50. (David Jones', Budget Shop, 2nd floor.)